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# THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE

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MAY, 1901

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# THE WAGE OF CHARACTER

By Julien Gordon

(Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger)

"Better," sang Yoshida Shoin, "to be a crystal and to be broken than to be a tile upon the housetop and to remain."

ROMANTIC friendship between young men is rare in the United States. Where the intercourse of the sexes is made so easy, girls and boys are prone to give their childish confidences to each other. In their maturer years, American men seek the companionship of women as a respite from the pressure of drudging routine and ugly environment. In fact, once free from the mart and the forum, they are apt to shun one another. The clubs, to be sure, are convenient places in which to dine and play cards, but they are not Meccas of social solace.

There are, however, timid and reserved souls to whom the barrier of sex always remains an intangible obstacle to deep communion. They seem the very ones who would drink refreshment and courage from the fountain of feminine sympathy; they are the very ones who forego it. Why? The question is unanswerable. Perhaps some early slight to vanity, some never forgotten wound dealt by a thoughtless feminine hand, has sunk its sting of doubt and distress into their mind. Perhaps they know that in them lies a capability for morbid suffering of which woman holds the key. They prefer safety to danger. Somewhat cowardly, they hug the shores, and are contented that their male friends should hoist the sail and woo the winds.

Hamilton Darrell, when at college, was not known to have a girl or woman friend. He certainly had no mistress. Yet he was no woman hater.

On the contrary, he respected women and could make himself sufficiently agreeable to them. But he did not give himself to their pursuit. They, on their part, met him, if civilly, with indifference. There is a certain form of moral superiority in men which women secretly resent. This Darrell possessed. All the romance that inspired his nature, all the desire to look up and reverence, all the ambition for another's success which seems a part of well-balanced characters, he bestowed on a male comrade. He seemed to find sufficient pleasure in the triumphs of his friend. Somewhat weak of frame, unblest with physical beauty, insignificant in person, he seemed to warm himself in the rays of Hazard Thorne's vitality. Hazard, *en bon prince*, allowed himself to be admired. The young men had rooms together in Cambridge, apartments fitted up with elegance, not to say luxury, and were—one by reason of his dominant personality, the other of his wealth—leaders of their particular set.

Thorne was not a pauper and Darrell was not repellent; but it is only on large lines that we reach conclusions. Penniless, the latter might have passed through four years of college life unobserved to graduation, while Thorne's income was too insignificant to lift him from obscurity. Darrell was very rich. He was in full possession of large rentals left to him by a bachelor uncle after whom he was named. At twenty-one he touched a capital mounting into

millions. His people were of the West. His father, a railroad magnate, had himself made and lost several fortunes. There were those who thought he would die poor. As he was a widower, with only two children—Hamilton, who was provided for, and his daughter Coralie—it was probable that there would be sufficient. Even his profligate expenditure would hardly leave the girl portionless. Yet there were moments when she herself felt anxiety, and once or twice already Hamilton had been obliged to come to the family's rescue. His father's methods, ideas, schemes, were strangely antagonistic to his more prudent temper. He was always uneasy, never happy, in Mr. Darrell, Senior's, presence. The elder man himself found little attraction in the fellowship of his only son. It was, perhaps, because of this harsh note in the home atmosphere that Hamilton attached himself so strongly to Hazard Thorne.

The demonstrations of this affection were not highly colored; never expressed in words. Even in deeds they lacked *clat*. When he helped Hazard out of a scrape it was done, as it were, *sub rosa* and with a certain doggedness. He hated ostentatious beneficence only less than he hated gratitude. Notwithstanding this absence of sentimentality in their relations, Thorne had implicit faith in his chum's loyalty. It was one of the beliefs he held intact.

It may be said that Thorne's scrapes were not of a very serious sort. His embarrassments were generally financial. He was extravagant. To his entanglements of gallantry he brought, at this time of his career, a certain skilful self-defense and coldness. This may have arisen from dryness of heart or fastidiousness of temper, according to the situation or the point of view. Hamilton was inclined to accept the latter interpretation—to believe that his friend suffered a sense of profanation where others saw only amusement, and this because there was something in him

profound and real. The young ladies whom Thorne sometimes encountered at students' suppers in Boston, whose eyes were a little too dark, whose complexions were a little too fair, and whose lips were a little too red, left his senses at liberty to find escape. Their toils did not entrap more than their chains weighed, while the dainty maidens of Beacon or Mount Vernon street and the youthful matrons who chaperoned them, with their smooth, Greek-knotted hair, their clear, frank eyes, their thoughtful foreheads and the sharp outline of their chaste lips, failed to fire his imagination.

Shoulder to shoulder the friends fought their way through the changing fortune, enlightening experience and keen ordeal of college contest. Thorne graduated an easy victor in the classic as in the athletic arena, and with the calmness that conceals nerves of steel. Darrell, somewhat breathless, followed him; industrious in all studies, admirable in a few, a hopeless failure in sport. They took becoming honors. Thorne just missed the head of his class by a duck-shooting excursion on the eve of the examinations; Darrell, who did not shoot ducks, came in a highly commended fourth.

The friends felt a mixed sense of freedom and of pain when they packed their boxes, pulled down their curtains, emptied their bookshelves and blew out their lamps for the last time in their cozy Cambridge quarters. The chambers presented on this final evening the curious dusty forlornness of human habitations about to be vacated. Yesterday a tidy, orderly, graceful home; to-day a dirty, disorganized, vulgar domicile, a roof no more, whose discomfort one marvels to have endured. The sympathy of material things with one's own moods is one of the quaint studies of the reflective. The hotel bears the imprint of the transitory; the tenantless house is like a physiognomy without eyes. It has a blind stare as if it would say to the visitor, "What seekest thou here?" The pain was

more Darrell's than Thorne's. The former's life was made for him, hence pale; Thorne's was full of that element of uncertainty dear to adventurous spirits. Its possibilities were boundless; at least, so thought Darrell. He himself might dabble in science, politics, affairs. He knew the way forever made light, and that he would remain a dilettante. Not brilliant, not original, he inherited from a timid mother that effaced type which in her was accentuated by the crushing association with her tyrannic and powerful lord. Darrell blenched, as she had, before publicity. It was perhaps this shrinking quality, which his father called weakness, that so attached him to Hazard Thorne.

Hazard's taste was perfect. He was incapable of ridiculing what was delicate. This inherent taste he drew from a refined ancestry. Early an orphan, he had been brought up in the houses of two uncles. These uncles, the possessors of adequate fortunes, were in their day men of fashion and of importance. Owners of inherited wealth, they were never men of affairs. Like many well-born and well-nurtured New Yorkers, they had, after dawdling in German and English universities, filled posts in foreign embassies. When they returned to their own city they found themselves crowded out by Yankee invaders. Lacking the wish or the stamina to stem the current, they took themselves to their respective Hudson River estates—also inherited—and there led the useless, profitless, but decent existence of the American country gentleman. Here they nursed their worn-out traditions, tempered with a certain hostility against the encroachments of the new forces. No sons having been born to their households, the only descendant of a dead brother became as an own child to them. Rather to their disgust, he from boyhood insisted that if he was to go to college he would enter Harvard. They pointed out to him the advantage of English seats of learning, and one of them exhibited a sword-cut received at Heidelberg. If

not these, why was not Columbia good enough for a child of Knickerbocker lineage? Then the wife of one of these gentlemen, who, though Dutch on one side of her house, was suspected of hiding predilections for New England enterprise, push and possible pie, through a drop of Puritan ichor in her veins, remonstrated. She advised that the lad be given his own way. She also added, under her breath, that perhaps, after all, there might be some merit in people who had so successfully pushed the aborigines of Manhattan to the wall. In so saying she looked across the table somewhat defiantly at her husband, meeting his frowning astonishment with irreverent laughter. Being a woman of humor who sometimes wrote "upon the lintel of her doorpost 'whim,'" her sortie was forgiven her as a vagary of sex. However, she gained her point. The recalcitrant nephew was sent to Massachusetts.

The brothers, smoking their pipes on the stately porch of one of their Colonial dwellings, had, one night, decided the momentous question, not without much misgiving and protest and shaking of the head, possibly with some of those mystic signals with which Washington Irving tells us the doughty Antony Van Corlear's protests were met by Killian Van Rensselaer.

Thorne certainly learned far more at his *alma mater* than to pull an oar or construe Juvenal. What he unlearned was more to the purpose. He shook off a good deal of foolish family pride, rubbed away some prejudices, lost many ready-made opinions and also a vast amount of self-importance. It is only when we have gauged our own helplessness that we are really prepared to stand on our feet. The friends had entered Harvard as the last bugle of peace sounded over their country. The aroma of valor and heroism lingered over those fresh memorials to the brave boys who shouldered their muskets and fell before their race had begun. They sometimes regretted

that they were too late to face that mighty struggle before which other nations stood appalled. Now they sat and talked far into the night over their unknown futures.

"I have got to settle right down to work," said Thorne, with a quaint grimace, "to repair my much damaged fortunes."

Darrell laughed. He never smoked, but watched the fumes curl upward from Thorne's half-burned cigar.

"What are you looking at?"

"Are you superstitious?"

"We all are, I suppose. I'll be hanged if I care to have that black cat I met in the Delta so attentive to me as she was last night. It is deuced bad luck for a fellow who has got a lot of debts and not a ducat to pay them with to be followed about by a black cat. But why do you ask?"

"I said to myself that if that spiral column of smoke you blew into space a second ago reached the height of the bust of Homer before dispersing, I should have my wish."

"Well?"

"Well, it did." Darrell's discursive mind went on irrelevantly. "That smoke! what an epitome of character!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean—" he threw back his head on the worn cushion of the condemned easychair he had presented to his landlady in the morning—"I mean there are two types of human beings in this world—those who scatter like the smoke, and those who concentrate."

"Explain."

"Philosophers—the *Hamlets*—who talk over what they would be at while others marry their mothers and jump into their fathers' fortunes, are the former. In emergency they scatter, hence remain ineffectual."

"You believe in one object and its hot chase, and no deviation to right or to left?"

"Exactly; no awakening to 'alien horns.'"

"It means sacrifice and a good deal of brutality," said Thorne, reflectively.

"Oh, it is, after all, a matter of temperament. The scatterer overrates obstacle, dignifies his antagonist, acknowledges defeat possible—perhaps deserved. The concentrator pooh-poohs obstacle, calls his antagonist a buffoon, knows he'll get there, and he does."

"I think I understand you. I've seen that sort of thing in public speakers. Self-trust gives the moral support required. One can't speak without conviction, any more than one can be a martyr for a cause in which one has ceased to believe. It is graceless enough to uphold anything without its faith."

"I have seen it in everything," said Darrell. "There was a lady once, a neighbor of ours, a rich woman, who had schemes of philanthropy. She instituted picnics for the town children on her grounds. Two children overate themselves; one of them died. I understand a little girl got sunstruck. She gave up her picnics the second year. She was a scatterer."

"Ha! ha! ha! In other words, she allowed herself to pause and reflect on the healthfulness of picnics in general, for city children in particular, and was lost."

"Yes, and the picnics. An excellent charity. Nobody of that kidney ever accomplishes anything."

"Overeating and sunstroke are mere side issues, not to be regarded by philanthropic genius," declared Thorne.

"Not to be paused for," added Darrell.

"And you, old man?"

"I am a scatterer in both intellect and character—weak-kneed and weak-livered. I'd stop to pick up the wounded on the battlefield, and lose the day. That sort of thing a true soldier knows can be done just as well after the battle."

"With a few more dead."

"With a few more dead! That is immaterial; the only thing of consequence in a battle is—victory. Ask the commanders."

"And I?"

"Your intellect concentrates. Sometimes I have feared . . ."

"For my character?"

"The future must prove."

"Then you think one and the same person may scatter in character and not in intellect, and *vice versa*?"

"Precisely."

"You've got a thoughtful mind, Hamilton."

"To my cost."

"Isn't it thought that rules the world?"

"Perhaps, in the long run. But no one life can use thought for its own benefit. We thinkers go to the wall. Providence knew I never could earn a ducat, and so sent me my bread and butter. I am grateful."

"Do you believe in Providence?"

"Yes, and in compensation and retribution."

"The wicked flourish."

"Do they? How do you know they flourish?"

"They're getting along."

"No, they're not, they're deteriorating; that's the only retribution, but that's as sure as death. Lost possibilities of character! how melancholy!"

There was a silence between the two. Did it hold prophecy?

After a moment Thorne spoke.

"And your wish? You have scattered away from it."

"Oh, the wish!"

"Let's have it."

"You could help it along."

"Nonsense! You are the most tenacious fellow alive, once you've made up your mind to a thing. I'll bet on you, Darrell, every time, though you pose for inconsequence. If you're the living image of your mother, as your daddy once told me, you're a chip of the old man as far as obstinacy is concerned."

"Weak people are apt to be obstinate; only the strong are supple," he said. "My pigheadedness can't help me this time unless several other people are unexpectedly supple."

"Are they of the putty order?"

"No; you are not, are you?"

"More than you guess. A child

can bit and bridle me. I have got a slavish nature."

"Bah!"

"One has only to know how."

"There's one bit and bridle I'm afraid of for you."

"Eh?"

"Your laziness."

"I like that, after all this year's cramming."

"There are moments with you when it becomes a passion and rides you."

"Oh, saintly moral, where dost thou build thy nest?" laughed Thorne, stretching his long limbs.

He had a figure that men who liked him called spare, the women whom he had failed to flatter, lank.

"It all lies in the palm of our own hand, the moral of the tale," Darrell went on. "This one has a beginning."

"Hear! hear!"

The light vein of pleasantry died out of Darrell's words, and his small, deep eyes gleamed under their dark, arched eyebrows with sudden earnestness.

"You never met my little sister, did you, Hazard?"

"When you put me up to roost in the parent tree Miss Darrell was abroad with an aunt."

"She has returned."

There was another silence. Thorne was evidently expected to say something, but nothing in particular occurred to him. He had seen a photograph, slightly faded and more or less speckled, ornatng for four years his companion's dressing-table. It represented the far from prepossessing profile of a schoolgirl in a high-necked black pinafore, with a braid of hair hanging over one shoulder. He remembered that when, on more than one occasion, he had regretted his inability to express the slightest commendation. Miss Darrell's very name now seemed to dry up the springs of enthusiasm. This cast over his features a comical distress. His friend must have observed his dilemma, for he laughed more heart-



ily than was his habit. Nevertheless, the laugh once over, gave place to an expression bordering on uneasiness.

"You looked so absurd," he said.

"Thanks. Don't stop; go on, don't mind me."

"You seem to think . . ."

"What in the name of thunder, Darrell, are you driving at?"

"I spoke of my sister. I am worried about her. I hate the old woman she has been traveling with, my father's sister; she's worse than he would be—I mean worse as a guide to an inexperienced girl. She's a perfect baby; knows nothing of the world—Coralie, I mean—and she's an impulsive little girl, and now—"

"Now?"

"She has gone and got herself mixed up with a miserable gutter-snipe of a secretary of legation over there, an Englishman who has already sent his lawyer to look after settlements. I have been making inquiries. I don't like anything I hear about him. He doesn't amount to anything; I guess he never will. He is consumptive, too, or at least his family is. To us these English fortune-hunters seem so effeminate in their attitude toward women. As lovers they are so fussy and feeble. I am quite willing to admit them men in war and sport, but they expect the girls to look after them. Their selfishness is sublime. We like to protect women."

"I'm sure, my dear Darrell, you know I'm all yours if I can do anything to serve you at any time," said Thorne, a trifle stiffly; "but our women seem to enjoy this form of slavery."

"She isn't a bit like that little photo," Darrell went on. "Bless me, where is it? Oh, in the valise! What a wilderness our poor den looks tonight, eh, Hazard? That was taken years ago. She doesn't take well. She is grown up now; she's a dear little girl; I'm awfully fond of her. Hers, at any rate, isn't a slavish mind, and I want her out of this nonsense."

In answer to this somewhat incoherent apostrophe Thorne murmured

that he had no doubt Miss Coralie Darrell was all a brother could desire or deserve, and that he thought photographs were proverbially inadequate. He ended by repeating, "If ever I can serve you, Darrell, you can count on me."

"You can serve me."

"Name the test."

"Cut the Englishman out!"

The words were spoken. Never again could the maiden's name be pronounced between these two in unconsciousness.

"You do me too much honor," said Thorne, with a forced laugh.

"I would give her half my fortune," said Darrell.

## II

THORNE emphasized his intention of cutting out the secretary of legation by a year's travel in Europe. The friends kept up a desultory telegraphic correspondence, monosyllabic, unimportant, after the manner of intimate Anglo-Saxons. When he landed in New York on his return, he took up the study of law. In those days the course could be abridged more easily than now. He was admitted to the bar eighteen months later.

Of Darrell he really knew little except that he had bought a ranch in Texas and was amusing himself sheep-shearing. Their letters had left them in darkness as to each other's private affairs. But one day Darrell got tired of his enterprise and took train for New York, deciding that as the Western centre of science, art, commerce and society, it was the only fit place in America for feeling men to inhabit.

"I am going to build a house here to put my books and togs in," he said to Thorne. "It will be pleasant for my little sister to visit." They were dining together at the Union Club, of which Thorne was a member, and at which Darrell was put up for a fortnight, pending more definite recognition.

"Oh, by the way, how did your

sister's love affair end? She isn't married, is she?"

"It didn't end."

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. It's still on."

For some unexplained reason Thorne felt annoyed. Such constancy did not accord with his opinions of human conduct.

"What's the matter? Haven't you relented?" he asked, a little ironically.

"I haven't, and what's more to the purpose, my father hasn't."

"Doesn't care to support a member of an effete aristocracy, eh, and that sort of thing?" said Thorne, laughing.

"That's about the size of it."

"And the young lady is sure of her admirer's sincerity? He *is* sincere, then. I'll bet on an American girl's *flair*."

"I can't make out if she is infatuated or not. Girls are so queer! But he is a sickly sort of a chap, and that, somehow, seems to appeal to her. She thinks we have ill-used him."

"Ah, I see! Pity plays a part."

"She's a good girl."

They drank wine and talked of its flavor, smacking their lips after the manner of youthful connoisseurs.

"Is the—er—young gentleman in America?" asked Thorne, abruptly.

"Not just now; but they correspond."

"Why don't you give the poor little things something to live on and your blessing, if your governor won't? You are awfully hard, Darrell."

His friend's brow darkened.

"Perhaps I am, but I would rather see her in her grave."

"Whew!"

"He may be attached to her now, but in the beginning he was after other things."

"My boy, I know you! I have tested you! Don't put me down, I beg, in that genial category of men who are generous with other people's money. They are the largest-handed fellows in the world. They dispense with regal heartiness. I don't doubt you have the best of reasons."

"I haven't liked his methods; and

as to Coralie's becoming a sick nurse, if you knew her as I do it would amuse you."

Thorne conjured up once more the profile, the pinafore and the hanging braid. They said nothing to him of the butterfly such a chrysalis should hatch.

"She is a wild colt," said Miss Darrell's brother.

The tenderness that could cling to a presumably suffering adorer seemed incongruous with these last descriptive epithets. Thorne began to think he might have done Miss Coralie an injustice. But he asked no further questions. There was much else to say and to hear. He was himself not wholly heart-free at this moment. He had lately been subjected to peculiar trial, and was sore and in need of coddling. He did not bare his soul to Darrell, but told him enough to arouse attention and obtain sympathy. He was on the rebound of a hateful experience that had left an odious taste in his mouth. He had been gulled—an experience peculiarly unpleasant to those whose vanity is accustomed to triumph. *Rience*, the knight, who purified his mantle with the beards of his rivals, did not take kindly, we fancy, to feminine perfidies when directed against himself. Darrell, on his part, had much to recount of that busy life of plain and saddle which has lured so many feckless wights to their disaster.

It was late when, arm in arm, the two sauntered up Fifth Avenue. In those days Fiftieth street was "up town" and the splendors of the Plaza or the West Side were undeveloped. Glancing up at St. Patrick's Cathedral, still in process of construction, the young men stopped for a moment to speak of the force of that old faith, with its sacerdotal power and enforced obedience.

"It's the only religion for women and the poor," said Thorne.

"What an old-fashioned juxtaposition! Why not women and angels?"

"Late experiments have not served to fortify my belief in feminine wings," said Thorne, drily.



"My dear boy, we must judge *en masse*, and not from individual tests."

"Granted. And the *masse* remains swayed by Catholicity, whose influence we Protestants try in vain to emulate or counteract. It is not enough to study vice and virtue, and prate of them. People *want* to obey, and to gain this submission one must seduce and impress—make a man the puppet of his hope. The Protestant divines seem to lack knowledge of the soul of the crowd—a knowledge that every leader needs."

"Yet Italy and Spain—what do you find there to warrant your assertion that Protestantism fails?"

"Ah, well—nations, like men, must be born, must struggle and rise, then rot and fall. Those old countries but follow out their doom. Religion is at best but a feeble bastion against the fateful tides of the general law of temporal decay and material death. But if the hopes it brings are to be prized, the aspirations treasured, I'm inclined to believe the Romanists have got the right message. Up at my uncle's, on the Hudson, in the villages, the boys and girls bray hymns and blow bellows and eat jam at the meeting-house and at 'sociables,' as they call their church merry-makings, and it has about as much effect on their morals as sweeping cobwebs off the moon."

"And what do you think of the established church and our branch of the Episcopal communion?"

"Always, up there, the church where I go—when I do go—is half-filled on Summer mornings with languid Summer residents, if the day is agreeable and they have no more amusing occupation, and quite empty in Winter of both rich and poor."

"And the Roman Catholic?"

"Is filled to the street with its perspiring believers."

"And you really approve of the confessional?"

"My dear fellow, when a Protestant woman does wrong she tells her husband; when a Roman Catholic does wrong she tells the priest. Women

must tell somebody. In the first instance the complications are far more portentous."

Darrell turned and looked at him narrowly. "I think you are in need of the ministrations of a good woman," he said.

"I think so, too."

The words were spoken low, but with intention. They trudged on in silence under the stars, whose lights were dimmed by the glint of the city's lamps. The same thought crossed both their memories, to find voice in Darrell's ejaculation:

"I once had a wish——"

"I am too poor to marry; and then, I am not worthy."

The smaller man glanced up almost timidly, with that admiration which welled within him but rarely found voice. "I had two affections. Was it an idle dream to want to unite them?"

"But you say the young lady is not fancy-free," said Thorne, a trifle impatiently.

"I have great faith in your powers."

"Pshaw! I can be fooled."

They both laughed.

"Thorne, what are you going to do with yourself?"

"Peg away at the law, make a competence, keep myself from dependence, if it lies in me. I see no further."

"Is it dependence, taking what is useless and turning it over to help humanity?"

"You know what I mean. I must make my own career."

"Do politics attract you?"

"Yes, in our country, where they have the piquancy of the unexpected and their rewards are so uncertain. I should hate the hack harness, such as it exists abroad."

"Then you don't believe in educating diplomats and cabinet ministers?"

"No. Life is the best and only teacher."

"Your point of view is at least interesting."

"My point of view is insignificant. Facts prove these things. Washington was not taught to be what he be-

came, nor Lincoln, nor Hamilton, nor Franklin."

"Then," Darrell exclaimed, with fervor, "I hope to live to see you at the helm!"

Thorne looked down at him from his six feet of altitude and wondered why. Nevertheless, he was touched.

### III

LATER, alone in his rooms, smoking at his fireside—it was December and a biting wind frosted the pane—Thorne reflected with renewed amazement on his friend's words. They were so foreign to that reticence which was the keynote of Darrell's character. He felt it must, indeed, be a matter of the gravest importance which could cause him twice, and now after the lapse of years, to deviate from his usual reserve. The transgression was chimerical and quixotic; above all, unusual in an American. It appeared as if the abasement of his pride, even of his sister's, probably dearer than his own, hardly weighed. It is true that the friends at college had tacitly agreed that between them the barriers of custom should be ignored; they had promised each other that mutual frankness without which mutual support remains impossible.

"Were I a Frenchman," said Thorne to himself, while he rolled a fresh cigarette between his thumb and index, "it wouldn't take me very long to accept Darrell's hint—is hint the word? methinks we have an invitation here—and persuade myself that I was desperately in love with the *sorella*, and she dying for me and not for her English suitor. He, by the way, seems a poor enough concern. The beauty of the Latins is that they deceive themselves and actually conjugate the verb *aimer* on the altar of Plutus. This is why they succeed with the ladies."

Then he fell to thinking of what success with the ladies may mean to men, and of the humiliation that had tortured him since he had hurriedly

left the Riviera and taken the first steamer to New York. This episode, which a man more corrupt might have qualified as a success, had filled his soul with unspeakable disgust.

Breakfasting one morning at a hotel in Nice, within sight of the sea, in the company of some American acquaintances, a lady had detached herself from a neighboring group and joined them at their small table. She knew his friends—a married pair and their young daughter—and chatted with them somewhat longer than was accounted for by the interest of topics broached. The least vain of men could hardly have failed to notice that her lingering was at his service and that her great, haughty blue eyes held his own with a peculiar and meaning challenge. His companions named him, but he felt certain, as he rose and bowed, that she had not caught his name. Hers was well known. It was that of a woman of high rank and brilliant prestige in the world of England's most aristocratic life. Lady Eglinton's loveliness, extravagant expenditure and proud disdain were on every tongue, and the aureole of *femme à la mode* was hers beyond question or cavil, with the added solidity of noble lineage and patrician ancestry. She was a very great lady. It was with a curiosity veiled in respect that he met the first summons of that starlike glance. A half-hour afterward, as he prepared to go to his room to get himself ready for an afternoon's yachting, he was surprised to find the lady still loitering at the foot of the main stairway. He paused to let her pass him, but she did not do so, and they went up together.

"Do stop and see my apartments," she said to him; "they are so sunny and nice. I keep them always like a garden, full of flowers and green palms. Do come in and cheer me a bit; I am quite alone."

She explained to him that her little boy and his nurse and her own maid had gone to Cannes to see his grandmother. She herself unlocked the door, and they went in.

Her apartments were, in fact, very charming, filled, as she had said, with light and bloom. In a cage hanging in the sunshine two young monkeys chattered and tumbled. Lady Eglington and Thorne stood and watched them a moment, laughing at their gambols.

They talked for a while of indifferent things—America, England, France, of country life in these places and elsewhere, of the last opera, the newest song, a tidbit of Russian Court scandal always to be discovered airing itself on the Riviera, a racy novel, and then—"Are you married?" she asked, in her æolian voice.

"No."

"Are you free?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean do you care for anybody? Are you in love with any woman?"

"I was not, an hour since," he answered, huskily. "But why do you ask?"

She did not tell him. Perhaps she could not. She did not herself know.

When they parted she asked him if he met her again the following day to let her take the initiative—it seemed her province—as she might be subjected to peculiar difficulties and must crave his indulgence. She asked him to make no sign, send her no message; she would herself write him a note. That very night she told him she would be surrounded by spies—her family. In which last category Thorne guessed the husband she did not name. Dizzy with his delirium, he promised everything, anything.

Restless, distraught, the following afternoon, having received no word, he sauntered out on the promenade. The sea was bathed in all the glories of the setting sun, but the warmth of the noonday glow seemed to linger on its waters. The circling white gull, the flap of languid sails, the dip of oars, the smells of flowers, all seemed to fill sky, earth and atmosphere with color, melody and perfume.

Suddenly looking up, he saw Lady

Eglington's swaying form loom before him, advancing in all its elegance and strength. Her long, straight body was caught in a tight-fitting white cloth gown that clung to her as might the peplum to a winged siren of the Patissia. Her high, Roman profile seemed to cut the thin air with its fine pink outline, and the fruit of her red mouth and the dark blue of her glorious eyes dazzled while yet afar. She walked between two gentlemen, one a handsome, blond giant, with ruddy complexion and powerful arms, who for some unexplained reason he felt certain was Lord Eglington, the other a different type, bronzed, poetic looking, somewhat Byronesque and bored. Toward him Lady Eglington leaned in eager attention. Thorne was preparing—the poor boy's heart was in his mouth—to raise his hat, when she fixed him with an insolent stare and passed him as she would have done a lackey, with cut direct.

There was not the quiver of an eyelid, the tremor of a telltale lip, the swift Masonic intimation of a recognition charged with its purport of hope or fear.

Nothing.

And again nothing. For she did not send him the line for which his outraged manhood waited twenty-four hours. He left Nice—rage in his soul. To-night he asked himself, for the thousandth time, What did it mean? Why have placed him in that vertiginous abyss, to leave him wallowing in its depths alone? Had it been a dark revenge against a faithless husband or lover, the whim of a cruel and betrayed woman? Or had he pleased her idle fancy for an hour, been the toy of a woman's depraved caprice? She had whistled him to her side, then let him go. The infamous Empress Faustina, beckoning for an instant to a handsome slave boy of the market or lithe gladiator of the arena, could not have cast him from her with more derisive scorn.

All the bitter humiliation of the ignominious rôle that he had played lashed him as with scorpion tongues.

"My God!" he said aloud as he paced his room, "I'd put anything between me and that sort of deviltry. I'd suffer the martyrdom of a lifetime to keep my self-respect; I'd marry the Witch of Endor and be faithful to her, if I thought it would guard me against such tempting! What a craven she must have thought me all the time, and what a fool, if such women think at all! Men are ashamed to own up to spiritual longing, are proud of animalism; yet how difficult the former, how easy the grip of the latter! To possess such a creature as that and not awaken in her one thrill of the soul, not leave in her one regret! And is this what men call a triumph of vanity? Mine was forever killed at Nice. Thus far, Lady Eglinton, I am your debtor."

In lighter moods he would laugh cynically. If one had a singular personality, independent thought, a hot temperament, one must do like Lady Eglinton—have the courage to follow one's originality! He sometimes wondered if he was higher or lower, more heroic or more vulgar, madder or saner than other men, for this entrapment and its escape. All of which proves that the wound, if not eternal, was deep enough.

We must not undervalue ephemeral suffering. Its results are sometimes lasting. Such proved the case with Hazard Thorne's adventure. "The nearer the monkey" of modern scientists, as applied to Lady Eglinton's and his own case, could only heighten its abasement. What belittles the responsibility of ignorance serves but to increase that of insight and education. Of what worth are the refinements if they teach not self-control? He and Lady Eglinton were without excuse.

On the afternoon after his talk with Darrell, Thorne got himself into his frock coat, through the buttonhole of which he introduced the stem of a gardenia flower, as immaculate as certain resolves that he had made. He brushed his arm across his hat, picked up a cane, and reaching the curbstone

hailed a passing cab. He had himself driven to the hotel where Hamilton had told him he would find Miss Darrell.

She was visiting New York to be present at the marriage of a school friend. He found the halls busy with their rush of baggage, travelers, porters, clerks, women, the last overdressed, over-blonde, over-fat, overfed, loud, gesticulating, blocking doorways, bidding farewells in passages, standing at "lift" gratings—women by the dozen, by the hundred, hurrying or dallying, facile or severe. Among these he picked his way, somewhat stared at, for he belonged to a type at which women look twice. He was tall, he was elegant, he was extremely good-looking, and his gray eyes seemed to express that he was not quite indifferent to the glance of theirs. In fact, he was one of those men who, if they take the trouble, can turn women to slaves or foes, but rarely to sisters or friends.

He was told by the hotel domestic who returned to pilot him that Mrs. Brayton was out, but that Miss Darrell would receive him. He had asked for Mrs. Brayton, who was Miss Darrell's aunt. He was conveyed to the gaunt private drawing-room, highly decorated with gilded plaster and hung with plush portières and gaudily framed mirrors.

Voices in an adjoining room warned him that Miss Darrell was not alone. A smothered laugh intimated that his advent caused commotion. He had, in fact, arrived at a moment most inopportune, unless, indeed, the Fates decree hours and seasons and web the nets of their hidden handicraft in a fashion no mortal man can unravel or elude.

After ten minutes of solitude the door was quickly opened and a young woman appeared on the threshold. She came forward shyly, as if not sure whether to give her hand to the visitor. Her embarrassment was evidenced by a shifting color and an ill-disguised agitation that beat at the bosom of her tightly-fitting cloth gown. She was of medium height, with ir-

regular features, smooth black hair and a pair of frightened eyes.

"Is this Miss Darrell?" said Thorne, smiling, moving to meet her.

"No," said the girl, "my name is Shaw," and, as he remained standing before her, "Won't you sit down?"

They sat down, and an uncomfortable moment followed.

"Is it snowing?" said Miss Shaw.

"Not yet, but a storm seems impending; there is a chill."

It had penetrated between them. Miss Shaw got up and went over to the fire and brandished the poker, with feeble results.

"Let me help you." He took the tongs and propped up a fallen log.

"I am so sorry," she said, turning to him; "Mrs. Brayton, Miss Darrell's aunt, is out shopping, and she, Coralie—Miss Darrell, I mean—is just changing her frock. She begs you will pardon her for keeping you waiting; she will be with us directly."

A crash in the next room announced that agencies of preparation were at work. It painted consternation on Miss Shaw's transparent countenance. There was a sound as of the tray of a trunk thrown on the floor. Another crash, a rush of feet, and then a voice, not quite gently, cried out, "Don't be a fool!"

"Coral—Miss Darrell has a new maid," said Miss Shaw, apologetic, "and she can't find any of her clothes. That is what delays her now, but——"

"But?"

Thorne was amused and conscious of a vaguely awakened curiosity.

"But other things have interfered with her dressing. When you arrived she was in great trouble."

"I am sure I am very sorry to hear that," said Thorne, stiffly, scenting some fresh development of the British complication.

"It is simply dreadful," said Miss Shaw.

"Dear me!" said Thorne.

"She has received letters . . . But I am not at liberty to speak." Hamilton has told me something."

"How odd that you should never

have met his sister! You are great friends, are you not, you and Hamilton Darrell?"

Thorne thought it was odd, and also unlucky.

"You may say so. There are not many like her."

"I came this afternoon to mend my ill luck, to force destiny," he said, smiling.

Miss Shaw did not return his smile. She seemed to have little humor and no lightness. But she had a delightful simplicity.

"I adore her," she said.

Thorne murmured that Miss Darrell was fortunate, looking at her friend in the meantime with the indulgence of the man of the world at such enthusiasms.

"Her brother seems very fond of her."

"There is something splendid about her," said Miss Shaw, a little defiantly, as if she remarked and resented Thorne's condescending attitude. "When one is happy," she went on, "one hates to see another miserable."

With this sentiment Thorne agreed.

"That man is perfect putty. I despise him!" This tragically.

"Hamilton tells me he is an inviolid."

"That is possible. One would have to put up with it after one was married, but in one's fiancé . . . However, I think it is broken."

"A sick lover is, in fact, less pardonable than a sick husband," said Thorne, somewhat sarcastically. "I recognize the woman's distinction."

"Ill or not, he is putty in the hands of his family. We can't understand such things over here."

"A woman had best marry a man who has no near relatives," he said, but with no intention.

This time Miss Shaw laughed, under protest, yet laughed; her grave voice grew almost pretty.

"That is just what I am doing," she said, blushing. "I am glad you approve." She fidgeted in her chair and raised her handkerchief to her mouth.



"Ah! yours is the wedding, then?"

"Yes; next week. Who told you?"

"Darrell. He said his sister stayed for a marriage."

"We were at school together in Farmington, Coralie and I. She is very clever—very witty, too. She was defending a young fellow only this morning who had been calumniated by a disagreeable old maid. The horrid thing said to her: 'Do men go to your head, Miss Darrell?' 'No, to my feet,' she answered—wasn't that quick? We always have been intimate. She will be my bridesmaid. How I wish she would settle in New York! We both love it. I have to live here now, and I don't know a creature."

"She is a nice sort of girl," he thought, listening to Miss Shaw's prattle, "and her naïveté is charming. Miss Darrell's repartee certainly wasn't bad."

He saw Miss Shaw was judging him, and somehow, under the scrutiny of her searching eyes, he felt rather je-june himself, in spite of his pose of *homme du monde*.

Another bang and shuffle in the next room, the rustle of invisible petticoats, a muffled ejaculation, and the door was pushed open with a jerk. Miss Darrell entered.

#### IV

THE "coltish" quality that Darrell credited to his sister in an indiscreet moment was vividly recalled to Thorne's memory in the shock of their first encounter, for a certain shock there was. They recognized and often spoke of it afterward. Miss Darrell's invasion of her drawing-room was not effected silently. Her personality was of that sort which fills spaces and over flows them. She seemed incommoded with the length of her limbs and her arms, and thus far Darrell's simile to a young horse was happy. Miss Darrell was very tall. Hers was already a commanding presence. "There is something splendid about her" might also express an exuberance of temperament

which found vent in restless movement and superabundant gesture, or hidden forces of character which time and opportunity alone can reveal. Miss Shaw had not explained. There was, in fact, in Miss Darrell's face something arresting and impressive, but it was not the lure or the seal of beauty. At this time she was not handsome, and Thorne, who had instinctive perceptions in such matters, also noticed that she was not becomingly dressed.

"I suppose you are Mr. Thorne," she said, extending her long fingers, "and I must introduce you officially to my friend, Miss Genevieve Shaw. She has no doubt been entertaining you while I tried to get myself together in the clutches of a stupid maid."

Thorne insincerely murmured that the results were satisfying.

She waved his compliment away with a brief "Thanks."

"Genevieve, hasn't my aunt come in?"

"No."

"Where can she be? I hope she hasn't forgotten we must dine early and go to the play with Hamilton tonight. Will Mr. Safford join us, dear?"

"Yes, he promised." Genevieve blushed again.

Miss Darrell leaned forward and pinched her cheek. "You dear little goose!" she said, and laughed.

Her laugh, although agreeable and ringing, was a trifle loud. Thorne did not like women to laugh loud. He thought it bad form. In spite of her laughter, Miss Darrell did not look very merry, and there were suspicious rims about her lids and traces on her cheeks which might indicate recent tears. She had donned a black satin gown too heavily trimmed with colored beads, and on her head was poised a hat topped with too many plumes. The costume was old for her years, and some costly jewels she wore at her throat seemed incongruous to the hour and unsuitable for a young girl. From under the hat there looked out two gray-blue

eyes of singular honesty and courage. Her thick brown hair was carelessly dressed and blew about her wide forehead. Her nose was her best feature—strong, straight, well planted, the nostrils quivering with nervous sensibility. The mouth, large, mirthful when smiling, *triste* in repose, drooped at the corners, as if it might, in moments of ire or resentment, indulge in *la parole amère*. One felt that the ire and the resentment would not be paltry. The complexion inclined to fairness, but was sallow and not very clear. The *tout ensemble* was certainly not pretty, but it was not uninteresting, for the contour of the head, forehead and chin denoted intellectuality and strength. One felt that if Coralie Darrell might sometimes jar on one's taste she would never jar on one's heart. She interested Thorne, she did not charm him. Lady Eglinton had charmed him, and just now he was inclined to view a *charmuse* as the son of Alcmena might have viewed his Lydian queen after he had escaped her wiles. His senses, always more insidious than fierce, were in that phase which follows violent reaction.

Miss Shaw left them by-and-bye, and he and Miss Darrell sat alone in the gathering gloom together. They talked of Hamilton and their affection for that songless poet, as Thorne called him. He discriminated so wisely her brother's limitations and powers that she concluded it could be no ordinary mind that so gauged merits, motives and character. From Hamilton, Miss Darrell swung to her friend Genevieve—Genevieve Shaw. She had a jerky way with her of springing from subject to subject.

"She is related to the Shaws of Boston," she said, "but she has lived much abroad. She is to be married from her step-mother's house; she has no near relatives. Mrs. Shaw you must have heard of; she married again, a General Lawrence, who is, I think, one of your well-known men."

"He was a gallant soldier, is an orator, and has influence in politics."

"That's the one."

"And on whom does your friend bestow herself?" asked Thorne, somewhat bored.

"She is to be married very quietly next Wednesday to Tom Safford. Have you ever met him?"

Thorne had met the gentleman. "He belongs," he said, "to an old Putnam County family, of high respectability; his father was twice in the Legislature; he is himself a rising lawyer."

"What is his social position in New York?" said Miss Darrell.

"He has none, I should say."

Miss Darrell's face fell. "I shouldn't like to marry a man unknown in his town," she said.

"A clever woman can help a man to scale the walls," said Thorne, smiling. "But really, I am not myself a guide to fashion; I have been absent too much myself, and am comparatively a stranger in my own city. Safford is a jovial, pleasant fellow. I should think he would make a capital husband to your friend, who seems to me rather demure."

"She is very much in earnest," said Miss Darrell, "but she is excitable enough. I have sometimes thought her influence over me was unwholesome."

"Are you inclined to be too much in earnest?"

But to this question Miss Darrell vouchsafed no reply.

Outside, the twilight grew apace. Its hush seemed to fill the room. Even the noises of the thoroughfare dwindled with the lighting of the street lamps. The hurrying feet of the passers-by grew fainter and more infrequent. The up-town rush was ebbing, the toilers were turning in for a half-hour before the evening meal and its fresh impetus of rest or recreation. Once or twice Miss Darrell's laugh rang out. Her hand played restively with her bracelets and her rings, her foot impatiently now and again beat the thickly carpeted floor. But on the whole she waxed quieter, and her conversation, from being disconnected and disjointed, became serious and forcible. She talked of



Spain, where she had passed some months; of the Alhambra, Seville, Granada; of Spanish art, of which she longed so much to know more; of Spanish history and literature. Then she told one or two quaint anecdotes of persons met in the chance of travel, and with a color, spirit and raillery which gave Thorne no mean opinion of her humorous intuitions. These sallies were followed by a discussion as to the relative worth of the French modern school of painters as compared with the old masters, in which Thorne was for antiquity and Miss Darrell sounded the note of progress. They parted after an agreeable half-hour or more.

As Thorne buttoned up his coat to face the raw evening, "Something could be made out of that girl," he said to himself. "She is not attractive, exactly—there is much that is crude, ungraceful, unfinished; she is too tall and thin, and her feet are too long, and she laughs too much and too loud; her clothes are too pronounced and she doesn't understand her own style, yet I could fancy it might be worth while to take such a creature in hand and make her over and shape her and tone her down, and surprise one's self and others by creating quite a new young woman. There *is* something splendid about her—the little friend is right; it is the splendor of goodness—that girl is good, if there is virtue in earth or in heaven. What sweet eyes! How brave and how intelligent! That girl's got grit in her, and she's got sense, too, and fun."

It began to spit frozen rain; the drops whipped his face. He had no umbrella, but evaded them now and again with his hand before his eyes; he turned up his collar. After trudging a mile, as he ran up the steps of his club, "What if I tried?" he said, aloud.

"Ah, Thorne, did you speak to me?" asked an acquaintance who was coming down.

"Hallo, Vincent! Dining out, as usual? You are a professional."

"It is the most infernal nuisance, I can tell you. It's my last Winter of it."

"Why do you go?"

"Why do we wear goloshes in wet weather, or comb our hair, or pay our dues at the club? It's all a part of the damned Philistinism of our blessed nineteenth century existence," the grumbler muttered as he climbed into a hansom.

"Always the same," thought Thorne, smiling.

Warren Vincent was a man of importance in clubs and salons. Thorne looked up to him with peculiar reverence. He was under the spell—a very strong one, in youth—of the other's *cui bono* philosophy. He mistook Vincent's lack of all enthusiasms for Talleyrand's "*Surtout, messieurs, pas de zèle.*" In this particular discipline the injunction bore fruit. Vincent's immunity from all surprises, appreciations, admirations, amounted to genius. Before the glowing works of nature and the industries of man he remained passive. Lonely experiment, sublime meditation, pushing achievement, he sneered or laughed at, and somehow this contempt deluded others into believing that if Vincent only willed it he could move mountains and cast them into the sea, sway empires and destroy worlds. Warren Vincent was, in fact, a man of very mediocre abilities. An inherited fortune saved him from the mortification that failure to earn his living would have cast upon him in a country where this adroitness remains a test of merit. Superficial in culture, without artistic accomplishment, by a great deal of aplomb and impertinence he managed to awe the community into the belief that his criticisms were valuable. Partly assumed and partly constitutional, his lack of warmth was half the result of a low vitality, yet his posturings impressed a coterie chiefly made up of small people.

The cynicism of his countenance had become a habit; it was a cynicism in which there lurked nothing sinister. His smile, to be sure, never rose to gaiety, but for all that it was not ill-natured. He looked like a man who regarded the world as extremely

silly, but who intended to profit by its silliness; he was also capable of showing occasional kindness to the little dogs who crowded about him, wagging their tails at his approach. Too thin-blooded to be revengeful, he ignored enmity with a fine display of indifference. Absolutely unemotional, public stress or private trouble found him calm, collected and dry-pored. His nose was slightly retroussé, and he wore very high shirt collars, that gave his head an appearance of unusual erectness, of being propped up. His arched eyebrows lent superciliousness to his blank stare, while his long, faultlessly fitting frock coat added several inches to his height. Not ill favored, he was called handsome; ordinary in attainment and efficiency, he was considered clever. Clever he undoubtedly was, with that form of cleverness which knocks down and never constructs. A sway it undoubtedly possesses; but this is generally brief. In middle life such men sink to insignificance, in old age to oblivion. Eventually one wearies of the unproductive, of the hens that cackle and lay no eggs. From august they become ridiculous. Just now he was still young, and his amiable pessimisms and dissatisfactions were thought to be amusing. Society craves to be amused rather than instructed or benefited—besides which, he really had a taste for house decoration and some knowledge of rare bric-à-brac, which rendered him acceptable to the ladies.

"What if I tried!" To his Hudson River relatives Thorne knew Miss Darrell would appear "Western"—that vague term of reproach whose principal definition springs from variations played on the letter "r." How many pretty fancies and sweet love dreams has that "r" dispelled!

Genevieve Shaw remained to sleep at the hotel. These last few days of girlish communion were very precious to the friends whom congeniality of mind and mutual loneliness drew together in tender ties of confidence. While Mrs. Brayton was dis-

robing her opulent charms in her apartments across the passage, the girls indulged in one of those nocturnal chats so dear to women, and in which the eccentricities and tergiversations of the other sex are so ruthlessly laid bare. Coralie Darrell sat on the edge of her bed; she was already in her nightdress. Over her shoulders she held her opera wrap, with its fluff of white fur about the throat; her naked feet, thrust into satin mules, dangled to the floor. Sunk in a low chair, facing her, Miss Shaw—still dressed—was loosening the coils of her heavy, braided hair. She was listening to her friend with a tremulous, almost painful attention.

"What did you think of him?" Coralie was saying.

"His eyes are fascinating."

"Pshaw! I mean of the man himself."

"Aren't eyes the windows through which we hide or peep?"

"I don't know; they can lie."

"Dear, why so distrustful?"

"You ask!"

Genevieve sighed. "I thought him very much of a gentleman, distinguished."

"I want your opinion, because the instant I saw that man I knew he was—my husband."

"Coralie!" Genevieve's eyes widened with their amazement.

"Hush! Yes, it is written. It will be best." And as her friend continued to gaze at her, speechless, transfixed, as if alarmed at some sign of impending madness, she said, "Don't stare at me so. I will explain; you must understand. I want your help. The other thing is over, over forever; between it and me I wish to place an irremediable barrier. You know what happened to-day; you saw those letters; we had just read them when Mr. Thorne came in. I could overlook the cruelty of his mother's note, bidding me stop playing fast and loose with her son, and telling me how unwelcome I should be in her household. The other letter, the one from that girl he was engaged to and threw over

for my sake, affected me more. But that, too, I could have ignored, with its insulting taunt that it was my money he coveted and that his heart was still her own. All could have been borne if I *believed*. But at last, at last, very late, my pride has awakened, my soul has revolted, my energy is broken. He has not stood by me as he should. I see it now. My people are right. I am in the wrong. Hamilton was right. And, by the bye, it is I, not Arthur, that have been played with; it is I, not he, that have been crushed!"

"But—Mr. Thorne!" gasped Genevieve, clasping her hands across her knees.

"Mr. Thorne! He has come in time. They shall see what I am made of. Oh, I might have wished that Arthur Penfold should love me enough to claim me without a penny, but if I marry to please my brother, he can keep his word; he can give me the money. I'll take it; I'll take the fortune; I'll not put another man to any tests; I'll come well dowered." She spoke bitterly and drew her cloak closely about her breast. "Well—where was I? There isn't anything more to say, is there, Genevieve? I forget—where was I?"

"Mr. Thorne . . . and——"

"You said the word—he is a gentleman. That is what I must marry, a gentleman; that is what I liked in Arthur, his breeding." The tears fell from her wide-open eyes and trickled on her hands. "My life, Genevieve, has been, since mamma died, a hell. Aunt Elise, Mrs. Brayton, is kind, but so antagonistic to me I often hate her. When she crosses the floor, when she laughs or coughs, I want to wring her neck. And I am forced to be near her for months and months. These nervous idiosyncrasies are so hard to conquer. I blame myself, but what will you have? *C'est plus fort que moi*. Those whom God has set asunder let no man put together. Papa, you know, is entirely engrossed with his aims and ends and speculations, filling our house with men a girl should never meet, lavishing lux-

uries on me one day and the next bidding me prepare for ruin—he has driven Hamilton from our home, and he will me. I loathe my life; I cannot, I will not, return and take it up again. Marriage is my only escape, my only excuse for leaving it. It suits papa well enough to have me there. Well, Mr. Thorne—Hamilton has talked of him to me. He is devoted to him. Do you know, the moment that man entered I felt—we know such things—that I affected him, that he was studying me, that he liked me, that I should have the opportunity of marrying him, that Hamilton would be pleased, that he was—my husband." The tears still rained upon her hands.

"How extraordinary! But are you sure it isn't pique?"

"I am sure of nothing. Don't let's analyze; my feelings won't bear it. Toward Arthur there is no pique; toward his family, yes, perhaps a little. One is human. A poor sufferer, for whom his people are too strong! Oh, a weakling, I'll admit it; but so dear, so dear!"

"What, still?" Genevieve spoke in a frightened whisper.

"Listen. Don't abuse him to me, I couldn't stand it—not yet, not yet. But one thing, Genevieve, I can promise you. If I go into this thing it will be loyally and pluckily. I am not base and I know the worth of a contract; I will keep mine. If I marry Hamilton's friend I will be a true wife to him."

"But you don't know the man."

"I shall know him."

"But he isn't even attentive to you yet," said Genevieve, shaking her head a little impatiently.

"He will be attentive." Coralie dabbed a handkerchief across her face and laughed a laugh not entirely devoid of merriment.

"Ah, Coralie, what a creature you are! So inconsequent, so impulsive! Are you not afraid?"

"Ah, little Genevieve, the worst having happened to me, what should I fear? Who knows? perhaps life may still be full of promise. At any rate,

it shall not conquer me. I am not weak."

"No, that you are not."

"Fancy anyone living with papa who was! He has got to meet iron to strike his will and whims against, poor papa! He is fond of me, all the same, in his own queer way. And I am like him in many things, hopeful and buoyant. We belong to the sanguines, but I have more concentration of purpose. I wanted your advice. I have lost faith in my own opinions, in my judgment of character. One doesn't want to make a second mistake. Did you like him? Do you think he will get on? I am ambitious now. Health is not enough this time."

"The responsibility you put on me is too tremendous—a man I have seen five minutes! He is certainly delightful in appearance and manner, and seems clever."

"That will do. Now, dearest, let us talk of yourself. Tell me about Tom—he fairly radiates—and all the details of the day. Aunt Elise says your veil is the most splendid she ever saw, and she knows—a contrast to me, who can't tell tatting from *point de Venise*."

## V

THE wooing was brief. Its outcome left the chief participants as breathless as the outside world. Ten days later Coralie said to Thorne, "Yes, I'll marry you, on one condition."

"And that is?" he asked, quickly.

"That you marry me to-morrow, without any announcement or engagement, in some church we shall pass in our promenade."

Here was a being evidently emancipated from common convention and yet of whose innocence one could have no shadow of a doubt. Thorne was delighted. The "wedding"—always a *corvée* to the male, and borne with as much grace as a pet sheep carries its blue ribbons and jingling bells—thus summarily dispensed with, lent to his marriage an unusual savor. He was an odd mixture of

geniality and ungregariousness, being the kind of man who, in certain moods, will walk a mile out of his path not to meet his best friend. He was not only delighted, he said so, and added something warmer that made her look up gratefully. Her wounded heart longed for kindness.

"She is enchanting," he said to Darrell; "so artless and so womanly."

"She is a good girl," said Hamilton, with a huskiness in his voice as he pressed Hazard's hand.

She had told Thorne frankly of her former love affair and of its ending. She concealed nothing. He saw in it a scratch, no more, that would heal swiftly under the sunshine of a new tenderness. He meant to be tender. He felt within himself wells of unspent affection.

Darrell was elected to give her away, and her aunt and Tom Safford stood at her side. Her father, from a mining town in Texas, wired consent and blessings. On their return from their short wedding trip she was hurried up the Hudson and duly embraced and ratified by aunts, uncles and cousins. Before this final sanction Hamilton had handed her the deeds of a fine house in the Fifth Avenue and other deeds for other houses, and assigned to her securities in mining stocks, and bonds and mortgages and many things of which she knew but little, to the amount of a million dollars. This transfer—the rumor of which sped quickly—no doubt mitigated the "Western" aroma that Thorne feared his kindred would detect in his young bride. They expressed themselves satisfied with his choice, commended his excellent taste, and took dear Coralie to their fond hearts. She, on her side, admired the forgotten gentlemen in their manorial dwellings, the serenity of their prosaic calm, the aristocratic seclusion of their environment. As the traveler is impressed by the sombrero and cloak of the hidalgo as "so deliciously Spanish and picturesque, don't you know," so she found these people ravishingly quaint. She listened, not without a certain

measure of respect, to their egotistic chatter as they dwell on the legends of their former superiority to the vulgar herd that dominate New York to-day. She was not indifferent to the accident of birth. She reminded them with spirit that if her father was a self-made man, her mother was of gentle blood.

"You must not be shocked, my dear Mrs. Thorne," she said to the aunt who had sent Hazard to Harvard, "if I am not like other girls. Mamma died when I was thirteen, and I have been my own mistress and far too independent ever since. I long for guidance."

"I like her," said this lady afterward to her lord; "she needs toning down, I admit, but she is perfectly refined in everything, and I find her full of character and intelligence. She is clever, and mark my words, Alfred, by-and-bye she will be a handsome woman; that sort needs maturity."

"She will have to make haste, then; she's hardly up to Hazard in looks now."

Alfred Thorne could not escape the conviction that his nephew conferred an honor on Miss Darrell in giving her his hand.

"He's immensely lucky, and the sooner you tell him so the better," retorted his wife.

"Hem . . . hem."

"Why, they'd have jumped at her abroad, an heiress—"

"The Thornes, my dear, never jumped at anything. You know our motto, 'I wait.'"

"I tell you they have waited until the grass has grown up to their ears. I am glad we have no children. If Lester—" Lester was Hazard's other uncle—"and Amanda sit still much longer they can whistle for husbands for their girls till they're hoarse, and not get half a one. Husbands nowadays aren't going to spring down girls' throats. Your nieces should have been properly presented, Eleanora is getting quite old looking."

"Eleanora is a mighty pretty young woman," said her uncle, testily.

"There are signs of age women

can conceal from men, but never from one another. But I am thought peculiar," went on Mrs. Alfred. "Well, Hazard, at any rate, who was my boy, has shown some gumption. I should like them to take some sort of a position. It is little enough we can do to help his wife in the city."

"Position! What! with Mrs. Clyde and Mrs. Larremore and Mount Cuthbert, whose father was a drayman, leaders of the dance! What a distinction! They are well out of it."

"I am not talking about distinction. The Darrell tree is new enough, but I have generally noticed that people who were too good to marry the new rich ended by marrying the new poor. They are young and want a little fun; who's to give it to them? Our old-fogy cousins in Bond street, or Rebecca Varick at her whist parties on Second avenue, or the Van der Voorts in their back parlor, with their chicken-salad Sunday teas? My dear Alfred, you're moss-grown. We are antiquities—respectable, but obsolete. Let the birdlings build their nest on a new bough; ours is toppling and rotten at the root, and—" as Mr. Thorne raised a white hand in protest, standing with his back to the fire, in his comfortable dressing-gown and flowered waistcoat—"I shall advise Coralie to be catholic—to extend her lists, to widen her influence; it will be better for Hazard's profession. Look at that clock, my dear," she pointed to an ancient timepiece; "an inveterate liar, an hour and a half behind time; there we are! It doesn't matter here, where there is nothing to do, but in the world one must keep up to the minutes."

She walked to the window and looked out, leaving her husband to digest her words. An immense silence hung over the landscape, gray, dense and sad under its vapor of snow. The river, frozen here and there in patches, frowned between the ice-floes in deep pools of hidden water; the trees that concealed the banks, under which the hated railroad sped, loomed bare and tall against the lead-



en sky. Nature's eternal repetitions were the chief breaks in the monotony of existence. Sometimes Mrs. Thorne had found them pale. She turned back to the luxurious warmth and color of the room with a slight shiver and sigh. "Let the birdlings build their nest," she repeated under her breath, but her husband did not heed her. It was the hour of his nap, when he rested from doing nothing. He was already stretched at length on his well-worn sofa and snoring lustily. She stopped, and with the force of habit, threw a shawl across his feet, then stood and looked down for a moment at his once finely cut and handsome features, dulled and thickened by cramped aims and small achievements, and so looking, sighed again.

The Hazard Thornes built their nest in the big house that Darrell gave his sister as a portion of her dower.

"I hear," said Mr. Atherton to Warren Vincent, "that Hazard Thorne has struck oil—or a Western heiress—and moved into a palace."

"Car?"

Atherton laughed. "The Pullman carriages are at least easy and comfortable."

"When one is not writhing at their ornamentations. They affect my liver. Thorne's drawing-room has all the plush indecencies and barbarous equivocations of the drawing-room palace car at its worst."

"They will learn."

"Perhaps. I doubt it. Madame has not a vestige of what the French women call the art of installation."

"American women are wonderful—she will learn," repeated Atherton. "I hear she is clever."

"What good will that do her?"

"It will keep her going. Beauty gives the start, but brains keep up the pace. A beautiful, stupid woman is done for at twenty-five; a fairly pretty and clever one still reigns at forty."

"That depends."

"Exactly. It depends on her use of her cleverness. I mean the woman

who employs her wit to some purpose, who makes the most of herself, her attractions and her opportunities. The silly ones go to pieces; the clever ones know how to harbor their forces, retain their physical loveliness, enhance and make it valuable, and bend chance to will. They understand that the social career, like any other, must have a meaning; that a campaign is not a succession of disconnected maneuvers, wild and inconsequent, but that to every move there must be concerted plan and purpose, else it's doomed to final failure. Occasional pyrotechnics are not sufficient. There must be *suite dans les idées*."

"Get out a manual, Atherton, and I'll invest in a copy for Mrs. Thorne," said Vincent, with that dry laugh which somehow even the well-seasoned Atherton found disagreeable, yet did not know exactly how to resent. "She'll need it."

Atherton lighted his cigar and turned on his heel with a sense that his homily had been ill-timed, overheated and a trifle prolix. It was this faculty of belittling others which made of Warren Vincent a power in his set. A small power in a small set, yet Dumas *filis* tells us "a little success proves a great talent."

Such as it was the nest was builded, moved into and became a home. Our young married people sat down in it to make each other's acquaintance. There seemed little danger of interruption; they found themselves practically alone.

Genevieve Shaw, now Mrs. Safford, lived very near, in one of the numerous numbered streets that cross the avenues. Darrell bought himself a house next door. Apertures in the wall of the different stories made the houses one. This connection might be useful in case of entertainment. He usually ate with them. Just now, entertainments did not seem expedient, as there was nobody to entertain. They had a good cook, and bachelors were sometimes invited to dine. Among them, Warren Vincent was a frequent guest. He liked the admiration he inspired in his host and

the secret hostility he guessed in his hostess. It piqued his vanity. Mrs. Safford and her husband often joined them, and of course there were a few other women, some married couples, an occasional girl. These belonged to no particular coterie, but were culled from a variety of sources—sometimes were travelers from other cities, country relatives, Western potentates. This incongruous *mélange* was a source of constant amusement to Vincent, who could trone among them to his complete satisfaction, striking terror to their simple hearts. His visits were not without profit to young Mrs. Thorne. Much as he annoyed her, she had to admit his knowledge in matters of furnishing and bric-à-brac.

"Isn't that a dear little cabinet?" she once said to him, exhibiting the latest purchase that adorned her graceless, stiff boudoir. She sat here of an afternoon because her brother and her husband told her she ought to enjoy it.

"Ah!" said Warren, adjusting his monocle, "modern."

"It didn't pose for an antique," she answered, vexed at being vexed. She had seen the thing in a shop window and did not like to acknowledge she had gone in and paid the price and ordered it sent home without a query.

"I am not so sure," said Vincent; "the imitation is admirable, but it's imitation. What did they make you pay?"

She named the sum.

"I thought as much. They have passed it off for the real thing; they have cheated you badly."

Mrs. Thorne hung her head.

He went on, not unkindly, and gave her a lesson on this particular cabinet which, with many other lessons she was learning, she never forgot. Her memory was retentive.

Another time he was a less good genius; in fact, she thought him an evil influence in her husband's path, but bore with him, as brides do with their husband's friends, resignedly, in the desire to be dutiful. Hazard liked him, and she would not banish a solace

from his evening after a busy day. For he worked hard and his practice grew apace. On this one occasion, however, she felt that Vincent's ice-cold judgment did her wrong. They had been to a ball. An occasional ball, like an occasional horseback ride, leaves pains in the joints. This particular ball was not, in young Mrs. Thorne's opinion, a happy venture. Rather indifferent as to her clothes, she had been accustomed to allow her aunt to dress her, with more or less, generally less, felicity. Now, unused to the perfidy of New York mantua-makers, she neglected to order her gown in time. It came home, casually, the night of the dance. This *soirée* was a subscription one, but *à la mode*. The frock, a light green tulle with ivy leaves and silver, pretty enough on some girlish, plump blonde, was eminently unsuitable and unbecoming to Mrs. Thorne's tall tenuity. It was found to be a trifle short and somewhat too *décolleté*. There was no time for alteration. She decided she would not dance and that a convenient fan could be held up before her bosom. The disadvantages were not as marked, once in the ballroom, as before she left the gaping curiosity of her own maids, for everybody else seemed very much uncovered, and she passed unnoticed. As nobody asked her to dance, she sat most of the evening. Her husband did not like her gown, and told her so. He regretted her first appearance should not be more propitiously accomplished, and was cross and even quite angry with—the dressmaker. This did not raise his wife's spirits. He himself had a poor time of it. He was mortified to find himself so much of a stranger in his own city; he also noticed that the women had ceased to look at him. This made him smile and assure himself that he did not care. He was very glad that he did not care. He repeated this to himself several times during the evening. But it is not of this ball we would speak. Early the next day he was surprised, when he left the breakfast table, to find Coralie fully equipped for a walk, standing in the hall. She



kept the French custom of coffee in her bedroom, and he rarely saw her, except for a word of greeting at her door, until he returned from his office in the afternoon.

"Why! You up at this hour?"

"I must get that party out of my bones," she said, laughing, "and out of my head. I want to walk it off before my singing lesson."

"Well, I must be off. I have got a lot of important papers to look over which I brought up last night and did not even open. The men who dined here didn't give me the time to get at them, between dinner and the party. By the way, dear, scold that dress-maker; she did not half do you justice. I like you better in white. Why don't you wear white? I think black velvet would suit you, with your pearls."

As he spoke he fumbled for the documents, found them on the hall table, put them in his ulster pocket, and in a moment was in his hansom cab. She heard him throw the driver the address of a neighboring hotel where he sometimes stopped to send early telegrams. As he drove off she saw that two or three loose sheets had detached themselves from his package and fluttered to the sidewalk. She turned to the butler, who blocked the vestibule, with the instinct to bid him follow his master, but the man's bare head, slippers and helpless stupidity struck her as necessarily delaying. Before she formulated her command she had herself taken the field, or rather, the street. She grabbed the papers, and rushed down the slushy pavement in hot pursuit of her husband's cab. It turned the corner just ahead of her. The novelty of the exercise, the uncertainty of the chase, intoxicated her and seemed to give her wings. On she flew, slipping, tripping, but righting herself, her hat shifting a little toward one ear, one braid of her hair detaching itself at her *nuque*, heedless of appearance, careless of comment, speeding after the hansom, which obstacles of the thoroughfare kept just within her sight. At last—

the distance shortened. She caught up with it as her husband sprang to the curb.

She could not speak at first, but held out the lost papers, gradually recovering her breath. "I thought you—would want them," she panted. "You said you—they were important . . ."

"And you ran through the mud after me all the way to bring them!" he said, looking at her with a sudden great reverence surging within him. He took her outstretched fingers in his own. "My dear, that was a lovely impulse."

She was flushed and disheveled, but it gave her childish pleasure to have won the race, and she was prouder of the exploit than of its motive. "I knew I could do it!" she cried; "I have such long legs. They did me service this time."

"It was simply sweet," he went on, looking into her eyes, "and I wish I could kiss you, but I will . . . your hand." As he spoke he stooped and pressed his lips an instant on Coralie's wrist, and Coralie, poor child, felt happy for the first time since her marriage. A laugh startled them. Warren Vincent came out of the hotel.

Coralie's action was one of those of which a man is proud or ashamed, according to his power of discernment. What was highest in Thorne's nature was deeply touched. It was a trivial thing, no doubt, but one of those marks of devotion and unselfishness which subtle minds know how to value. "It was an exquisite thing to do," he thought.

Vincent took off his hat and stood beside them. Something in his aspect dampened them both. By mutual consent they dropped each other's hands and stepped quickly apart.

"You are out early, Mrs. Thorne," he said, "for a lady I saw at two o'clock at Delmonico's. I am sure all the other women who were there are fast asleep. New York great ladies are so indolent."

As he spoke in his quiet voice she became suddenly conscious that her

skirt was bedraggled, her hat awry, her hair pendent, her boots not improved by the run through the blackening mud. A defiant feeling possessed her that she needed no defense for what Thorne had praised.

"I ran after Hazard's cab to give him some letters he had forgotten," she said, boldly.

"I was at the *coiffeur's* window and saw your arrival," said Vincent, with his cold smile. "I was greatly interested."

"Charmed that I furnished you entertainment," she said, haughtily. "Good-bye, Hazard," and she left them.

Thorne moved as if to follow her, but somehow the charm was broken. Vincent passed his arm through his.

"Come, walk down; it will do you good."

"Very well—" he dismissed his cab—"I will, as far as Tenth street. Wait while I wire a couple of messages."

As they walked along Vincent said: "Your wife ought to go out more."

"We are strangers."

"Nonsense! you, a Thorne."

"An unknown Thorne, and you know it." He felt a vague anger rising in his heart against his companion—he hardly knew why.

"What's the matter?"

"We are not successes."

"My dear fellow, it's your own fault. You ought to coach her."

"Look here, Vincent; what do you mean by that?"

"I mean, how can she be a success and do this—er—sort of thing?"

"I don't understand you."

"Why, you should tell her that what did very well for—Peoria—or what was the name of the place?—won't go down here. If she wants to be a success she's got to stop running after her hubby, and you'll have to stop abetting it. Besides, your tall women should not agitate themselves. Their style is repose."

"If you don't want to get your nose pulled you had better stop!" said Thorne, glaring at him. "I don't discuss Mrs. Thorne with you. One

more word on your part will be one too many."

"My dear boy, pray, pardon me; I was entirely in jest, as I thought you were. Here is Tenth street, and I'll leave you and hail this cab. Here, fellow, take me to Broad street. Good-bye; I meant no offense," and he drove off.

Thorne's exaltation had fallen. It was for this he could not forgive Vincent. It is cruel to be pulled down from heights. "The devil take his impudence!" he said to himself. But try as he would, he could not reascend to the elevation from which he had, for a moment, looked into his young wife's soul.

## VI

MRS. HEATHCOTE, who was the mistress of a sumptuous town house, a luxurious villa at Newport and a charming country place on Long Island, was driving up Fifth Avenue. Just because she possessed all these things and the finest and smartest of equipages, as well as many wonderful gowns, she chose to run about half the day in a cloth dress and toque, and to be driving now with her husband in the most dilapidated and rickety of cabs.

When a moment's blockade brought their humble curricule to a standstill under the wheels, as it were, of a resplendent victoria-bright with gilded harness and highly groomed horses, "Who in the world are your friends in those wild hats?" she said to her husband.

Colonel Heathcote, glancing out to see what mishap impeded progress, was bowing to two ladies. "I was presented to those two women at the last 'Patriarch,' just as I was escaping the supper. If you hadn't had a headache and stopped at home, you'd have been offered up, too."

"Fancy! Were they there? How mixed those subscription affairs are getting!"

"Do you see the one on this side?"

"She's got a nice face; she looks

clever and amusing, in spite of her awful get-up."

"Well, that is Hazard Thorne's young wife, and you talk of 'mixed!' Why, when my father was a boy, Mrs. Harry Thorne was the leader of everything. It was sufficient she should show at a party to make it the fashion, while the Thorne boys were the idols of the young nob, and their models."

"Yes, of course. Mamma was full of those traditions of the Hazards and Thornes, but this—girl?"

"The daughter of John Y. Darrell."

"What, the big bug out West?"

"The same."

"She looks it."

"Nonsense!"

"Do you know, Reginald, I like her. She would be pretty if . . ."

The victoria trembled and freed itself; the shambling cab fell into line behind it.

"And the other one?"

"The other one is Tom Safford's wife. I know him very well down town; a good fellow."

"A gentleman?"

"Yes, of course."

"I never heard of him."

"They are not New Yorkers."

"What a circus of strangers is invading us!"

Mrs. Safford was saying to her friend, "There's that Colonel Heathcote Mr. Vincent introduced to us."

"Which way? Ah, yes! Can that be his wife? I have heard so much of her I was dying to see her. What a lovely woman, and so simple; and look at their turnout!" Both laughed. The simplicity of elegant women was still a surprise to Coralie. In her own city, position was defined by splendor.

"That would delight Joseph Turtle."

"Is he still ranting against luxury?"

"Oh, yes; I have ceased to pay attention. It would seem that extremes meet—Joseph and Mrs. Heathcote exploiting the same ideas!"

"She has a charming face; she must be superb in the evening."

"I have always heard her toilettes raved over. To-day she is dressed like a maid."

"She doesn't look like one."

"No. More like a goddess incog., stooping to earth for a moment's distraction from the tedium of Olympus. When she looked at me I felt like an over-bedecked Jewess."

"Those women—it doesn't matter what they wear or do—always seem to be—right," sighed Genevieve.

"And we—wrong," said Coralie, laughing heartily.

She laughed again still more gaily with her husband and Darrell at the dinner hour. "Mr. Vincent was so scandalized at my matutinal scramble through the streets after Hazard!" she said to her brother, as she sipped her *consommé*.

Darrell gave out his grave smile. He was superlatively happy, warming himself in the rays of what he called his two affections. He was proud of his handiwork and as pleased with his match-making as any Gallic dowager who has unearthed two good *partis* and thrown them into each other's arms. Manlike, he penetrated little into the undercurrent whose surfaces appeared so calm. "I warned Thorne once you were a colt, but it's time you were put into traces."

"You should have seen his nose," went on Coralie, "two inches longer than usual. He considers me hopeless."

"Vincent can make himself deucedly disagreeable when he chooses," said Thorne, in whom the unpleasant encounter with the gentleman in question still rankled.

"He is a sybarite," said Darrell. "We have few such in this country. I, for one, am willing they should fill their niche; they wish to see that we fill ours."

"That is just it," said Thorne; "they always want to interfere, to give lessons."

"Vincent is rather a silent man, is he not?" said Darrell.

"His silences are terrible," said Coralie. "I have learned to dread them more than his utterances; they are less direct, but invariably mean more profound disapproval."

Thorne felt annoyed that she should

assume this attitude of needing a mentor. "Why don't you snub him?"

She opened wide pupils. "Why don't you?"

"I do."

Then, being a woman, she said, as if addressing the air:

"Oh, I thought he was *persona grata*. I'm sure I don't want him here. I detest him!"

Something in her tone irritated Thorne. He frowned.

"He is certainly less odious than your friend Turtle. He is at least a——"

"Now, Hazard," she said, "don't say gentleman, for Joseph is that, isn't he, Hamilton?"

"Yes, I think he is," said her brother, "a gentleman in his innocence."

"He is an infernal bore, at any rate," said Mr. Thorne.

"Poor dear! He isn't very intelligent, but he is reverent."

"Reverent?" said Darrell.

"Yes. He believed my cabinet was an antique, and worshipped it as such, whereas Mr. Vincent knocked the bottom right out of it and of all my illusions; said I had been robbed, if not murdered."

Thorne always liked her fun, and applauded it now by a swift dissipation of his moment's ill-humor. "Well, if you can bear with that man, I'm willing; you are more patient than I am."

"Oh, my dear, I'm accustomed to being bored; I have learned patience. If you only had seen some of papa's friends, eh, Hamilton? Mr. Sperry, for instance, or Canova. We used to call one of our visitors Canova because he once asked me if a copy of Michael Angelo's 'David' was not 'sculpted'—yes, that is the way he called it—by the same man who did the 'Cupid and Psyche' in our hall. 'He was a kind of an all-round man, now wasn't he?' he asked. Hamilton, don't look so—I am telling the truth."

She was a good mimic, and illustrated her spirited stories with amusing imitations.

Joseph Turtle was a slab-sided, long-haired, smooth-faced individual whom the chance of affairs carried back and forth like a leaf in a storm between Ogonia—where Mr. Darrell *père* had his country estates—and New York. He was a native of the former place, a son of the village physician. He had played with the Darrell children when a child, and always remained with them on terms of friendly familiarity. He called Mrs. Thorne Coralie, with robust pressure on the *al*, and Darrell, "Ham." Mrs. Thorne was one of those honest women who dislike to discard old friends—the genus is almost extinct. She welcomed him, therefore, in her New York home, but she did not make a tragic virtue of this hospitality. She did not look upon it as a work of supererogation. "I must know whom the Ogonia people marry, and what they die of," she said to her husband. "Leave me my Turtle. He is my last link with the old days. Papa never writes, he telegraphs, and then only three words." Perhaps in this new existence, where much that she did and said seemed to strike discord, she was grateful for the presence of one in whose eyes she knew that she could not err. For, the petted and spoiled darling of her father's house and of her warm-hearted neighbors, she was unused to criticism. Now and then, when she remembered her girlhood, her eyes filmed and her voice faltered, although she had left Ogonia without regret. But Mr. Thorne did not fancy Turtle. He was, in fact, a difficult person to fancy.

"He is an acquired taste," Coralie used to say. "Wait until you've been regaled on him, as I have, for twenty years, and you'll become a victim to the habit."

It was not about Turtle, however, but about Warren Vincent that they had their first serious dissension. And here once more Thorne's equanimity was disturbed at a certain clashing between his own and his wife's judgment.

Coralie had a way of scribbling

down impressions, keeping a species of record, less of facts than of the people whom she met, their peculiarities and personal characteristics. As she never showed these to her husband, he could not guess their genius. He would have recognized it, for he did not underrate her powers. She, on the contrary, sometimes impatient of his conservative views of conduct and modes of thought, was perhaps inclined to depreciate his.

One day, looking over some pages she had written, they seemed to her so well done that she felt them worthy of publication. Always impulsive, she tore them from her journal, and sent them by mail, unsigned and thinly veiled with dexterous changes of names and seasons, to the *Ogonia Sentinel*. The bit was only a description of a New York drawing-room in which a type of person resembling Warren Vincent was made to play the principal part. His appearance, manner, gestures, methods of speech, were rendered with absolute fidelity, and at the same time whipped with mordant irony. *Ogonia* was so insignificant a town that, had the article been dull, it would have gone no farther; but it was brilliant, and distinctly a hit. The editor was no fool. He ran it through his sheet, then sent it cityward. It was copied from paper to paper, blazed through the country, and reached New York—at last. "From the *Ogonia Sentinel*" was more betraying than would have been the open signature, Coralie Darrell Thorne. It was read in the clubs and commented upon. Vincent read it, and, what was more unfortunate, Thorne. He recognized his wife's hand instantly. It is not too much to say that he was very angry. Vincent was their frequent guest, was a man of dignified position, of assured standing, accepted on the footing of friendship. He deemed the offense heinous and inextinguishable. He came home, with the paper into which his wife's squib was transcribed in his pocket, burning with indignation. He rebuked her for her indiscretion somewhat hotly. She retorted

that she could not know it would go farther than the limits of her province, and that, after all, types were types endlessly repeated. They belonged to authors—were public property. Would Vincent read it? So much the better. If her husband desired it, she would read it aloud to him at his next visit. She said this and many other foolish things, and tossed her head as only young women do who are profoundly humiliated.

Later Genevieve was the recipient of her confidence. Ah, how often she had wept on her friend's shoulder! For under Coralie's laughter there were tears. Never had she been less happy than in the first years of her married life. Her soul was desperately sad. Genevieve Safford alone knew its secret struggles. No time of her brief youth was so unhappy to her as these first months, for, only a few weeks after his dismissal and her marriage, her English lover did the worst thing he could have done for Hazard Thorne. He died. Dying, he was very cruel; he left a letter for her. In it he blamed her heartlessness, upbraided her faithlessness, told her she had dealt the death thrust; that he had loved her; that she should have waited. Was he honest? Perhaps. At any rate, her heart was wrung, and it was only through constant abnegation and self-immolation that she could bring herself to fill the rôle she had imposed on herself. She cursed the folly that had driven her into such hasty ties, and was as miserable as can be a girl not much past twenty who thinks that she has killed the man who loved her. Genevieve, who was the worst adviser possible, gave her a sympathy at once inexperienced and a trifle ponderous. She fanned her remorse.

Is it a wonder, then, that Coralie was no "success?" She grew, indeed, pallid and thin.

It is very well for fables and proverbs to insist that the most infelicitous creature that is alive is of more importance than a dead lion. A dead lover is a dangerous rival to a living husband in an im-



agination of twenty-three. After she had sobbed out her quarrel with her husband, baptizing Mrs. Safford's velvet cape and brodered bodice with her tears, she felt inclined to believe that Arthur Penfold had every virtue and Hazard Thorne but a scant apanage. "He doesn't understand me in the least," she cried, "and yet—and yet, if he only knew how hard I have tried to please him, through all—through all!"

"He does know, he does see, dearest," cooed Genevieve, kissing her hair; "but you are an impulsive creature and he a man of the world, and so . . ."

"Oh, I hate their world! Perhaps I shall not be in it long."

Genevieve drew her to a warm embrace. "Hush, darling, what should I do?" She knew Coralie spoke of an impending hour when life and death throw dice for victory.

"Ah, I should have died and followed Arthur long ago if it hadn't been for you, dear Genevieve."

"Why, my darling, you are unjust to your husband; he loves you, he—"

"Does he? He won't give up that horrid man to please me, and now—"

"A man! Why, just think if it were a woman!" whispered Genevieve.

"Oh, he never looks at women; there's nothing like that."

"Well, that is a good deal."

"Fancy! Why, Genevieve, you are getting cynical and suspicious. No, he is quite absorbed in his career, in spite of his dilettante, *dolce far niente* manner."

"A very attractive manner."

"Yes, he is attractive, and I have ambitions for him."

"And for yourself?"

"And for myself. Not puerile ambitions; mine are colossal."

"To what do you aspire?" said Genevieve, smiling.

"It is still inchoate, but I should not like obscurity." Then, after a moment, "It is well he doesn't care about other women; I am jealous."

"What! really?"

"Yes."

"Were you jealous of Arthur Penfold?"

"Yes."

"I never imagined such a thing of you."

"Oh, my dear, you don't know me yet."

"I think you were wrong to show up your husband's friend."

"I did not reflect."

"And you know he never did like Mr. Turtle," said Genevieve, who had no humor, shaking her head.

"Joseph is so forlorn," said Coralie, laughing through her tears, "so lonely and so devoted to me, the one chain with my past. How can I throw him over? I know his name is funny and he is not very swell, but it would just break his heart if I were nasty to him."

"But isn't it more important to suit your husband?" said Genevieve, with astuteness, yet secretly enjoying, as timid women do, the rashness of another's speech.

"I am not a weakling, Genevieve," said Coralie, sitting up again and straightening out her disarray; "I am not what my brother Hamilton calls 'a scatterer.' I have moved heaven and earth to conceal what I have suffered from my husband, and he thinks that Penfold's death was a mere prick to memory, no more. I am devoted to his interests. I shall be so to his child's. Why, I am studying law to keep up with him, and the best paper he wrote for his last case I prepared for him. Don't think me ungrateful for much that I appreciate, but I was born to be unhappy."

Is this true of some of us? Are there beings, indeed, as the astrologists insist, doomed from their birth to suffer, on whom Saturn or the moon has cast a ray of gloom and danger? Coralie nestled like a bird to her friend's arm.

"I have been faithless, and am punished! I am envious of your joy, dear," she went on, after a moment's silence. "My marriage is not con-

genial, like yours, but I did not deserve it."

"Ah, you poison mine when you say that," cried Genevieve. "Such words seem ominous of evil." She had not believed in the Englishman, but felt her impotence before the pathetic silence of the dead, which none can cope with. Her dark eyes gleamed with terror, and she caught the young woman to her heart.

"Perhaps my little one will bring me cheer," said Coralie, more lightly. "Don't fret about me, dear; you will make yourself ill. You are quite white."

"I do fret. I am alone so much. Tom is so occupied. You are all of my day when he is absent."

"My daughter shall be Genevieve—I know it is a girl. I shall have my sorrow—bring a woman child into the world."

His wife's pallor, languor, restlessness, Thorne attributed to her condition, as was natural. But notwithstanding dark forebodings, Mrs. Thorne's ordeal was as easy as is the Indian woman's who stops under a tree to bring her baby into life and picks it up and trudges on her way. And it was a rosy little morsel of flesh, and lusty and dimpled and merry. Genevieve, or Viva, as she was nicknamed, indeed filled the house with the *bravura* of her sorceries.

Three years later their son was born. They named him Hamilton Darrell.

## VII

"OUR house is hideous!" Thorne said to Vincent, when they sat smoking alone late one evening in the library. "What the devil's the matter with it?"

In the present evolution of sex, when there is a perceptible *rapprochement* in aims, pursuits and accoutrements, it has possibly escaped casual observers that just as women grow more masculine, men have a tendency to—femalize. The helpless male of fifty years ago, who couldn't get his

dinner well cooked or his rooms properly heated, or his clothes brushed, or his esthetic propensities developed without the aid of woman, is fast disappearing. Men's clubs, run by men, supplied by men, valeted by men, are proverbially better kept than private establishments.

It is now possible, nay, probable, that the master's apartments will be quite as dainty and well ordered as my lady's; while he is fidgety about his bed-hangings, crotchety about his picture frames, and devotes much time and expenditure to the setting of his chimney-piece, the period of his clocks and the authenticity of his majolica. The private homes of modern bachelors of fortune are museums, labyrinthian and intricate receptacles for objects of the highest artistic excellence, whose lack of utility is counterbalanced by their grace. They are, generally, also cozy nests of comfort, peculiarly adapted to the pretty fencing of love and gallantry. A woman finds to-day in her lover or her husband not a defenseless wight played upon by tradesmen, hungry, cold, shelterless and shabby unless ministered to by her succoring care, but a teacher, critic and coadjutor. In the matter of frescoes, dadoes, dinner decorations, and even of dresses, bonnets and the trinkets that go to make up the up-to-date *élégante*, he knows as much as she.

While not belonging quite to the new era, Thorne, always fastidious in his dress, was possessed of sufficient knowledge to be made uncomfortable by all forms of ugliness. He knew just enough to be dissatisfied with his installation, yet not enough to remedy its glaring insufficiency. Vincent's silence proved to him that he was not alone in his opinion.

"What the devil's the matter with it?"

Vincent emitted a pale ring of smoke from between his lips and pulled up his high shirt collar with a jerk.

"There's too much upholstery," he said, laconically. "It's too plushy and buttoned in, and over-carpeted



and over-chandeliered, and that sort of thing. Thank God, light is coming to us; it'll be time enough when this Renaissance is settled, has shaken down on us, to do it all over. The contents of this room, for instance, with its wainscoting and huge mantel, are out of all proportion to its size. These things would have looked well at Chambord or Chatsworth; they are absurd in these narrow quarters."

"I'll be hanged if I let my wife give parties until we have done it over. Poor girl! she's as disappointed with the results as I am."

Vincent was again silent. He had not forgotten a certain muddy morning. Perhaps there were matters of more recent date he did not forget. If, however, he bore his friend's wife any grudge for her literary pasquinade, he was too Machiavellian to set the fool's cap on his own head. He had met the article—the Thornes began to doubt if he had read it—with an inscrutable indifference. Thorne felt grateful, Mrs. Thorne puzzled. To her ardent and frank nature, open resentment would have been more comprehensible. Sweetly kind-hearted, she had deeply regretted her action, regretted it in sackcloth and ashes, and was ready to offer any amends to one she might have hurt. How could she imagine it would ever be copied! Equally unexplainable to her was the chilling but exquisite politeness with which Vincent met in her drawing-rooms, sometimes at her dinner table, Mr. Joseph Turtle, of Ogonia.

These civilities, it must be admitted, were repaid with slight gratitude. If at their first encounter Vincent had secretly repelled Mrs. Thorne, to Joseph Turtle he seemed to be the proverbial red flannel petticoat that incites the flagitious enterprise of the roving bull. The grandson of a Methodist bishop, Joseph had been brought up in the unquestioning faith of a sturdy puritanism that accepts no compromise, asks no indulgence. If in the crucible of his father's—the doctor's—scientific experiments he had left some dogmatic

tenets with a good deal of their Christian charity, he had not lost their sustaining prejudices. Like nearly all men brought up within provincial limitations, great cities, and particularly their social evolution, oppressed him. He was offended at their wickedness. He saw little else. Men like Vincent, who have opinions in art and only tastes in morals, represented to him the dangerous outcome of a false civilization. Yet there are men who are kept moral by their taste! He feared for Coralie the insidious poison of such an atmosphere.

"She's a tramp," he would say to himself, "but she's in a nest of asps here. I don't see how she'll escape their contamination."

With a view to forestall and prevent any such decadence on the part of his old friend—he was several years her senior, but he had frolicked with her in her childhood—he was never weary of inveighing against the hollowness and frivolity of people of fashion—the emptiness of their minds and hardness of their hearts. In truth, he knew nothing whatever about them. The decorative side of life—so important to refinement—is harshly and unjustly judged by outsiders who cannot gauge its significance. They refuse to see that the same brain and the same heart exist in every sphere under every garb. A man of the world does not entertain you with a detailed record of his child's illness, his wife's symptoms, his sister's unhappy marriage or his depleted bank account; he leaves his household gods at home. The ingenuous hind, accustomed to the belief that the details of his existence can be of importance to others, mistakes this reserve, the dwelling only on the ephemeral and lighter side of life, as a proof that cares are slighted and responsibilities shirked. Superficial in his way, he does not notice that this exterior is but the down on the fruit—the golden dust on the butterfly's wing; that this brilliant surface is not the synthesis of a whole existence. In his simplicity he does not understand that the ex-

ternal flutter is not all; that there are deep unrest, battles bravely fought, duties met, sorrows borne, and even arduous intellectual labors accomplished under the feathers and the flippancy of opera, ball and street. To him the woman with bare shoulders must be immodest, the man whose clothes fit well a fop or a fool. He cannot realize that there are people to whom the revealing of the hidden stress of life is as immodest and far more foolish than the trick of tailor or modiste, that these very people whom he severely censures hold many things too sacred to parade with which he makes his conversation ring, and that when all is said there is a form of egotism which the salon has wisely banished.

To Mr. Turtle's diatribes Vincent invariably lent a courteous and attentive ear. But the study of his features at such moments was so amusing to Coralie that she could not resist turning her eyes in his direction to see the mixture of contempt and wonder which they expressed.

This attention and this urbanity of conduct, so belied by his countenance, would gradually have upon the unfortunate Turtle that curious disintegrating effect it had on others. He would flush and stammer uneasily, fume on his chair, finally become involved and incoherent in speech, tumble to pieces, as it were, and sit glowering, emitting now and then a growl like a giant held at bay. For a young giant he was. Six feet four in height, of enormous breadth, strong as a steer, he sat huddled in his corner, a very epitome of unspent force. He was indeed a picturesque figure for a New York drawing-room, with the freshness of his complexion, rosy and white as a sucking pig's, his long upper lip, virgin of mustache and razor, his prominent nose and the length of his straight hair. His Titanesque body was usually arrayed in black broadcloth, which hung about it in limp folds. His long, pink hands swung at his sides like paddles, while his enormous feet were shod in thick-soled boots of Ogonia make and

Ogonia mould. When he dined or passed the evening with his New York friends he was nearly always on his way to a night train, so that his much worn, stained traveling-bag was deposited in the vestibule, where it never failed to arouse the risibility and jeers of the menservants; the vindictive pleasure of laughing at "the quality," when it fails to assert itself by elegance or expenditure, being one of the perquisites of service. Owing to these frequent journeys, he rarely appeared in a dress suit, Mrs. Thorne kindly waiving ceremony for his convenience. This dereliction annoyed Thorne, who considered the traveler's carelessness a mark of extreme ill-breeding, and who found Turtle insupportable in any costume. The latter continued to come, however, and thus became, at intervals, an *habitué* of the house.

Thorne did not enter on marriage in a gust of excitement, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God. If this last injunction is excessive, we will say the fear of—himself. The wholesome fear of one's self is an incentive as well as a safeguard. Did this ægis under which he had put himself in a moment of self-distrust sometimes weigh on him a trifle heavily? I think not. In justice to himself it may be said that Miss Darrell's gifts of fortune, while they had made his marriage possible—he could not have invited her to poverty—had weighed but slightly in his decision. Its motives were high; he met them valiantly. Too proud to bear dependence, he immediately set to work to better his own fortunes, and found the means engrossing. He liked the law; the ease of his circumstances permitted him to choose such branches of it as suited his aptitudes and talents. He realized that the influence of his wife's humorous, keen and philosophic mind made her companionship stimulating. It was certainly never dull. He felt with her sometimes that strange sensation of shaking off old bigotries in the

birth of new truths. She swept away cobwebs. Her freshness and originality vivified. Hamilton's proximity, his children, sufficed to fill his days. Entire sympathy between himself and Coralie he did not look for; he concluded it was best to do without it cheerfully. He vaguely regretted her lack of artistic skill in their *intérieur*, and also her failure to assert herself socially. Of course, the misunderstanding about the squib blew over, although she refused, with a woman's wilfulness, to show a proper measure of contrition. It went with those other frets and misunderstandings that prove organizations and ideas at variance. Nevertheless, he looked up to and respected her; while she gave him repeated proofs of an unselfish devotion. The lack of entire comprehension between them caused him to throw himself more warmly into the activities of his profession. In these outside ambitions she was his helpmeet, lending her time and attention to his pursuits. So passed fifteen years, not all unhappily.

In the re-decorated dining-room, which pleased Coralie, and was in fact improved, dinners were sometimes given. Some acquaintances, of course, were made. There was a whist club, an occasional ball; while just above their heads there danced and pirouetted a set of gayer people, rarely met, and only in those crowded, official gatherings where the lines of social demarcation are extended.

There were visits to the aunts and uncles on the Hudson, the solicitudes of fatherhood and motherhood, the purchase of a country estate on Long Island. Ere we close this record of their earlier experience one word must be spoken of their first sorrow.

Little Viva was a ray of sunlight; Hamilton, her brother, a beam of moonlight. "Where is Tony?" was the first word of his father on returning from his office in the late afternoon; "Bring me Tony!" the exclamation of his awakening. And oh, the joyous antics, the shouts of glee, the breathless fun! What a roaring

of bears and tomahawking of Indian chiefs, and puss-in-the-corner, and cat's-cradle for quieter moments, when papa was tired or had a headache. Coralie would come to the door in her *peignoir* and look in at them—at the handsome man and the exquisite child—so rapt in one another, and her heart would swell with pride at the thought, "I am the mother of that perfect creature!" And perfect he was! His glorious eyes were like two stars; his little cheeks were pale with that divine pallor of childhood which holds no suggestion of ill-health; his dark curls grew low on his broad forehead; his nose was chiseled like a cameo; his lips were dewy and scarlet; his little teeth were white and even, and his breath was like violets after the rain. When at play he was full of the maddest mischief; yet for all that he was serious and thoughtful beyond his years.

Viva was always laughing and merry, with her amber curls and dimpled cheeks, but Tony was, in repose, full of dignity. "I was thinking," he used to say, when his uncle asked him why he was so quiet.

Viva had a pretty Skye terrier called Folly, which used to yap and bark at her heels. This pet accompanied the children on their daily walks.

When Hamilton was about nine years old, one day, as they came home, a huge bulldog sprang from a neighboring yard, and unprovoked, planted its teeth in Folly's throat. Gurgling with terror, the pet turned supplicating eyes to its young mistress. She screamed and covered her face.

Tony, with frantic courage, rushed in between the combatants, fell on the brute and tore Folly from him, but not before the angry creature's jaw closed on his hand. A policeman came to the rescue. The animal was shot in the street.

When his mother came home, an hour later, the nurse and maids told her the story. Aghast and alarmed,

she asked if they had instantly sent for a doctor, or rather, taken the child to one. They had sent for the family physician. He had not yet arrived. She hurried to the nursery. Hamilton was playing ball with his sister, smiling and bright. She examined his hand. A dark purple spot where the blood clotted alone marred its transparent whiteness. She bundled him into her brougham and hurried to the nearest physician.

In a few minutes the wound, not larger than a ten-cent piece, was cauterized and dressed.

"I think you have no cause for anxiety," said the doctor, answering kindly the fixity of her searching gaze.

She did not like to say much before the boy.

"We have such cases daily, and never hear of them again. All goes well."

When they returned the family doctor was waiting in the hall. Another examination was made and all found rightly done.

Thorne and Darrell both remembered they had been bitten by dogs in their childhood. They talked cheerfully to Coralie.

She, too, was cheerful—terribly cheerful. One thing she refused—to send and find out if the killed dog had signs of— No, it was simply impossible.

We are incapable of pushing certain hypotheses. The realization of our terrors would be too atrocious.

Six weeks passed. The child seemed in blooming health. They tacitly ceased to speak of it, the trio who watched him, although they furtively outwitted each other in their sleepless vigilance.

Calm was almost restored. Six weeks is a long time—or is it short? They did not know. One morning, at the noonday meal, as the butler handed her son some meat, Coralie saw him pale.

"What is the *matter* with you?" she said.

She spoke in a voice that the child thought angry.

"Drink your milk!" she commanded, with parched tongue; "drink it, do you *hear* me?"

He took a few gulps.

"Well, how does it taste?"

Her fingers fell on his brown ones as they put down the glass.

"I don't know why, mamma, I don't seem to feel very hungry to-day."

"Are you not . . . *thirsty*?" she said, with glazed eyes on his.

"Not very," said the child, with a faint smile. "I feel a little sick at my stomach, mamma."

"Drink more milk," she said.

"It'll cure you; *drink* it, do you hear me?"

The little fellow took up the glass once more. She felt as if her mind were wandering, lost in the illusions of some dreadful delirium.

Her husband, somewhat indisposed, had not gone down into the city. He was in his library. She went in.

"Hazard," she said.

"Well?"

But he knew when he saw her face. She came over to him. Their eyes met in mute misery.

"He *drank*," she said, "but wouldn't eat."

Thorne's lips left his teeth suddenly uncovered, like an animal's in pain, in a wan effort at a smile.

"My poor girl, you are frightening yourself unnecessarily, if he drank—"

"Send for the physician. I *forced* him to drink. It has come!"

She sat down, clasping her hands across her knees. "My lamb! my lamb! my lamb!" she moaned. "Why did I not see the red mark of doom on your white shoulder!"

The next day, while Darrell and the physicians conferred in inaudible whispers, their heads bent together in a corner of the room, two tall forms, with hands linked, leaned over the cot. His thin boy's arms drew them down close, close together to the pillow. His face looked already wise and old—sad like a man's who has solved all the knowledge of the terrible anguish of life. His voice hurt them. There

was authority in it—something they would never forget.

"Mamma, pray for me! Papa, pray for me! Mamma, pray! It's coming again, it's coming!"

That awful "it"—with the convulsed eyeball, the limb's contortion, the writhing lip leaving its fleck of foam on the counterpane!

When their darling was at rest—the slim, white body quiet, the waxen hands so strangely rigid, the lids fallen on those beautiful eyes forever—Hazard Thorne fell down at his wife's feet. Hiding his head on her knees, he sobbed out all his manhood's sorrow.

His cry rang through the night.

"Tony! Tony!"

He had once punished him in the last year; only once—had refused to take him for a promised drive because of some childish misdemeanor.

"I didn't take him!" he cried; "I didn't take him! I can see his little face at the window as I drove off. He was disappointed. I had promised. I went without him. I left him. Tony, forgive! Tony, forgive! Oh, my God!"

She soothed him with soft words, caressing his hair.

Her own eyes were tearless.

## PART SECOND

### I

CORALIE had told Mrs. Safford that she was ambitious.

When Thorne ran for Congress she proved her words. That distinguished British canvasser, the wife of Devonshire, could not have organized a more sweeping campaign than did this daughter of the West. The executive ability inherited from her father served her now. No obstacle was too great, no exertion too wearisome for her to undertake. Thorne was a Republican. His township and his county were Democratic, but there were other counties, one of which was certain, others wavering. The struggle would be close, therefore absorb-

ing. There existed at this time an agitation in the village, the hamlet that nestled close to the fine estate of the new nominee.

It was the question of removal of a certain dock in a certain creek where the sand schooners came to load. The dock was old and unsightly. Two or three Summer residents insisted that its contiguity infested their private beaches with marauders, also that it marred their view. On the other hand, to the villagers this spot was consecrated by long habit to the uses of their principal trade. Its removal farther up the creek, whose current was swift and which was crossed by a bar of sand, would, at low tide, greatly inconvenience the incoming barges. The question had, at the moment of Thorne's campaign, grown into a tilt between the rich and the poor, and promised to play no small part in his canvass as it swelled to the dimensions of a political dispute.

The local lawyers, covered with documents, sat in the antechambers of the candidate, or waylaid him with petitions and expostulations on his lawn; and all the while the creek, with the insouciance of nature to human affairs, slept under its dumb shadows, while the barges went in and out.

Culture dislikes vehemence. Thorne was tired of the subject. Coralie, who herself had none of the patience that springs from indolence, was called on, nevertheless, to sacrifice herself. She relieved him of these interviews by listening to the slow-tongued arguments that tracked her to the garden and pursued her to the shore. She became entirely converted to the popular demand. She felt that if her husband was to carry his own township he must respect the prejudices of its humbler inhabitants.

There was a little lady whose grounds grazed the creek's border, however, who had caused to be sent about a paper in favor of the innovation. Many powerful names were already affixed to it, and she waited to emphasize a direct attack when she



should find Mr. Thorne alone and at her mercy. Returning from the city by a late train one warm Summer night, she and Thorne—except for a sleeping business man or two—were the only occupants of the drawing-room car. Mrs. Farnham's bright eyes were quick to seize the propitious opportunity. She moved from her chair and seated herself just in front of Thorne.

It would have been difficult to say of Mrs. Farnham that she was this or that, because she was always changing. She eagerly desired to detach herself—to be somebody—but she had never yet been able to determine what special rôle suited her best. All success dazzled her. She longed to soar. She was not scrupulous as to the means, only she did not always find that her imitation of successful people brought her to their levels. A superficial mimicry of other people's faults or virtues does not teach their force. One may divorce one's Josephine and break her heart without becoming a Napoleon; debauch one's moral conscience and not write Verlaine's poetry; send money to lepers without reaching the heights of a Father Damien. Mrs. Farnham was sometimes discouraged to find that her best efforts remained sterile, and wondered why. Even when, for a brief season, she taught in Sunday-school she failed to impress others with her sanctity; in fact, her aureole, like the discontented man's in Paradise, was found not to fit. The imitator's fantastic travesties lack the energetic and powerful conceptions that render master minds remarkable. Where convictions are unstable they are fruitless.

Here, at her very door, was a chance to become a political woman. Coralie's achievement filled her soul with envy. She therefore led the opposition.

"One forgets people who come to one's parties, but never those who don't," she said, laughingly, to Hazard. "You never come to ours, and so you are always in my thought."

Thorne murmured the excuse of pressing occupations.

"Oh, I know," said Mrs. Farnham. "I often ask myself why the frumps one invites never have occupations or headaches. They always come, while the desired are so hard to get."

Thorne, like the average man, was not insensible to flattery. Mrs. Farnham was so extremely pretty! One wondered why, with her small feet and hands, perfect ankles and wrists, refined features and every mark of race, she remained hopelessly plebeian. "Past prayer," Mrs. Heathcote said. And there were people who felt the touch of those tiny, pink finger-tips to be unpleasant—like the contact of antennæ, probing, never compassionate. She had none of the delicacy of heart which understands the hearts of others. Her social talent was vulgar. Nevertheless, she had a quaintness in disposing of her own sex, to their disparagement, which entertained the gentlemen. A man's attack on men alarms women, a woman's on women amuses men. She was also one of those ladies who think all husbands superior to their wives—except their own.

Thorne, bored all day in ill-smelling corridors and tobacco-stained lobbies, drew in now with a certain pleasure the perfume of her dainty personality. Perfectly gloved and booted, faintly scented with orris and heliotrope, magnetic currents seemed to flow from her yellow hair. One must not ask too much. A sudden egotistic sentiment led him to feel how pleasant patronage might be—that gift of office whose dream destroys more souls than it selects and saves. He liked to think this charming woman depended on him, looked up to him, hung on his words. He bantered and parleyed with the fair enemy. He was gallant. He lent a willing ear to her importunities and took notes of them. He was pliant, half-yielding.

These weak moments, common to all men, the reaction from grinding cares, brought to Mrs. Farnham one of the few triumphs of her abortive



ambition. For the next two weeks she followed up her advantage.

The flirtation was harmless enough; but Coralie was agast to find her husband vacillating. Her representations went for nothing. He finally decided that the change at the creek would greatly enhance the value of property. Was he sincere? At any rate, he sided with his own class. When the great day waned, it was found that this defection had lost him his own town. By a close shave, however, and his wife's superhuman exertions, he carried the county. He was returned to Congress with an insignificant majority, at first contested. But in the end he got in. So Coralie, in the flush of victory, forgave him. There was no smallness in her valiant soul. Of Mrs. Farnham's part in the business she knew nothing. Thorne considered it too insignificant to mention. But facts that determine action are never trivial. Their influences are the revealers of character.

They went, of course, to live in Washington. A large house, on a sunlit circle, to which a wing was added, was bought and furnished. And now Warren Vincent, who came to pass a week of their early installment—Coralie weakly admitted to her husband that she wished him to see she had learned the difference between the antique and the modern—even Vincent could find little fault. The best architects and decorators had been employed, and this time to some purpose. The florist added his quota of talent. The conservatory blossomed and the boudoir budded. It was all handsome and in good taste. In the matter of toilette, too, Coralie had improved. She now thought it worth while to study the questions of fashion. She wished to advance her husband politically through her hospitalities. A well-dressed woman is sure of herself. She ordered very smart gowns indeed, and wore them with greater enthusiasm.

In New York she had not been a success. Too young for the chaperon's dais, too indifferent to dance and flirt,

without those instigations of vanity which make society the rendezvous of gallantry and intrigue, New York, on the whole, bored her.

She felt no expectant thrill in climbing, no ecstasy at reaching the top. The jealousies and animosities of rival leaders, the so-called "exclusives" who put up their shutters one day and battered down their walls the next, the chatter of women's luncheons and the tedium of heavy banquets wearied her insufferably. When rarely bidden to the daintier feasts that reporters do not record, she usually felt herself somewhat of an outsider. "I go from out, in; they go from in, out," she said to Genevieve Safford. "We don't meet. They are all intimate. They blackguard each other. They are dreadfully polite to me—as polite as we are to the man who wants to marry us and we don't want. Only love's free-masonry makes one capricious and tyrannical and rude. Love can afford it."

"Ah! you are too clever for them, dear," Mrs. Safford would reply.

"Nonsense! they are far cleverer. I haven't the grip. I am not *chic*, and there you have it."

But the Capital was different. Here were a wider field, larger topics, an emulation whose prizes seemed less frivolous, more variety—the Representatives, the Senators with their wives and daughters, the Cabinet, the White House. There was the handful of fashionable women who entertained New Yorkers and the diplomatic Corps, spent their "season" in London, married their girls to peers and princes, and were detested by the descendants of the Colonial residents.

She opened her doors. To her they all came. She became popular. When, two years later, Thorne went to the Senate, their entertainments were the most talked of in Washington. Mrs. Hazard Thorne's place was assured.

She enjoyed it hugely. It was all new and odd, and her sense of humor found ample aliment. She was pleased

at her husband's indubitable prowess, proud of his ascendancy, full of zeal; and she gave the warmest interest to the development of her young daughter, Viva, a comely and gifted girl.

Mrs. Safford came now and again to pass some weeks with her. Their friendship remained. Coralie was too honest to discard the affections and companionships of her past, even Joseph Turtle's. Impoverished by an unfortunate business venture, he had captured, through Coralie's influence with the Administration, the Persian mission.

He sent her his photograph from his distant post, as he appeared at his first presentation, in a high hat, dress coat and bare feet. Its grotesqueness was the source of much merry laughter.

The city, designed while Washington was President, when our public men were endowed with prophetic foresight, planned by the same French engineers who remodeled Paris, delighted her. She liked to lose herself in its labyrinthian network of streets and radial avenues, in its Mall, its parks and squares and gardens, to gaze up at the white-winged dignity of the Capitol, with its enshrining historic vision, to loiter in the lonely pathways of the Soldiers' Home or gaze from the heights of melancholy Arlington, amid its memories of heroes, across the misty banks of the Potomac. So she was happy.

## II

At this time there were two women swimming on "the great third wave" of Washington society—in other words, who were watched and discussed, admired and despised, loved and hated—who were important. One was a foreigner, the wife of a minister, a Greek princess by birth. She had been whipped through poverty into marrying an elderly diplomat, who adored her, and whom she recklessly and persistently rendered ridiculous.

She was about thirty and very beautiful. Socrates insists virtue cannot be taught. At whatever well Hélène de Mossig had drunk her early draughts of knowledge, the springs of wisdom and discretion had been dry. A creature of whim, swayed by violent and ardent caprice, unexplained attractions and unaccountable aversions. Vain and sensual, without ambitions except those of personal gratification, not intellectual, scarcely intelligent, she possessed some quality that attracted men, even those who judged her severely. Madame de Mossig was not modern. She was content to be a woman. The weapons she wielded were those of sex. It is these that have forced the inequalities of Latin legislation—those distrustful laws that count a woman as a dangerous little beast who must be beaten and crushed. Always surrounded by admirers, principally young secretaries of legation, Coralie had wittily christened her court the "de Mossig attachés."

The refined masculinity of figure of the tall, straight American girl—with her narrow chest and hips, her falling shoulders, her thin throat—who has practiced high kicking, can lift her foot to the level of her head, and jump from her own height without hurting herself, was not hers. Her full bosom, her undulating movements, her languid manner, made of her a creature all fire and danger. A fire and danger, however, that did not touch the deeper fibres of the soul. She was of the earth, earthy, and as such she was very good. Indeed, she could not be called a wicked woman, if the strength of sin is the law; for she knew no law save that of her own wilful fancy. She was not malicious, and she was not what women call "cattie." This negative tribute may, at least, be thrown into the balance of her meagre moral luggage.

The lady who disputed with Madame de Mossig—though with but slight endeavor of her own—the palm of social notoriety was of a distinctly different type. She was an American.

In her veins a mixture of Southern and New England blood lent a healthy blend of nonchalance and enterprize. Less regularly beautiful than the Greek, she possessed a harmony of person which, in its highest form, is never an acquisition, but a gift—the dower of an engaging personality. Conscious struggle for ease is without result; too many more important things are sacrificed.

Mrs. Arden made none of those elephantine efforts to be charming which interfere with the comfort of onlookers. She was simply born so. It was somewhat strange that neither of these women, so fitted to the frame of luxury, possessed wealth. The minister's wife lived and received with simplicity. Leah Arden was poor. She was separated from a hopelessly dissipated and impecunious husband, who was never kind to her except after ill-using her. Of an even and amiable temper, she had borne with his vagaries until her family, fearing for her safety, interfered. They arranged a *modus vivendi*—apart. No decree of divorce was procured. "I am neither fish, flesh nor fowl," she used to say, laughing. "But at least I have got back my peace."

She lived in a tiny house in an unfashionable street, with her mother and a couple of maids. She never invited anybody to anything but a cup of tea—even to this but a chosen few. Nevertheless, no dinner party, no dance, no cavalcade in early Spring to country tryst or rally-hunt, was thought complete without her presence. Mrs. Arden was, in fact, one of those women peculiarly fitted for out-of-door amusements, which seemed to enhance her Hebe-like bloom. It was, indeed, very different from the hectic, feverish note of Madame de Mossig's loveliness, which was at best in lighted drawing-rooms.

The rival beauties had each her own particular followers and trumpeters. Yet they were not enemies. There even existed between them a considerable display of feminine friendliness, until there came be-

tween them that mischievous perturber of such alliances—the man!

As the representative of a minor court, Madame de Mossig's place at banquets, if not "below the salt," was not always at the host's right hand. She was more apt to be flanked by a member of the Cabinet or a Congressman than by an ambassador. She never quarreled with the fact when chance or choice—for she ended by frankly naming to her hostess her favorite cavalier—brought her shoulder to shoulder with the handsome New York Senator.

Thorne had improved rather than deteriorated in personal equipment since we first made his acquaintance. The vanished roundness and smoothness of youth left his features chiseled, as it were, into a new and indefinable distinction, while the sorrow of his son's death—that one inconsolable misfortune—and the common vicissitudes of all existence gave them greater sweetness. His had been none of those experiences that trace the marks of bitterness and dig the furrows of discontent. He had known one great grief, hardly anguish. The first is simple and clear, and must be bowed to; into the second enter the elements of uncertainty and of conflict. No cancerous envy drained the generousities of his judgments, no paltry makeshifts his purse. The furtive skulking of dishonor never even brushed him. He always walked erect where others have to crouch. His hair, now swept with gray, had lost none of its silky thickness. His step was as agile, his eye as piercing, as when he had been jostled at football in his college days or wrestled in the gymnasium for prizes of athletic skill. His spareness had taken on that weight of the middle years which sometimes turns angularity to elegance. He was always well dressed.

What was wanting to him? When he searched the recesses of his being he sometimes asked himself, what, indeed? Yet somehow Thorne had a dim conviction that happiness had passed him by. One profound expe-

rience, which every creature dare expect, had not been his. He knew that he had never entirely loved a woman. He believed, with frank modesty, that none had ever entirely loved him. His few "successes" with the other sex had left on him, on the whole, a disagreeable impression. He had now long been too absorbed in his career to give to women more than a passing glance. This may have sprung as much from apathy as from any distinct determination of absolute loyalty to his wife. His attachment to her was sincere and serious. Sympathetic to him she was not. He philosophically concluded that in escaping the meshes of passion he had escaped their pain. And he tried to feel extremely grateful.

Now, all at once, to his amusement first, later to his dismay, he found himself the selected target for Madame de Mossig's assaults of coquetry. But coquetry with her was no mere game. She lacked the discipline of the accomplished flirt. And the *to-quade* that Thorne excited in her at their first introduction grew in a few short weeks to an infatuation that she was at no pains to conceal or deny.

The compliments he paid to her, with the happy tranquillity of his incontestable charm, an accidental walk or two, one bouquet, one drive in his T-cart through country lanes, were enough. When he saw what he had done, his alarmed attitude of reserve finished the work. What would have discouraged a delicate nature whetted her coarser one. She was one of those women whom obstacles fret to madness. Against his will he found himself pursued by another will with a challenge bordering on impudence.

He woke for the first time to the realization of what such power over another might mean. Madame de Mossig was admirably beautiful, and she was his slave. On the whole, in one of those situations that even a Saint Anthony might have found disturbing, he conducted himself with honor. It may be said that it was made easier to him because he was

not in the least enamored of the lady. To be desired may be disquieting, it is hardly enticing to a man of Thorne's temperamental dignity. He felt that he was only less absurd than the unfortunate husband, who was sometimes called on to minister to his wife's hysterics. A scene she made at a dinner at the British Legation, when she found that Thorne was not to be her neighbor, but Mrs. Arden's—toward whom she now developed a furious dislike—forced him to almost brutal measures. Thorne had no wish to have his privacy invaded by curious eyes and tattling tongues. His whispered words so carelessly uttered in the days of their dawning acquaintance had really borne too wild a fruit. He became sick of the whole affair—disgusted. He also knew that in America such scrapes have clipped the wings of more than one political eagle. Whatever a man's resources may be, it is difficult for him to escape from such a trap without offering to the woman actual insult. But he managed to escape.

The de Mossigs left for Virginia; he and Coralie, during the recess of Congress, for a brief European tour.

This would have been the end of the whole matter had not an occurrence the following Winter given fresh impetus to gossip. Madame de Mossig, who had been ten years childless, gave birth to a son.

### III

It was at this juncture that Mrs. Farnham, who, through all her fads, always hugged the one of social prominence, decided to pass a month in Washington. Hearing constantly of the leading rôle played by the Thornes in the gaieties of the Capital, she concluded that she was neglecting her opportunities.

Her first advances, when once settled with her maid at the Shoreham, in an apartment for which she paid a great deal and got very little, were to the Senator. She had left her husband behind her as a super-

fluous commodity; male support was imperative. If Thorne had forgotten her temporary capture of him at the time of the creek controversy, she had not. She sent a note, not to his house, but to his club. Her mistake did not strike her until his formal bow, when he passed her in the street one day. His card, posed without inquiry, warned her that she had committed an error of taste. In anything but an amiable mood, after this ill-digested snub, she had herself conveyed to the mansion on the circle to call officially on Mrs. Thorne. The answer to this was an immediate bunch of roses, with an invitation to drive the next afternoon. Coralie always kindled to old associations. She had seen little for a couple of years of her country neighbors, having spent her Summers in Europe. Mrs. Farnham had at no time been congenial to her, but all snobbishness was so abhorrent to her that she would not seem to slight old acquaintances. Coralie often dropped cards at palaces, but she always clambered up the narrow stairs of out-of-the-way apartment-houses to make sure that their inhabitants should know she had called in person.

At four o'clock the following day her horses pranced at the Shoreham's doorway. As Mrs. Farnham tucked in her draperies next to those of the Senator's wife she was impressed with the fact that never in her life had this lady looked so well.

She wore one of those gowns and one of those hats which are such triumphs of talent that the plainest woman is redeemed. And she was now very far from plain. There was in her whole person a radiance—that "something splendid" which Genevieve Safford dwelt on in her first interview with Hazard. The dress of dark blue velvet, with its toque to match, bordered at throat, wrists and brim with superb sable, the becoming veil, the well-fitting shoes, the lorgnon with its diamond monogram dangling on a chain of gold, and fine, pure pearls—to-day, at any rate, Mrs. Thorne was handsome. The admiration that her perfect equipage inspired in the gap-

ing loafers, idlers, porters of the sidewalk and the vestibule gave Mrs. Farnham a sense of reflected consequence. She tossed her head and felt glad she had accepted, glad she had come to Washington, glad this time, at least, she had made no blunder. It is pleasant to be in the winning boat.

It is the privilege of stupidity, however, to disturb the sleeping dog, to kill the goose that lays the egg; and Mrs. Farnham was stupid, with the stupidity of her little, hard heart and her little, narrow brain. She felt disappointed when Mrs. Thorne bade her servant drive toward Arlington, her favorite road. She would have liked to keep in the streets, the thoroughfares, to be seen. It is not worth while to go out with people who are *à la mode* if nobody knows about it. She asked Mrs. Thorne to stop at the stationer's, ordered some note paper she didn't need, and dallied some time at a florist's over some plants for her drawing-room, which were far too expensive. She was rewarded for her stratagem by encountering some acquaintances, and could say to them as she left, "Mrs. Thorne is waiting for me; so sorry; the horses are spirited, they don't like standing."

When she ensconced herself again in the smart victoria and was bowled, rather unwillingly, toward the more lonely suburbs, she pondered on what trick of fate assists certain women to superiority over their fellows. Petty natures are apt to suspect pettiness in others. She concluded that under Mrs. Thorne's gracious questionings as to her plans in Washington there lay a patronizing condescension. This impression, born of a mean suspicion, joined to the rankling memory of Thorne's incivility, filled her with a sort of blind resentment against her unconscious interlocutor. "She feels her oats," she thought to herself; "and what wonder? What is she, after all, but a parvenue? If it hadn't been for her money Thorne wouldn't have looked at her. I remember



when she was gawky and a dowdy. She looks well now on account of her clothes. What clothes can do! Such a poise! Such airs! Can she have heard the de Mossig yarn, I wonder, or does she still think her hubby a Galahad? What would she say if she knew how he can flirt when her back's turned?"

From these inchoate currents of reflection Mrs. Farnham took a dive into deep waters. She began to speak of Madame de Mossig and the tales about her behavior. Mrs. Thorne's calm, gray-blue eyes turned on her in such candor, while she took the Greek's part and extolled her beauty, that Mrs. Farnham became exasperated. Pushed by one of those silly impulses to which women of her nervous pattern are subject, she blurted out the words before she half-decided to utter them.

"How outrageous people are! You can speak well of her, when the political enemies of your husband have the indecency to insist he is the father of her child! I have been so sorry for him, so indignant for you!"

She regretted the speech as soon as made; but it was too late.

We may here say that the blown bubble had thus far passed without bursting over Coralie Thorne's head, that it was left to Mrs. Farnham to prick it and bespatter her. It is an anomaly of this topsy-turvy world of ours that the calumnies which most nearly concern us are frequently those we are the last to hear. Coralie was so popular in Washington—nay, so beloved—that no word connecting her husband with Madame de Mossig had reached her. Apart from the friendly sentiment that hushed the prattling busybodies in her presence, the surroundings of official life and of wealth, while they may have given tongue to the hounds, in a measure kept them at bay. If Coralie's noble simplicity won for her a respect that shrinks from wounding, her entourage of extreme luxury was also a special rampart. It kept intruders at a distance. The formalities of great

houses make their privacy more inviolable.

"Indignant for you! . . ."

One could almost hear the rattle of the armor's buckle, the click of the closed visor. It was a valiant front Coralie presented to her tormentor. She, at least, was no "scatterer." She gauged in an instant the necessity of silencing this insect, lest it do further damage. How could she understand this bloodless parasite that sucked in the dark for its mean thirst! It should, at any rate, not see the sting inflicted. Let it be said to her infinite honor, it was of her husband that she thought. With a confused wish to save him from such poison she met Mrs. Farnham's cruel words with a gay laugh, a laugh in which it would have taken experienced ears to detect a tinge of overacted exuberance.

"Dear me!" she said; "is my poor Hazard another of that obstreperous infant's—godpapas? How inexpressibly comic! Really, you know I'm dying to make him shout over it! They are reaching sublimity in quantity, at least, if not in quality."

She laughed once more and deftly turned the subject to other channels, but without the shock that betrays design. And never on the homeward drive, or when she pressed Mrs. Farnham's hand and begged her to dine the following Thursday, "At half-past eight, my dear," did a moment's weakness expose her emotion.

"I don't believe there's anything in it," thought Mrs. Farnham. "She didn't seem to care a bit, or take it tragically. She's hardly the sort of woman to be clever at dissembling. Well, I'm glad there was no harm done. I felt worried after I spoke." She was not a fiend, after all and was, on the whole, relieved.

No harm!

Coralie got to her apartments, she hardly knew how. She rang the bell.

"Ask Mr. Darrell to come to my study," she said to the answering domestic. "And tell Mariette to go to my room and prepare my dinner gown and jewels; tell her I'll wear my black velvet and sapphires."

The affection between Thorne and Darrell had never abated. It is obvious, however, that when one makes of one's chum a brother-in-law, it is rather a bar than an instigation to complete confidence. When one's wife is one's friend's sister many details of experience cease to be recounted. Affection continued, intimacy was less close. Then, of course, the *épanchements* of youth cannot continue, and a measure of reserve sprang up between the friends, while their mutual regard did not cool.

Darrell, full of philanthropic and active benefactions, protector of civic improvements, promoter of artistic enterprises, was by no means a lazy man of leisure. Nevertheless, he found time to visit his relatives, and frequently came to pass a Sunday in their cheerful company. He was very fond of his niece Viva, and found with his dear trio the outlet for a tenderness he had not bestowed on wife or children of his own.

"Ask Mr. Darrell to come to me."

She felt as if she were stifling. The fact that her husband had gone to New York for thirty-six hours paralyzed the hunger of all hot characters for immediate explanation. She knew a letter could not reach him and be answered—a telegram was out of the question. How should she possess her soul until his return, until she could look into his face and know for herself!

For this bolt out of a clear sky had struck her dumb. She had, indeed, heard much of Madame de Mossig's conduct, and had herself smilingly called her court "the attachés," but the paternity of the son had not been doubted in her presence, and Mrs. Farnham's filthy innuendo had pierced her clean spirit to its depths. Her reply she felt to have been odious. She shrank disgusted at her own adroitness.

Hamilton might bring her some comfort—some, until Thorne came himself and stamped out with one word this nest of hornets.

Darrell found her pacing the floor

in agitation. As she had hoped, his counsels gave her consolation.

He pointed out to her the difficulties and dangers that beset men in public office. The grudge, the spite, the backbiting, that she, too, if she intended to help her husband, must learn to face.

"There will soon," said Coralie, "be a vacancy in the Cabinet. I heard yesterday Lawler will resign on account of his health. I wanted it for Hazard; I know he can have it. The President as much as said so to General Bates, who came to sound me. And my hopes are not all selfish. It was not for myself—hardly for him. I think men like my husband, who have had such advantages, can do something for humanity. I was keeping this surprise for him. I thought he would be so pleased, . . . but if he lets people say such things about him, gets himself so bedraggled, who will stand by him?"

Darrell was touched that all her fears seemed for her husband. But now, at last, there came the woman's cry.

"I always felt a shrinking from her. I have been an idiot not to see she was after him. Only the other day I was a fool, taking up the cudgels for her. General Bates said to me, cynically: 'Oh, you don't know women.' He was right; I do not. What a child I have been! Oh, my God! Hamilton, tell me it's all a hideous lie!"

"I know it's a lie!" said Darrell, sternly. Then, in his gentleness, he added: "Men like Thorne don't leave such a creature as you are for such as she." But as he spoke the words, they sounded foolish to him. He came and patted her hand and hair, and she wept on his breast, and by-and-bye she tried to smile and went up to dress. For one always has to go and dress.

Thorne came home and met his wife. They had an hour's talk together. In disengaging himself from blame, he did all that is in the power of a gentleman to throw no mud on the fame of Héliène de Mossig. Nevertheless, as the conjugal horizon

must at all costs be kept clear, she had, to a certain extent, to be sacrificed. She had been very foolish, and Coralie guessed that if not guilty—at least with Hazard—it was not her fault. She essayed to absolve her husband from all part in the folly, but not until she extracted from him a promise that there should be no more drives, no more walks, and no bouquets sent to aggressive fair ones. In other words, she did and said exactly what every jealous woman has done and said before her—committed the colossal mistake of pledging her husband to a course that their worldly environment made almost impossible. This course has never failed to drive a man to prevarication, if not to falsehood. It was easy for him to promise never to see Madame de Mossig again in tête-à-tête, never to approach her in public, unless through exigency of etiquette; but it is not easy to take vows that a call shall not be paid or a courtesy extended to any woman. No *femme du monde* ever exacts such assurances, knowing their puerility and inefficacy. Coralie, later, in a saner moment, removed the embargo, begging her husband to do whatever he saw fit; but Thorne instinctively knew that the seeds of distrust had sprung up in her.

"I hope that Farnham woman will never cross this threshold," he said, angrily, after their first exhaustive talk.

"Mrs. Farnham will dine here on Thursday," said Coralie, with haughtiness, "and she will sit on your left."

In fact, she developed after this a curious inconsequence. Sometimes she would be profoundly melancholy, sometimes exaggeratedly merry. "That tale annoyed her," said the Senator's ill-wishers. "The poor thing's growing quite flighty."

Her caustic sallies were now and again directed, in Hazard's hearing, on the de Mossig household. One day, indeed, she had met the husband carefully tooling the baby's perambulator, while the child's nurse followed

with a large umbrella. "He was so proud," she said, "he stopped me as well as all the passers-by." To Thorne—whose wife's temperament had always remained a sealed book—how she could laugh at and belittle what had caused her such keen suffering was incomprehensible. He realized that only infinite tact and patience could extricate him from a pass of possible portentous consequence. He was a little tired of his wife's vagaries, irritated at what might be expected of him.

She seemed timidly to dread his displeasure, while far less careful than formerly not to deserve it. She grew shy of him. She withdrew herself. Her state of mind was revealed in a letter received by her friend Genevieve in the Spring. It ended thus:

So much for the flaring, glaring life! You ask, dearest, for a word of the hidden one. What shall I say to you? What will you say to me? When I was very young I knew love and all its torments. We recognize the symptoms. Can you fancy such a psychological enigma as a woman who has felt a deep affection for her husband for years, but with no—excitement, suddenly plunged into the abyss of jealous distrust and all its evil attendants?—above all, fear of herself? What does it mean? Have I fallen in love with my own husband? How unfashionable! Now that I see his power in all directions, I tremble. I tremble all the time lest I bore him, lest I be insufficient. I am unhappy. My heart is hurt; my vanity *froissé*. I didn't know I had any! I think I am one of those women who have *l'amour triste*. I used to be grateful for my composure. It is all gone. I am often horrid to him. He cannot understand. How should he? Good-bye, dear.

No, he could not understand; but understanding might only have wearied him. He asked only for peace at home, and behold there loomed a threatening sword.

In the meanwhile, de Mossig was notified by his government of a changed post. He and Madame de Mossig, the nurse, the baby and the perambulator sailed away from the United States forever.

## IV

He did not understand, or he would not. A coldness rose between them, alas! And it was in the following Autumn that he began to find solace, a solace from which he had resolutely for many long months turned away; for he knew, as men know these things, that here was his Waterloo. He had always known it. From that first time they had touched hands—and oddly enough, in Madame de Mossig's boudoir—there had existed between them that magic fire which warns of peril. Nothing, however, could have been more veiled, decorous, delicate, than their intercourse.

When he and Leah Arden were put side by side at dinner parties they were both conscious of a sort of breathless wonder. Sometimes, as his eyes sank into hers, her lids would flutter like a dove's. He got to like to watch this fluttering. Sometimes she smiled full into his face, and the blood would surge to it from his heart. They never talked much. It seemed needless. There was nothing to say. They knew all. Her slight figure, her low laughter, her gestures, the talent with which she managed to look better dressed than other women in her unadorned gowns—everything in her pleased his taste. By-and-bye he became so restless out of her presence, so content when in it, he got into the habit of dropping in of an afternoon at her mother's house; the shabby little house in the shabbier street, so sadly in need of paint outside, but whose interior showed the refinement that gilds poverty. He rarely found her alone. Usually Mrs. Deventer, her mother, was present.

One day the latter consulted him on an investment she had made. His associations with finance committees gave him an authority that promised her enlightenment. This became an excuse for frequent conference. Once or twice Mrs. Deventer, who was an invalid, was in her room, and Leah and Thorne discussed together, in the cozy drawing-room, the resources that seemed to him so pitifully slender.

He began to feel a longing to assist these ladies to an income more worthy of their station. He did, in fact, once speculate for them with such conservative sagacity as placed them indirectly under obligation. His request that this act of friendship should remain secret seemed to cement the tacit compact that was to have such fateful results. In the meantime, Mrs. Arden, while not an intimate of Mrs. Thorne's, sometimes went to her house. Their relations continued cordial.

Leah Arden could hardly be said to be a woman of robust principle. She was not perfectly sure that the virtuous were happy and the wicked miserable. She vaguely hoped these things were so. She was, however, far from being an *intrigante*. Her serene, pleasure-loving mind caught at passing distractions and dallied with them. Her marital misfortune left her the philosophy to grasp what was left of life without insistent intention. She really had no scheme. When this new, sweet triumph came to her of Thorne's less and less disguised devotion, she played with the bright flame and burned her hands.

This time the revelation of her husband's fresh imprudence came to Coralie direct and through no outsider. She by accident opened a note of Mrs. Arden's to him.

The Thornes had not the vulgar habit common to many married persons of rifling each other's correspondence. It was quite unintentionally that Mrs. Thorne broke the seal of this particular envelope, thrust on her by an inadvertent servant. She opened it with many others directed to herself.

The missive in itself was unimportant—unimportant except as it disclosed a degree of familiarity of which she was ignorant. There was an allusion, "When you came last Sunday," a word of badinage about some person met at Mrs. Deventer's house, who was unknown to Coralie even by name, a vague hint that the writer would occupy a certain box at the

theatre with friends on a certain evening. It seemed an invitation.

The words were few. She had scanned them all before she realized they were not for her.

She put them back in their envelope, and finding a pencil on her desk, wrote on the margin: "Pardon; opened by mistake.—C. T." She rang for her maid and bade her give this letter to the Senator's valet for his master.

She then went down to receive a French diplomat's wife who brought letters of introduction. She was a little, dark, frightened thing, a bride, just from a wretched ocean voyage, separated for the first time from her mother and her people. She looked very youthful and very homesick. She insisted on speaking in the halting English laboriously collected before her departure.

"All I ate, did eat, should eat, did render me sick," she said. "And oh! it was so *triste* in the days that the *pont* was wet and we were like rats in the dark! And I am yet sick."

Coralie sympathized and was kind, and the stranger's frozen heart melted at the contact of that large nature, of that warm presence which cared for others' troubles.

She had been taken to a party the night after her arrival, and now, trying to appear *au fait* and not a novice, she made comments on the celebrities there pointed out to her. Among others she spoke of Leah Arden. "There was a Madame Ardenne," she said. "My husband, he does think her so pretty! Do you think her so pretty?"

Coralie replied, with sudden gravity, "Yes."

"I do not think, I do not find it," said the French girl, with an intonation that seemed to hide a wound. "I tell my husband perhaps it is that she talks pretty. Does she talk pretty?"

"Not half as prettily as you do English," said Coralie, comfortingly. "Your accent is so captivating, all the gentlemen will be falling in love with you."

The small face was brightened by a smile, but the dark eyes filled with tears. "Edouard had to be presented to all," she said, "a quantity of *monde*. I was alone. If you had been there, madame, I should not have been so miserable."

"I hope you will get to like Washington when you know us better," said Coralie, cheerily.

"I had a friend at this legation, two years passed," said the little woman. "She did tell me the climate was too bad here. She got the miasma—malaria, you say? She said the first Winter she did lose her teeth, the second her hair, the third her reputation."

"I thought," said Coralie, laughing in spite of herself at this lurid portrayal of Washington's advantages, "when a woman lost the first two the last was safe."

This witticism was thrown away on her visitor, who remained sunk in gloom. She spoke English better than she understood it.

After a cup of tea she at last got herself off, Mrs. Thorne promising to call on her soon.

"Oh, *venez bientôt, je vous en prie*," she said, gratefully. "I do so much like you."

Coralie went up once more to her study; it opened into her bedroom on one side, on the other into the palm-embowered Louis Seize boudoir, where she informally received her closer friends.

She walked now from one to the other—a habit contracted when in deep thought. Her gown trailed over the fur rugs with their interstices of polished parquet; a tepid sunset streamed through the windows, flecking the floor with streaks of light. Cautious and circumspect she decided that she would be. No repetition, this time, of the outbursts that had met the de Mossig incident, and had been so injudicious.

As to the man who has not touched a woman's hand, her physical charm is only food for the imagination, so to him who has not fathomed a woman's soul it cannot give its harmonies.



Thrust back on herself she now was wiser, yet a sense of drifting farther and farther from him came to her through her self-control.

When he came, a half-hour later, to find her, with Mrs. Arden's letter in his hand, and she looked at him, she felt as if he had shrunk in his clothes—that they were but a bundle of dry goods and he a wound-up automaton animating them grotesquely. The momentary eclipse of her strength of character, which he had failed to read as a guide to her sentiment, was well over, or so she imagined. She was now mistress of herself, or so she thought.

His justification of Mrs. Arden's note was as satisfactory as such things ever are. He pointed out to her that had there been the slightest clandestine element in their acquaintance, she would have sent her letter to his club and not to his house. The momentary arching of an eyebrow warned him that this last intimation was ill-advised. Mrs. Thorne listened to him, however, without one sign or word of displeasure. When he finished he was so disconcerted by her attitude he wished he had left the matter alone.

"Now, my dear," she said, nodding pleasantly, "don't waste any more of your time, but go and dress for dinner. Please don't be late, as you were yesterday, for there are a lot of people coming, and we are going, after, to the play."

He had explained to her about Mrs. Deventer's investments, and that it was to discuss this subject Mrs. Arden had seemed to give him a rendezvous. "I suppose," he added, lingering on the threshold, "knowing what a busy man I am, she didn't like to ask me to call."

"I hardly read the letter," and then he had a view of his wife's back as she disappeared into her bedroom and closed the door. Verily, Warren Vincent's pupil had learned her lesson. Thorne had, in fact, avoided asking Mrs. Arden to address any stray note she might indite to his club, and he now rather cursed the

over-sensitiveness that had caused complication.

Yet what? Was it not his own morbid conscience that made him feel complication existed?

If we have failed to point out that Thorne possessed a conscience, we have indeed failed in the portrayal of his character. He who had been made wretched for months at the memory of a rebuke administered to his dead boy could not be devoid of sensibility. Yet so inconsequent were the verdicts of his detractors that the very ones who shrieked to the stars their commiseration for Coralie now blamed him for having been needlessly harsh in his treatment of Madame de Mossig—his cold shaking-off of her. There was no doubt that she had suffered—a condition for which his amiable philandering was perhaps responsible—but Thorne had felt further dalliance in that quarter an insult to his wife, and if there was cruelty it was the unconscious one of a lack of perception. Now he felt sorry if his wife was annoyed, but Coralie played her part so admirably that, as the days went on, he told himself that he exaggerated her suspicions. We exaggerate what we know to be well founded.

He could no longer conceal to himself that he was gripped by a sorcery against which reason beat itself vainly, before which morality was dumb.

And it was all so refined, so exquisite, so elevating; above all, they were so happy! For every word was now an avowal, every touch a joy, while they lingered still in that middle land which beckons, yet withholds. How events would have shaped themselves it is difficult to predict, had not the *dénouement* of the drama been hastened by an untoward incident.

One day, while in the Senate chamber, Thorne tardily remembered that it was his wife's birthday. In the pressure of public business, perhaps of private obsession, he had failed to recall it. With a sense of unusual compunction he ran out at the luncheon hour to a neighboring florist's

and ordered sent some splendid flowers, with a word on his card. He asked her to meet him at five o'clock at their stables, where he should stop to see a pair of horses he thought of purchasing for her. "If you like," he said, "we can put them in the cart and try them for a half-hour."

His messenger returned with a note from his wife, thanking him for the roses, but saying she was suffering from a severe *migraine* and had gone to bed.

His day was an exhausting one. A long debate on questions of moment, of which the details were dry and arid, drained his vitality and sapped his mental faculties. When he sprang into a cab, at half-past four, he felt so tired that he thought he would go directly home, but passing close to his stable doors, he concluded to see the nags. He was fagged, not dressed, out of mood. As the groom put the horses through their paces in front of the sidewalk where he stood, he suddenly saw a graceful figure on the opposite side of the street. All fatigue left him at once. He was only sorry he hadn't had time to change his clothes.

Mrs. Arden crossed and joined him. "What perfect beauties!" she said, standing by his side, looking up at him, her hands in her little muff. "You must be wild to try them."

The odor of the violets she wore sent sweet elixirs to his weary brain, their breath seemed to enfold them both as they listened dreamily to the beat of the horses' hoofs on the pavement. The moment was like heaven to Thorne after the murky atmosphere of political squabbling and suffocating ugliness.

By one of those impulses that come to the most sedate of us, after long confinement to heated inactivity of body, "Brien," he said to his coachman, "how long will it take you to harness? I'll do without you or Thomas—there isn't time for you to get on your togs. Just slip their collars on and tie them up to the cart."

"Less than fifteen minutes, sir," replied the man, whistling to Thomas,

who was still running up and down the street with the pair.

"It's quite too dark now for you to walk home alone," said the Senator to Mrs. Arden, decidedly. "I'll drive you to your door. They seem perfectly gentle."

They walked about, waiting, the night wind wooing their lungs. The dusk crept about them as if to draw them closer to each other. He stooped and drew her fur collar up about her throat caressingly. Leah was one of those bright beings to whom pleasure is more than pride, delight than dignity. This is probably the reason that they—arrive. Pride and dignity are handicaps. So, when the trap was ready, he lifted her to his side, dispensing with the footman, and they drove away.

The lamps were lit. The avenues were growing deserted. There seemed no chance of an encounter with acquaintances. At any rate, the rashness of this innocent escapade intoxicated them. What more natural than to prolong the drive a little?

He whipped the horses up toward the British Embassy. By the time they reached it the weather changed. The wind blew in gusts, drops of rain began to fall. He handed her the reins while he opened an umbrella that the groom had tucked under his feet. The man had seen the rising storm. They turned back. A few minutes later, darting out of shadow, a woman in a long black coat crossed nearly under the wheels. Mrs. Arden pulled in, but not before the pole almost grazed her. The woman uttered a faint cry, and her white face looked up at them.

It was Coralie.

Thorne felt impelled to stop and call to her, but was so paralyzed by the unexpected apparition that his voice failed. Before either of them could muster energy to meet a situation demanding instant action she disappeared.

When Thorne reached the house he went direct to her boudoir.

She was alone before the fire,

standing, and as he approached she did not seem to heed him.

"Coralie," he said.

She turned and struck him full in the face with the back of her hand. She wore a cameo ring, sharply terminated at both ends with a diamond. One of them cut the skin on his thin cheekbone. A drop of blood oozed and slowly dropped down his face.

## V

NOTHING more simple than Mrs. Thorne's hapless promenade. At four she awoke, refreshed and cured. Her room was full of the fragrance of her husband's gift. She took the cup of tea her maid brought to her bedside, and decided that it was not too late to surprise him. She would keep the tryst that he asked of her. She felt sure he would stop to see the horses.

She dressed, donned a long coat in case they should drive, and walked to the stables. All this took time. When she reached them her husband and Mrs. Arden had already left.

Brien, whether through loyalty to his master or devotion to his mistress—Coralie was worshipped by her *valetaille*—prudently omitted to mention that the Senator was not alone. He had viewed the tête-à-tête with a measure of disapproval. Perhaps he had heard things; perhaps he had not. How much or how little these mute witnesses suspect or know of our actions often remains an unsolved mystery. If some scandals break out through domestics, more are stifled. Mr. and Mrs. Thorne's household were faithfully attached to them.

How could Brien imagine that Mrs. Thorne would have the insane idea of following her husband! She, however, decided to do so. Supposing him to have gone in the direction he in fact did take, she sauntered up Connecticut avenue. She hoped to meet him on his way back.

The shower alarmed her, and she crossed to return, when happened

what we know. In the flight homeward, umbrella-less, the rain plashing on her hair, she was haunted by the look of fear on her husband's face.

Fear! Of what, then? Of her? There could be no further doubts.

That he, on her birthday, could first ask her and then take that other one was of small consequence. The clue was in his apprehension. Yes—she divined it in his eyes when they met hers.

What had she sunk to, then?

The acute distress to which she had been prey for the past year, with its strange accesses of torpor—the rack and thumbscrew of shaken confidence, hurt *amour propre*, humbled pride, despised affection—left her impotent to bear one more indignity.

Coralie was what is called a virtuous woman; she was certainly a strong one. But we expect too much of virtue. We are too surprised when it proves vulnerable. The human remains human. She had marked her husband's growing passion for Mrs. Arden. She had gauged it clearly. She realized that in herself was growing a canker of hate, which was belittling and degrading.

She had thus far opened but one note, and that by accident, but she wondered if the day would come when she should lay traps to get his letters and read them secretly and perhaps re-seal them, lest he know that a detective lurked in his house. Nay, perhaps, since there had been question of letters at the club, she would send a servant there with one of his cards and get what went there for him, and know the truth.

These morbid broodings frightened her at times with their demoniac promptings.

There is no doubt about it that a husband's infidelity remains under all aspects a humiliation. If beloved, there is pain; if not, there is at least offense.

What had she sunk to?

One of those wives from whom men shrink? whom they cheat and lie to and laugh at with their friends?

whose suspicions become a byword, whose furies are town property?

It is needless to say that such a dread on the part of Coralie Darrell Thorne was without foundation. Her wide popularity, her noble personality, her brilliant intelligence, made of her a picturesque figure and a salient one. She could never be the plain appendage of a fascinating and neglectful husband. But in such crises women of her type do not stop to weigh.

When she unfastened her wet cloak and pushed back her damp hair, a great, wild thirst to revenge herself for the injustice done her, the false position she was thrust into, ravaged her soul. Then he had come; and we know how she met him.

She stood dry-lipped, wide-pupiled, staring at his drawn face, at that dark drop which seemed to her to grow wider and wider, until it drowned them both in its red tide. And as she looked, a great reaction of pity—of pity for him, for herself, for the woe of the world—overcame her; pity, that agonizing snare of tender spirits!

A cry burst from her lips.

Thorne, with the unerring prescience of his keen reasoning, knew that this hour was a landmark of their destinies. With a gesture full of manly grace, he seized the fingers that had dealt the blow and raised them to his lips.

"Thank you," he said.

The sight of his wife's hurrying figure, alone in the storm, under the hoofs, while he and Mrs. Arden throned insolently above her, had sobered him, as a drunkard is sobered, brought back to himself by nervous shock. And between Mrs. Arden and himself the few words spoken at her door at parting seemed to raise a barrier of new resolves and better purposes.

She, too, had seen and had been sorry, and not triumphant. "It was bad taste in me," she thought, repenting of her afternoon's exploit. "And he thought so, too." In her mortification she grew contemptuous. "I detest married men, and always have,

and I have got through with them!" How long such moods can last is a matter of conjecture, but the arrow that shapes fate is often winged in a second's interval.

It would seem, therefore, as if the readjustment of the future devolved on Coralie herself.

So at least felt Thorne. . . .

"I haven't come to excuse myself," he said to her—she had sunk to a chair and he stood before her, his handkerchief pressed to his cheek. "This was your birthday. You were poorly. It was my place and should have been my pleasure to come direct from the Capitol to you. Believe me, however, when I say that nothing more unpremeditated could have occurred than my meeting with Mrs. Arden. She happened to pass in the street as I was examining the horses. It was getting late. I offered to drive her home. That is all. Only I realize how it must have seemed to you, and I am most regretful. I ask your pardon. You are hereafter safe from any more stupidities of mine."

Always generous, Coralie did not taunt him with the detail that when she met them they were far from Leah's street. She only bowed her head, and he went on.

"I haven't forgotten, Coralie, what you were to me when Tony died, though I may sometimes seem to you indifferent and preoccupied. The cares of my career . . ."

She rose and walked over to the mantelpiece and gazed at herself in the mirror that hung above it.

"I am making acquaintance with myself over again," she said. "We grow old several times."

"You shall not grow old through me, my dear child," he said, with emotion, making a movement as if to take her in his arms. "I . . ."

"You see," she said, "it is not of you I am thinking in the least to-day; it is of myself."

He still moved forward, but she drew back, and her glance arrested him with its menace.

Its pity had passed.

"Yes, of myself; and it is time.

My dignity is precious to me, my character. Do you ever think, Hazard, what character means? Mine was well enough in its way, not mean, not petty, I think."

"Ah, never, never!" he interrupted.

She went on: "Lately it has changed. It is dwindling, shrinking, blackening. I see it as it will be soon. I must save it. It cries out to me!"

He was painfully impressed with the poignancy of her words. "How she must have suffered!" he thought. "How blind I have been!"

She continued: "And I will hear its voice. Oh, don't overrate me. When I release you——"

He started.

"—when I release you from the trammels that weigh on us both, it is through no enthusiastic desire for your welfare, through no self-surrender of my privileges as mistress of your house that another may fill the place better. What will be your emancipation will also be mine. It isn't happiness I expect or give. I doubt if this is the way to that. It will be for me salvation of what was best in me, of what there was in my nature that I prized. I know that I am not a beautiful woman, but I am not a base one. I do not accept the chain that makes me so."

"You were always magnanimous," he murmured, marveling that of her rival she did not speak one bitter word, "and I unworthy."

She was on her feet again. She wavered a moment, tall and uncertain in the light of the candles and the flame that lighted the hearth with bluish gleams. Then she left him alone—as she had done before when he had come to her with Leah Arden's opened letter. Only now he recognized that something irrevocable lay between them, an impassable gulf, a wide ocean in which he vainly flaunted signals of his distress. She was steering away from him, for shores distant and impalpable, which, in his earthiness, he could but dimly guess at, and he felt left behind to drift alone on a silent and inexorable sea.

Coralie, once more in her room, threw herself on her bed in an agony of sobs too fierce for a woman's frame. Old happiness, old affliction came, ghostlike visitants, to lean over her in her desolate lament.

She recalled one day when in the Bois in Paris, she and Arthur Penfold hunted for wild flowers together, under the wet leaves of the moist wood-paths.

It was one of those unforgotten days that haunt the memory with their eternal and abiding regret. They loved each other perfectly on that sweet morning of youth and hope, with the bird notes in their ears and the Spring sunshine above them.

She remembered the thrill of her baby boy's soft mouth at her breast; the tiny, clinging hands of her first-born, the brave male child she had rocked on her bosom in all a mother's exaltation. She thought of his lonely grave on the Hudson where Autumn leaves lay thick and Winter snows. "Oh, Tony, Tony!" she cried, "I do not forget thee, my beloved, my beloved!"

She longed for the clasp of a loving hand, and would have called Viva, the dear living child. But Viva had gone with her governess to visit a young friend in the country. So that this hour of despairing abandonment found her alone.

All hours, gay or terrible, drop to eternity. So this one passed.

A few days later society was distressed to hear that Mrs. Thorne was ill of a cerebral fever.

Mrs. Safford, telegraphed for, came to the summons.

Thorne was exemplary in his solicitude and his attentions. In the rapid changes from delirium to stupor she did not seem to heed his nearness or his absences. There is nothing so dividing or so baffling as the vagaries of hallucination. He had the chilling sense that she had slipped out of his reach forever.

One afternoon—when she was convalescing—a nurse called Mrs. Saf-



ford. A lady who declined to give her card had begged that someone from the sickroom should speak with her.

Genevieve went down the marble stairs. She raised the heavy portière that hung before the door of the large drawing-room. Perfect order reigned; the tall palms, lately changed, stood freshly green in their pots of delft and majolica; the vases on all the tables and *étagères* were filled with long-stemmed roses; logs burned on the hearth. Nevertheless, to Genevieve the room appeared curiously rigid without the spirit that usually pervaded it. Where the arrangement of *bric-à-brac*, books and tea tables is left to menials, there is but empty splendor—a missed meaning.

A lady was standing at one of the windows, looking out. She turned as Genevieve advanced to greet her. It was Mrs. Arden.

Coralie's wan appearance was still oppressing Mrs. Safford. Brain fever is a devastating demon that plays havoc with the strongest constitution. Coralie's, always rugged and buoyant, had conquered. But dire indeed were the ravages of the battle. Her falling hair cut short hung about her cheeks; her eyes, unnaturally large, had a wildness in them; the nose sharpened, the mouth parched, the wasted fingers from which the rings rolled off—she looked a wreck of her former self.

Her room arranged for illness, the mirrors covered that she might not see in them the faces she insisted mocked at her from their depths, all the paraphernalia of sickness gave the charming apartment the air of a hospital. It had become the refuge of disease, of possible death. Here, on the contrary, in this lofty salon, was gathered only what could decorate and embellish, and Mrs. Arden's girlish form detaching itself from shadow seemed to Genevieve the fitting goddess of the shrine.

Her curly auburn hair was dressed in the latest mode, voluminously rolled to frame her face under her little fur cap. It perched coquettishly

above the lovely brow, wide as Clytie's, low as Faustina's. The purple eyes under dark lashes looked out serene and innocent from the glowing face. The crisp air without, the warmth within, gave her lips and cheeks more than their usual color. Leah Arden, in her taut brown dress and soft dark furs, was the embodiment of roseate health and luscious womanhood. She carried a bunch of orchids in her hand.

The contrast was so violent between the woman she had left and this fair creature that Genevieve, who was not without imagination, felt her heart contract.

They had met once or twice, and they shook hands.

"I must apologize to you," said Mrs. Arden, in her rich voice, "but I have been dreadfully worried about Mrs. Thorne, and I wouldn't be put off any longer with vague reports in the street and at the door. I wanted particularly to see someone who had access to the sickroom and hear if Mrs. Thorne is really and actually out of danger."

"She is out of danger," said Mrs. Safford.

Leah heaved a sigh as of relief, which did not escape Mrs. Safford.

"But she was very ill?"

"So ill that I gave her up for two or three days, but she is pulling through, and now is nicely." Then, being a simple person, and her methods quite crude, she added: "The Senator was in despair."

The words were barely uttered when the despairing gentleman pushed through the curtain and came in. Nothing could have been more correct than their greeting—his "How kind of you! Mrs. Thorne will, I hope, see you herself in a week's time," and her "I am so pleased to hear that all is well"—utterly banal, well bred and decorous. The man, as is the manner of men, concealed his discomposure better than the woman, whose furious flush Genevieve noticed.

Leah covered her confusion by handing Mrs. Safford the bouquet.

"These are from mamma and me," she said, "for Mrs. Thorne."

After a few more inquiries and answers Thorne accompanied her to the door, which the servant opened for her exit.

He returned to the drawing-room.

He could not know how far Mrs. Safford was admitted to his wife's confidence, but he felt that at all costs this call must not be mentioned to Coralie, or the flowers given.

He was uneasy. His calm was ruffled. Genevieve saw her advantage, as she had seen much and guessed more. She would not have been a woman and loyal to her friend if she had not secretly enjoyed his evident discomfiture.

"I must go right up to Coralie with Mrs. Arden's flowers," she said. "Orchids are so frail they must be put into water at once. It would be too bad that these should fade."

Here was a quandary! A person who is but just out of the clutches of brain fever can hardly be approached with the subject that unbalanced.

He cleared his throat, with a detaining finger on Genevieve's sleeve.

"Why, Coralie is particularly fond of orchids," she said. "Why am I not, then, to take her these?"

Then Thorne said: "Some day when she is well again I will explain to you; now all I ask is that you do not mention Mrs. Arden's visit—or the flowers." It had to be done. It was the lesser of two evils.

Then Genevieve knew.

She threw Leah Arden's orchids from her to the table. They rolled off the edge to the floor, and she did not stoop to pick them up.

"Oh!" she said, with a mocking inflection, and left the room, and the Senator was very uncomfortable indeed.

Leah Arden was unhappy. Between her and Thorne no spoken or written word had passed since the night of the fatal drive. Mrs. Thorne's illness alarmed her. A keen remorse, foreign to her habitual insouciance, so possessed her

that she determined to call in self-abnegation and self-defense. Why not? There was no break between her and the Thornes, and he should see and she should see that a mere friendly sentiment animated her toward them both.

Her immense emotion on seeing him again proved to her that toward him, at least, her friendliness was but a word.

"Who was it?" asked Coralie, sitting up against her pillows with her pinched, haggard face, which a few weeks seemed to have strangely aged.

"Lady Lightpace," said Mrs. Safford, cheerfully, and with unblushing glibness. "She left many messages from herself and the Ambassador."

"Ah—such a kind woman! What did you say to her?"

"That you were going to get well directly, and so, darling, lie down now and try to sleep. You know the doctor forbids you to sit too long in this position."

"Oh, what does it matter, when everything is weariness!" Then suddenly she threw one arm about Mrs. Safford's neck, drawing her cheek down to her own. "Thank you for your goodness to me, dear," she said, and the sad lips trembled.

Mrs. Safford, unable longer to control herself, beckoned to the nurse and slipped from the detaining arm. In her own room, the tears she shed were the saddest of a happy life.

## VI

It was the following year that Coralie left her husband.

She waited until his term expired. She had no wish to injure him.

When she took the step even Mrs. Safford—at first, at least—disapproved.

"I think you are too hard," she said.

"I was becoming wicked. You don't understand. The concessions of natures like mine are not honest. The reactions are too terrible. I dare not make them."

But Genevieve shook her head, impatient, as are good women who have no grievances. She sent Joseph Turtle to remonstrate.

He was ushered one day, fresh from Persia, into the Long Island house where Viva and her mother were living in seclusion. Thorne was in New York, back at his law practice. Joseph had been recalled.

"They are indecent people," he said to his dear Coralie. "The Shah is an indecent man. I told him so. He complained to our Secretary of State. I was ordered home."

Coralie could not help laughing. He was unchanged.

"My poor Joe," she said, "I'm afraid diplomacy wasn't your vocation."

Yet Genevieve had sent him now on a delicate mission, and he acquitted himself with feeling. The two old friends talked long and gravely. He implored her to pause, reflect, take advice; but Coralie said to him: "I have been in hell, and it consumed me. Love and hate came together. I will not go back to them. It is finished."

And this plain man, who could insult a ruler in his own realm and inveigh against customs that Providence permits, to the detriment of his own fortunes, gave her the only entire sympathy others denied.

Darrell, indeed, said to her: "The decision must be yours. Whatever you do, I will stand by you." But she tacitly avoided, at this moment, calling on him for counsel.

Thorne felt himself aggrieved and wounded. He had not thought of a broken-up home. He detested the vulgarity of it all—the discredit and odium. He had imagined, the fever once abated, she would return to calmer judgment—she on whose strength he had so often leaned. If sometimes a rush of ecstasy at the thought of freedom, and what it might bring to him, shot across his consciousness, it was instantly repudiated. He did and said everything that man can say or do to dissuade her from the final step. His actions,

as his arguments, were vain. Did she secretly guess a lack of sincerity in his attitude? Perhaps.

Six months after their separation Mrs. Thorne obtained a dissolution of her marriage for incompatibility.

A year later it was rumored that Mrs. Arden's case was in the docket. Before it came up her husband died.

Then he and Mrs. Arden went away together one afternoon to a provincial town and got themselves married as best they might. If the ceremony was not quite "regular," it was supposed to suffice.

Of course, this *dénouement* brought back the chilly critics to Coralie's support, tongues were loosed, suppositions raged, sides were taken.

She and Viva—who remained with her by Thorne's consent—slipped away quietly to Italy. She purchased a fine villa out of Rome. She began a new existence.

Thorne's friends gathered to him—and Mrs. Arden's. They tried to persuade him to brave things out; offered to boom him for Mayor, for Governor, for President. His new wife declared she disliked politics and wanted to travel. So he was unmindful of these detaining decoys—he whose air castles they had once been. They started for distant lands.

It was quite three years afterward that a choice party of half a dozen friends were breakfasting one morning in Singleton Ackley's pretty dining-room. The Thornes and their concerns were already worn-out themes. The causes of their rupture, her expatriation, his remarriage, were ancient history. To-day, however, a lady present—Mrs. Heathcote—had something to say of them.

"Whom do you think I met in Paris the other day? Hazard Thorne!"

"Fancy! One hardly ever hears of them. And Leah—did you see her?"

"Yes, I saw her, but only for a moment at the play one evening. We spoke in the foyer."

"How did they look?" asked the chorus of voices.

"Thorne came to see me."

The women were particularly keen to hear of this visit. "Is he still a *charmeur*, still the same? Does he seem happy?"

"He came to my hotel one day," said Mrs. Heathcote, "and sent up his card. I was at home. The Colonel was out, and so I had him all to myself."

"Do they live in Paris?" asked Mrs. Gresham.

"They have taken a villa at Versailles."

"Go on," said the chorus.

"Well, then, don't interrupt. You ask how he looks, if he is happy. He is so disgustingly happy that it made me sick!"

"What!" screamed the women.

"Positively ill! And as to looks—he is as fat as a seal and as cumbrous as a walrus. He used to be attractive when he posed for incompleteness, you know, but now that he has found his mate he is as stupid as an owl and as dull as an Englishman!"

Laughter greeted this sally.

"When Englishmen are at their dullest," said Ackley, smiling, "you may depend on it they are plotting somebody's downfall; they are never so dangerous as at the moment when they rob their countenances of all expression."

"Well," said Mrs. Heathcote, laughing, "he seems too *abrupt* to plot destruction, yet he was quite communicative; perhaps an exaction of his new wife's. Somehow I thought she had sent him. He told me his days were one long delight; his Leah perfect; his soul—heaven save the mark!—satisfied. The creature came up in the lift to deliver himself of all this. He was absolutely revolting. And I used to admire him!"

"And Leah?" said Mrs. Gresham—"are her violet eyes as beautiful as ever?"

"Her eyes! why, I couldn't see them!"

"Couldn't see them?"

"No; she, too, is so fat they have disappeared."

"Is it possible," murmured Mrs.

Eustis, "that this is the end of their romance? *Avoirdupois*! How dreadfully discouraging!"

"Were you plotting to elope, my dear?" said her husband.

"But what does he do," asked Mrs. Lorimer, "at Versailles?"

"Do? Why, nothing," said Mrs. Heathcote, with a curve of her lip. "He loves his Leah."

"And he has no further desires, hopes, ambitions, he who was so wide-awake, energetic, aspiring?"

"He loves his Leah," repeated Mrs. Heathcote.

Then Warren Vincent spoke. "It was Mrs. Thorne," he said, "who made him. Mrs. Arden has undone him."

"A late tribute," said Mrs. Eustis, who had heard Vincent's earlier opinions.

"She was no friend to me ever," said Vincent, very low. "She always disliked me, but I have a sense of justice."

"Happiness," said Singleton Ackley, "is not always uplifting, and entire sympathy may bring stagnation; the friction that irritates may spur and stimulate, while softness unmans."

"But at least they do seem happy?" Mrs. Eustis persisted.

"Perfectly so," said Mrs. Heathcote, "without a regret. Leah told me they were entirely congenial."

"And Coralie—who has seen her?" asked Mrs. Gresham.

"I have," said Mrs. Lorimer.

"And I have," said Ackley.

"And is she perfectly happy, too?" They looked at one another, and then Ackley said:

"I was in Rome, and so was Mrs. Lorimer, last Winter. We had the pleasure of dining together at Villa Arquata with Mrs. Darrell-Thorne—so she now calls herself. I did not think she looked perfectly happy; did you?"

"No, rather sad," said Mrs. Lorimer; "but she was very well dressed and not in the least fat."

"That is always something," murmured Warren Vincent.

"She looked remarkably well," said Ackley, "almost handsome; while the girl is a stunning beauty."

"Ah, yes; Viva. Is she grown up?"

"Yes, and a success; lots of young princes after her. When her mother looks at her there is satisfaction, and no wonder."

"I thought her much more interesting than she used to be—Coralie, I mean," said Mrs. Lorimer. "She is very stately. She was always a noble sort of woman, and her face, though older, is wonderfully fine now. Don't you think so, Mr. Ackley? Looks like Marie Antoinette on her way to execution, and that sort of thing. She told me she was often homesick, that the mere life of amusement Americans lived in Europe didn't satisfy her. She should always feel an alien. She says she feels she owes to herself something better, and only remains to give Viva the advantages she didn't herself have. The girl has a talent for sculpture, models pretty heads. Mrs. Thorne says she thinks girls brought up in Europe are simpler, more easily satisfied, than ours, yet she means to return to her own country soon. She says it's good enough for her, and must be for Viva. I hear she has written a play, and a dramatic critic who has read it wants it brought out—thinks it quite wonderful."

"She was always clever," said Mrs. Gresham.

"In the meantime, she has made for herself an excellent position. Their house is quite gay. It is the dearest place, an old thirteenth century villa with falconries, oubliettes and trapdoors; enchanting."

"Mrs. Thorne has elements of greatness," said Ackley. "I am inclined to agree with Vincent that she made her husband. Thorne had

weaknesses of character. He lost something in losing her."

"Nobody seems ever to quite understand why she left him," said Mrs. Gresham.

"Safford says," said Mr. Ackley—"and as his wife is her best friend he may know something about it—that she felt herself dwarfed and cramped and hampered by those weaknesses I speak of. In other words, she tried to make him fly, and failing, decided to let him fall."

"That is Nietzsche's advice," said Horace Eustis, "but it is hardly Christian."

"Who knows? She may have been swimming to save herself. The sequel proved *il y avait de quoi*. It may have been a case of 'cut it off and cast it from thee.'"

"What a hopeless jangle!" sighed Mrs. Eustis.

"If everybody walks off because husbands are not entirely satisfactory," said Mrs. Lorimer, "there'll be a general stampede. I think people may as well stick it out. I mean to."

"But if Thorne is happy," said Mrs. Heathcote, ironically, "he, at least, has nothing to complain of. What more can he ask?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Eustis, "unless a happiness that deteriorates us, as Mr. Ackley says—"

"My dear lady," said her host, laughing, "my opinion isn't worth a farthing."

"—unless a happiness that deteriorates us," she went on, "is not the end of our life, and life itself not meant to be a love-dream."

"He told me," said Mrs. Heathcote, "he had one undying, unforgiving, implacable enemy."

"Who is that?" asked Ackley, taking off his glasses.

"Hamilton Darrell."





## THE DANCING OF SULEIMA

By Clinton Scollard

WHEN Suleima, the bayadere,  
Danced for Selim, the Grand Vizier,  
The fountain spurtled, with mellow fret,  
Out of its mouth of jade and jet;  
And lanterns, hued like the rainbow's arc,  
In the citron branches, dotted the dark;  
And over the courtyard's burnished tiles  
Cast their shimmer, and made her seem,  
With all the glamourie of her smiles,  
Like a houri out of paradise  
Luring with Lilith lips and eyes—  
The creature of a dream!

When Suleima, the bayadere,  
Danced for Selim, the Grand Vizier,  
Pleadingly the viols played  
In the dusk of a feathery bamboo shade;  
And the zithers wove their tinkling spells  
In tune with her golden anklet bells;  
While a tensely chorded dulcimer,  
And a reed with the tenderest touch of tone,  
Into the melody throbbed, to blur  
The whole to a wondrous rhapsody  
That lapped and eddied about her—she  
Harmony's very own!

When Suleima, the bayadere,  
Danced for Selim, the Grand Vizier,  
Out of the midnight of her hair  
Starshine darted adown the air  
From orbèd diamonds; her virgin arms  
Showed no cincture of jeweled charms,  
But a girdle glistened around her waist,  
Where rubies glowed with their pulse of fire;  
As light and white as the foam, and chaste,  
Were the folds that floated about her form,  
Palpitant, gracile, willowy, warm—  
A vision of desire!

When Suleima, the bayadere,  
Danced for Selim, the Grand Vizier,  
Such was the lightness of her tread,  
Such was the pose of her shapely head,  
Such was the motion of every limb—  
Flexuous wrist and ankle slim!

Subtly swaying from head to heel,  
That the hearts of those who watched her there,  
Marked her poise and glide and wheel  
In measures intricate as a maze,  
Were ever after, for all their days,  
Thrall to a sweet despair!

When Suleima, the bayadere,  
Danced for Selim, the Grand Vizier—  
For him who had crept so nigh the throne  
That in dreams he saw it his very own—  
The wave of a riotous unrest  
Surged of a sudden within his breast.  
More to him than the monarch's crown  
To quaff from her lips of passion's wine,  
His face in her billowy hair to drown!  
And he swore a great oath under his breath,  
While his hands were clenched like one in death,  
"By Allah, she shall be mine!"

When Suleima, the bayadere,  
Danced for Selim, the Grand Vizier,  
In the lure of her smile was fate,  
In her bosom was hidden hate—  
Hate, and the canker of ceaseless pain  
For her soul's beloved, foully slain.  
So, with brighter blandishment, her eyes  
Burned on those of the Grand Vizier,  
And she opened her arms in witching wise,  
While a sensuous something in her tread  
"All is thine, if thou askest," said—  
Suleima, the bayadere!

When Suleima, the bayadere,  
Danced for Selim, the Grand Vizier,  
And the last low strain of the music died,  
And the raptured courtiers turned aside  
Through the heavy scent of the citron bloom,  
And the fading lanterns wrought a gloom,  
Making a shadowy bower of the place  
That was meet for love and love's delight,  
Back from an instant's mad embrace  
The Vizier reeled, to moan and die;  
While a laugh, and a woman's triumph cry—  
"Revenge!"—thrilled down the night.



### IMPORTANT TO KNOW

SHE—Father is anxious to meet you.  
HE—Which way?

## ENGLAND'S PRINCELY KING

By Mrs. Sherwood

THE word prince means much more than does the greater word king; it means a chivalrous gentleman.

Edward the Seventh—may he reign long and be prospered!—has that gift which is the most priceless possession of peer, prince and peasant—charm. He is said to have been a very dear little boy. He was apt to be clean and courteous and ready for his mother's kiss, even after eating gingerbread, while his next brother was always sour, unamiable, and from first to finish unpopular. Memoir after memoir of barons and courtiers mentions this difference between the brothers, and when he came over here, at sixteen, every mother's heart warmed to that dear little Prince, who was apt to smooth down his hair and look boyishly frightened as he took off his hat to a crowd. He had no egotism, no bumptiousness; he was a sweet, cheerful, healthy boy. "Not too knowin'," as Lowell says in his tribute to his two nephews who fell in the war.

And then he began the life of Prince Charming which he has kept up ever since. It will be a great shame if he ever gives that name, Prince of Wales, which he has made so delightful, to anybody else. It should always be his field mark and device in history, as the "Black Prince" goes down into the future, as himself, and no other.

When he arrived in Paris Le Prince des Galles was his own advertisement. "Yes," said a witty woman, "especially 'gal.'" And on this point Le Prince des Galles has been much maligned. Every woman, young and

pretty, or pretty and not particularly young, or neither young nor pretty, was anxious to consider him in love with her. He did his "possible," no doubt—he was young, he was pleasure loving, he was a flattered prince—but he was not the much-slandered man the gossips loved to prattle of. He was never very far from his Alexandra in England, an excellent family man, to all appearances, always driving about with her; and so long as the Duke of Clarence and Avondale lived his father had him by his side. They would look at each other pleasantly as they drove through the Bois; and when the son died Albert Edward nearly died, too. They have the *bourgeois* virtues, that family. They love each other and their own fireside.

Observe how well the Prince behaved in the Lady Mordaunt case; how he cleared her reputation, which even she tried so hard to sully. Doubtless the insanity that developed soon after this was at work then in her poor, weak brain. She imagined herself worse than she was, as has many a hysterical woman. The letters of the Prince were published, and they did him infinite honor. They were principally about a "pair of muffatees" which she had knitted him; and one of them, notably she, doubtless was very much of a "muff;" but he was a loyal and honorable man, asking her to be more kind in her judgment of her friends, and showing, as he always has done, a very kind heart and a most rigorous sense of honor.

Anyone who has been in London during the last twenty years has blushed to see how an American mother could throw her young daugh-

ter in his path; also has seen the English women almost kiss the earth as he approached, while the deprecating manner in which he has waved his hand toward his gentlemen-in-waiting as much as to say, "Please be seated," indicated that this much beslavered man was very tired of it all. As for his manners, they were always chivalrous toward women. Some of the older men thought him far more civil than was his revered father. Prince Albert thought that kings are made of a superior blood, and it was this foreign assumption that made him unpopular when he first came to England, and as all the writers say, "Prince Albert had to die to tell the world what a very superior man he was."

Now his son has only had to live to tell the world that he is a very lovable, clever man. His great popularity is a testimonial of the highest to his natural character. I remember an anecdote to this effect: I was walking around at a Queen's Ball in Buckingham Palace with a nobleman who had been a gentleman-in-waiting, after being a page to the Queen, and as we came on a picture of the Prince Consort in his fine clothes, I said:

"A very handsome man and, I hear, a very perfect character."

"A very handsome man and a very prudent character," said he.

I asked him to define that phrase.

"I will," said he. "One evening I saw one of the maids of honor over-fatigued and about to faint. I asked the Prince if I might carry her a chair. 'No,' said he; 'let her faint!' and," said the nobleman, "he did not care for the people about him, beyond his wife and children, unless they were of royal blood."

"How would the Prince of Wales have behaved?" I asked.

"He would have *run* with a chair; he is full of feeling, and we would all die for him," was the answer.

Everyone in England always spoke of the Prince of Wales in the same way. A few evenings after this conversation I saw him and the Princess at Irving's Theatre. The door behind

the lady-in-waiting was open, and this kindly tempered man got up and shut it, and made her sit down in a safer seat.

Being a lady-in-waiting has not been quite such a servitude in the Victorian era as it was in poor Miss Burney's day, but I declare that I would rather have begged my way in London streets than to have been one even ten years ago. To be sure, the education which has perfect freedom behind it, that training which we get as American children, does not help to make us subservient. The pregnant hinges of the knee get stiffened over here, nor do we relish kneeling to a mere mortal, and there is always something to me slightly suggestive of flunkeyism in the memoirs of even so noble a woman as the late Lady Canning, as recorded in "Two Noble Lives," by Augustus Hare. She describes her trip to Paris with the Queen and, apropos of an occasion, relates that "I and my fellow-servants courtesied as the Queen left and prepared to stand until she returned."

It seems to me that no Queen should have required such an abnegation of self, nor do we at any time hear the gentlemen about the Prince complaining of his ever having made himself disagreeable in that way.

Dean Stanley, in his private journal, or in his letters to his wife, published in that delightful "Life" of his, which is the best reading I know of as a contemporary history of recent England, tells the story of his accompanying the Prince to the Holy Land. It is a long, beautiful picture of the amiability and the sweetness of this Prince, which should be carefully repeated and read over.

As they approached some ancient chapel, into which foreigners were seldom admitted, but which was opened to the Prince of Wales, he seemed troubled, and said to the Dean:

"I am ashamed that this great honor is given to me when it has been denied to so many eminent scholars so much better fitted to appreciate it than I am. I often think

that those born to high station should try more to distinguish between what they owe to their station and the honor they arrogate to themselves."

"I hope Your Royal Highness will always think so," answered Dean Stanley.

And in all his letters to his wife he refers constantly to the kindness and consideration of the Prince. He was a very loyal clergyman and courtier, but he was also very much the Christian gentleman, and as such his personal tribute thus unconsciously paid is of infinite importance.

"I think very highly of the intellect of the Prince, vastly more than I should ever have supposed I should," writes this cautious old gentleman to his wife, as if he hardly dared trust himself to think at all about so exalted a personage.

The same volume describes his performing a marriage ceremony over the Duke of Edinburgh and the daughter of the Czar, which lets in no such light on the amiability of the Duke, but is replete with the subserviency of the English mind to royalty. He says: "As I joined the hands of these two exalted personages I called them by their Christian names. I suppose I shall *never call them by their names again.*"

Now, does not that sound a little snobbish? And what American bishop would ever have said that?

The real cleverness of the Prince of Wales has attracted the attention of everyone who has heard him make a speech. We must also accredit a man who has always shown such infinite tact with very great cleverness. I heard him several times make a speech rather off-hand at the "Healtheries," as were called the assemblages of colonists who came over from Canada, from Australia and from Africa, the year before the Jubilee. The happy and easy way in which Albert Edward acquitted himself on these occasions was much noticed. And one must remember that he was the servant of servants during his mother's reign, sent on all such duties as the greeting of every little princeling who

chose to enter England. As he described himself, "I am simply a little boy to be sent to the cars."

"I don't envy Wales," was one of the gruff remarks of the less amiable Duke of Edinburgh. No one ever asked *him* to do these good-natured errands. But at half an hour's notice the Prince was always ready with an appropriate uniform or a Prince Albert frock coat to drive off to talk to the New Zealanders, who, if Macaulay's prophecy ever comes true, will sit on a fragment of Buckingham Palace and moralize on the past and gone glories of Victoria. He never said the wrong thing, he was never supercilious, he never had the air of "Stand aside, for I am nobler than thou." In the House of Lords he was so courteous to the old dukes and the judges, putting his hand on their shoulders, and by voice and eye and manner urging them to not treat him as if he were of another clay, that it was positively refreshing to see him. And at a foreign watering place, Monte Carlo, for instance, his democracy of manner in the midst of a crowd of courtesying women who tired their kneepans to the uttermost to see who could courtesy the lowest, was always evident. If he caught sight of a lame, shabby old veteran, some half-pay officer who had come to Monte Carlo to live and to economize, the pleasure on his face, his hearty hand-shake, the unpretended simplicity of his good-natured greeting, were unfailing. He said once to one of his intimates that he "wondered how anyone educated at Court could possibly ever become a self-respecting, honest man," showing that he feared the effect of homage on his own character; but certainly it never affected his manner unfavorably.

American susceptibility to patronage is very absurd, but it is, perhaps, something a free born citizen can hardly outgrow. So is our susceptibility to criticism very much too great. Washington Irving refers to it in the "Sketch Book," and advises his countrypeople to outgrow it.



"Why are we so exquisitely alive to the aspersions of England?" he wrote, sixty years ago. And we have but to turn to James Russell Lowell's fine essay, "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners," to learn that even he had felt it. These were two literary men whom England has delighted to honor, who have expressed themselves in good set terms against this superciliousness.

How much do we owe to the man who now wears the crown! How cheerfully we read his most noble letter to President McKinley, thanking him for the appreciation service to Her Majesty on the day of her funeral; and from the coign of vantage of to-day we may go back over a quarter of a century of private recollections and find no American who can recall anything but polite social recognition from the Prince of Wales! No one can remember even a bow unreturned, and it would take a very uneasy vanity to suppose that the charming manner of this tactful man hid any patronage or the slightest sense of personal superiority.

Very much gifted by nature are such men who have a desire to please, controlled by a sense of dignity. The word "fulsome" is the most disagreeable word in the English language. It has made the Anglo-Saxon lip to curl in all countries, and doubtless the royal lip has felt very uppish as some *Malvolio* bowed too low, or some *Coriolanus* from Idaho did not bow low enough.

But the Prince of Wales has soothed every irritated sensibility.

Doubtless to him is owing much of the altered position of Americans in England. The charge against him of having admired American beauty too much has been doubtless exaggerated, as are all the stories of a prince's flirtations. And as the Princess of Wales, that beauty on a throne, has never made any public scandal,

but has preserved her equanimity, we at least, as outsiders, can give the much courted Prince the benefit of the doubt. No one, either, can but believe that follies and extravagances will drop from him now as he realizes that Harry of England could not drag old *Falstaff* to the coronation.

It must be remembered that his royal uncles were not nearly so clever as he is. They seem to have been weak and foolish men. Even the Queen's father, the Duke of Kent, now being rather deified by the English press, seems to have lacked common sense in the mere matter of his pocketbook, and he was the best of them. They none of them had the excellent education which the Prince of Wales has profited by. George the Fourth, poor creature that he was, had something of his charm, but there the resemblance stops.

The Prince doubtless owes very much to the charm, the "simplicity" and the good temper of his wife. The royal pair are alike in their freedom from egotism, which is a great piece of good luck for England.

Lately, death has intensified a personality, adding to it a distinctness, a power, altogether commanding and irresistible, and we are in danger of deifying the human being who has so nobly gained the end of her journey. But life is for the living and not for the dead, and we must remember the noble souls still struggling in the flesh who have in their sphere shown all the virtues and self-abnegation and patience of Christian saints and martyrs.

Fame, power, wealth and royal station—these make a splendid frame for the virtues. But we must not forget the rigorous isolation of those lonely travelers who daily and nightly conquer the misery of human suffering, who will be unrecorded save by the Angel who writes them down in his golden book.



## A BALLAD OF TEMPTATION

By Theodosia Garrison

ALL night the Sin that Tempted stood  
Beside the woman's bed;  
To heel from crown her hair fell down,  
As some black pall outspread;  
Like flame at night her eyes were bright,  
Like blood her mouth was red.

And ever in the woman's ear  
She whispered and laughed low:  
"You shall not sleep the while I keep  
My watch above you so.  
I am that Sin men die to win—  
And shall you bid me go?"

"Some call me power, some call me gold,  
Some give a word of shame.  
To each man I come differently,  
Yet am I still the same;  
And each must hear when to his ear  
I bend and tell my name.

"And never lives a man but he  
Must harken to my quest.  
No man alive, howe'er he strive,  
But takes me for his guest.  
I am that bright and exquisite  
Sweet Sin he loves the best.

"Crush what you will from soul and life—  
I may not be denied.  
Can you go free who think of me  
As bridegroom of the bride?  
Can you go free who carry me  
In heart-beats at your side?

"I batten on your love of me—  
I drink of your desire.  
From your soul's strife I take my life,  
And feed my veins with fire.  
Asleep, awake, for my gain's sake  
I watch, and may not tire."

## THE SMART SET

Low bent above the woman's face,  
 Soft laughed the red-lipped Sin:  
 "What time you yearned, had you but turned  
 I had lost strength to win;  
 But having kissed, can you resist  
 When I would enter in?"

The gray dawn shivered at the pane,  
 The woman rose from bed.  
 "Thank God! at last this night is past,  
 For I have dreamed," she said,  
 "Such dreams as made my soul afraid,  
 Yet are too sweet to dread."

Wan-faced before the Crucifix  
 Her 'wildered prayer she made,  
 As men may cry to God's blue sky  
 'Twixt wave and wave for aid;  
 And with a leer her Sin crept near,  
 And mocked her as she prayed.



## AN OPERA OBSERVATION

MRS. OUT-OF-TOWN—I suppose you think these evening gowns shocking.

MR. OUT-OF-TOWN—No, indeed; but I think some of the necks are.



## THE FEMININE PREROGATIVE

BESSIE—I think it is Ethel's place to propose to Chappie.

LENA—Why?

"She knows whether she can support him or not."



## CALCULATED CARESSES

HER eyes were cold and steady,  
 Her ire she strove to smother:  
 "You say you'd five already,  
 And now you want another?"

"They who would give such blisses  
 To calculators, let them!  
 Men who can *count* their kisses  
 Do not deserve to get them."

DOROTHY DORR.

## A MONARCH OF A SMALL SURVEY

By Gertrude Atherton

THE willows haunted the lake more gloomily, trailed their old branches more dejectedly, than when Dr. Hiram Webster had, forty years before, bought the ranchos surrounding them from the Moreno grandees. Gone were the Morenos from all but the archives of California, but the willows and Dr. Hiram Webster were full of years and honors. The ranchos were ranchos no longer. A large, somnolent city covered their fertile acres, catching but a whiff at angels' intervals of the metropolis of nerves and pulse and feverish corpuscles across the bay.

Lawns sloped to the lake. At the head of the lawns were large, imposing mansions, the homes of the aristocracy of the city, all owned by Dr. Webster, and leased at high rental to a favored few. To dwell on Webster Lake was to hold high and exclusive position in the community, well worth the attendant ills. To purchase of those charmed acres was as little possible as to induce the Government to part with a dwelling site in Yosemite Valley.

Webster Hall was twenty years older than the tributary mansions. The trees about it were large and densely planted. When storms tossed the lake they whipped the roof viciously or held the wind in longer wails. There was an air of mystery about the great, rambling, sombre house; and yet no murder had been done there, no traveler had disappeared behind the sighing trees to be seen no more, no tale of horror claimed it as birthplace. The atmosphere was created by the footprints of time on a dwelling old in a new land.

The lawns were unkempt, the bare windows stared at the trees like unlidded eyes. Children ran past it in the night. The unwelcomed of the spreading city maintained that if nothing ever had happened there something would; that the place spoke its manifest destiny to the least creative mind.

The rain poured down one Sunday morning, splashing heavily on the tin of the oft-mended roof, hurling itself noisily through the trees. The doctor sat in his revolving-chair before the desk in his study. His yellow face was puckered; even the wrinkles seemed to wrinkle as he whirled about every few moments and scowled through the trees at the flood racing down the lawn to the lake. His thin mouth was a trifle relaxed, his clothes hung loose on him; but the eyes, black and sharp as a ferret's, glittered undimmed.

He lifted a large bell that stood on the desk and rang it loudly. A maidservant appeared.

"Go and look at the barometer," he roared. "See if this damned rain shows any sign of letting up."

The servant retired, reappeared, and announced that the barometer was uncompromising.

"Well, see that the table is set for twenty, nevertheless; do you hear? If they don't come I'll raise their rents. Send Miss Webster here."

His sister entered in a few moments. She was nearly his age, but her faded face showed wrinkles only on the brow and about the eyes. It wore a look of haunting youth; the expression of a woman who has grown old unwillingly, and still hopes, against

reason, that youth is not a matter of a few years at the wrong end of life. Her hair was fashionably arranged, but she was attired in a worn black silk, her only ornament a hair brooch. Her hands were small and well kept, although the skin hung loose on them, spotted with the moth patches of old age. Her figure was erect, but stout.

"What is it, brother?" she asked, softly, addressing the back of the autocrat's head.

He wheeled about sharply.

"Why do you always come in like a cat? Do you think those people will come to-day? It's raining cats and dogs."

"Certainly; they always come, and they have their carriages——"

"That's just it. They're getting so damned high-toned that they'll soon feel independent of me. But I'll turn them out, bag and baggage."

"They treat you exactly as they have treated you for twenty years and more, brother."

"Do you think so? Do you think they'll come to-day?"

"I am sure they will, Hiram."

He looked her up and down, then said, with a startling note of tenderness in his ill-used voice:

"You ought to have a new frock, Marian. That is looking old."

Had not Dr. Webster been wholly deficient in humor he would have smiled at his sister's expression of terrified surprise. She ran forward and laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Hiram," she said, "are you not—*you* do not look well to-day."

"Oh, I am well enough," he replied, shaking her off. "But I have noticed of late that you and Abigail are looking shabby, and I don't choose that all these fine folks shall criticise you." He opened his desk and counted out four gold eagles.

"Will this be enough? I don't know anything about women's things."

Miss Webster was thankful to get any money without days of expostulation and assured him that it was sufficient. She left the room at once

and sought her companion, Miss Williams.

The companion was sitting on the edge of the bed in her small, ascetic chamber, staring, like Dr. Webster downstairs, through the trees at the rain. So she had sat the night of her arrival at Webster Hall, then a girl of eighteen and dreams. So she had sat many times, feeling youth slip by her, lifting her bitter protest against the monotony and starvation of her life, yet too timid and ignorant to start forth in search of more vivid things. It was her birthday, this gloomy Sunday. She was forty-two. She was revolving a problem—a problem she had revolved many times before. For what had she stayed? Had there been an unadmitted hope that these old people must soon die and leave her with an independence with which she could travel and live? She loved Miss Webster, and she had gladly responded to her invitation to leave the New England village, where she was dependent on the charity of relatives, and make her home in the new country. Miss Webster needed a companion and housekeeper; there would be no salary, but a comfortable home and clothes that she could feel she had earned. She had come full of youth and spirit and hope. Youth and hope and spirit had dribbled away, but she stayed and stayed. To-day she wished she had married any clod in her native village that had been good enough to address her. Never for one moment had she known the joys of freedom, of love, of individuality.

Miss Webster entered abruptly.

"Abby," she exclaimed, "Hiram is not well." And she related the tale of his unbending.

Miss Williams listened indifferently. She was very tired of Hiram. She accepted with a perfunctory expression of gratitude the eagle allotted to her. "You are forty-two, you are old, you are nobody," was knelling through her brain.

"What is the matter?" asked Miss Webster, sympathetically; "have you been crying? Don't you feel well?"



You'd better dress, dear; they'll be here soon."

She sat down suddenly on the bed and flung her arms about her companion, the tears starting to her kindly old eyes.

"We are old women," she said. "Life has not meant much to us. You are younger in years, but you have lived in this dismal old house so long that you have given it and us your youth. You have hardly as much of it now as we have. Poor girl!"

The two women fondled each other, Abby appreciating that, although Miss Webster might not be a woman of depth, she, too, had her regrets, her yearnings, for what had never been.

"What a strange order of things it is," continued the older woman, "that we should have only one chance for youth in this life! It comes to so many of us when circumstances will not permit us to enjoy it. I drudged—drudged—drudged, when I was young. Now that I have leisure and—and opportunity to meet people, at least, every chance of happiness has gone from me. But you are comparatively young yet, really; hope on. The grave will have me in a few years, but you can live and be well for thirty yet. Ah! if I had those thirty years!"

"I would give them to you gladly for one year of happiness—of youth."

Miss Webster rose and dried her eyes. "Well," she said, philosophically, "regrets won't bring things. We've people to entertain to-day, so we must get out of the dumps. Put on your best frock, like a good child, and come down."

She left the room. Miss Williams rose hurriedly, unhooked a brown silk frock from the closet, and put it on. Her hair was always smooth; the white line of disunion curved from brow to the braids pinned primly above the nape of the neck. As she looked into the glass to-day she experienced a sudden desire to bang her hair, to put red on her cheeks. She longed to see if any semblance of her youthful prettiness could be coaxed

back. She lifted a pair of scissors, but threw them hastily down. She had not the courage to face the smiles and questions that would greet the daring innovation; the scathing ridicule of old man Webster.

She stared at her reflection in the little mirror, trying to imagine her forehead covered with a soft bang. Nothing could conceal the lines about the eyes and mouth, but the ageing brow could be hidden from critical gaze, the face redeemed from its unyouthful length. Her cheeks were thin and colorless, but the skin was fine and smooth. The eyes, which had once been a rich dark blue, were many shades lighter now, but the dullness of age had not possessed them yet. Her set mouth had lost its curves and red, but the teeth were good. The head was finely shaped and well placed on the low, old-fashioned shoulders. There were no contours now under the stiff frock. Had her estate been high she would have been, at the age of forty-two, a youthful and pretty woman. As it was, she was merely an old maid with a patrician profile.

She went down stairs to occupy her chair in the parlor, her seat at the table, to be overlooked by the fine people who took no interest whatever in the "Websters' companion." She hated them all. She had watched them, too, grow old with a profound satisfaction for which she reproached herself. Even wealth had not done for them what she felt it could have done for her.

The first carriage drove up as she reached the foot of the stair. The front door had been opened by the maid as it approached, and the rain beat in. There was no porte-cochère; the guests were obliged to run up the steps to avoid a drenching. The fashionable Mrs. Holt dragged her skirts, and under her breath anathematized her host.

"It will be the happiest day of my life when this sort of thing is over," she muttered. "Thank heaven, he can't live much longer!"

"Hush!" whispered her prudent

husband. Miss Webster had appeared.

The two women kissed each other affectionately. Everybody liked Miss Webster. Mrs. Holt, an imposing person, with the rigid backbone of the newly rich, held her hostess's hand in both her own as she assured her that the storm had not visited California which could keep her from one of dear Dr. Webster's delightful dinners. As she went upstairs to lay aside her wrappings she relieved her feelings by a facial pucker directed at a painting on a matting panel of the doctor in the robes of Japan.

The other guests arrived, and after making the pilgrimage up stairs, seated themselves in the front parlor to slide up and down the horsehair furniture and await the entrance of the doctor. The room was funereal. The storm-ridden trees lashed the bare, dripping windows. The carpet was threadbare. White crocheted tidies lent their emphasis to the hideous black furniture. A table, with marble top like a graveyard slab, stood in the middle of the room. On it was a bunch of wax flowers in a glass case. On the white plastered walls hung family photographs in narrow gilt frames. In a conspicuous place was the doctor's diploma. In another, Miss Webster's first sampler. "The first piano ever brought to California" stood in a corner, looking like the ghost of an ancient spinet. Miss Williams half-expected to some day find it standing on three legs, resting the other.

Miss Webster sat on a high-backed chair by the table, nervously striving to entertain her fashionable guests. The women huddled together to keep warm, regardless of their expensive raiment. The men stood in a corner, reviling the midday dinner in prospect. Miss Williams drifted into a chair and gazed dully on the accustomed scene. She had looked on it weekly, with barely an intermission, for twenty years. With a sensation of relief, so sharp that it seemed to underscore the hateful monotony of it all, she observed that

there was a young person in the company. As a rule, neither threats nor bribes could bring the young to Webster Hall. Then she felt glad that the young person was a man. She was in no mood to look on the blooming, hopeful face of a girl.

He was a fine young fellow, with the supple, lean figure of the college athlete and a frank, attractive face. He stood with his hands plunged into his pockets, gazing on the scene with an expression of ludicrous dismay. In a moment he caught the companion's eye. She smiled involuntarily, all that was still young in her leaping to meet that glad symbol of youth. He walked quickly over to her.

"I say," he exclaimed, apologetically, "I haven't been introduced, but do let ceremony go, and talk to me. I never saw so many old frumps in my life, and this room is like a morgue. I almost feel afraid to look behind me."

She gave him a grateful heart beat for all that his words implied.

"Sit down," she said, with a vivacity she had not known was left in her sluggish currents. "How—did—you—come—here?"

"Why, you see, I'm visiting the Holts—Jack Holt was my chum at college—and when they asked me if I wanted to see the oldest house in the city and meet the most famous man 'on this side of the bay,' why, of course I said I'd come. But, gods! I didn't know it would be like this, although Jack said the tail of a wild mustang couldn't get him through the front door. Being on my first visit to the widely renowned California, I thought it my duty to see all the sights. Where did you come from?"

"Oh, I live here. I've lived here for twenty-four years."

"Great Scott!" His eyes bulged. "You've lived in this house for twenty-four years?"

"Twenty-four years."

"And you're not dead yet—I beg pardon," hastily. "I am afraid you think me very rude."

"No, I do not. I am glad you realize how dreadful it is. Nobody else ever does. These people have known me for most of that time, and it has never occurred to them to wonder how I stood it. Do you know that you are the first young person I have spoken with for years and years?"

"You don't mean it!" His boyish soul was filled with pity. "Well, I should think you'd bolt and run."

"What use? I've stayed too long. I'm an old woman now, and may as well stay till the end."

The youth was beginning to feel embarrassed, but was spared the effort of making a suitable reply by the entrance of Dr. Webster. The old man was clad in shining broadcloth, whose maker was probably dead these many years. He leaned on a cane heavily mounted with gold.

"Howdy, howdy, howdy?" he cried, in his rough but hospitable tones. "Glad to see you. Didn't think you'd come. Yes, I did, though," with a chuckle. "Well, come down to dinner, I'm hungry."

He turned his back without individual greeting, and led the way along the hall, then down a narrow, creaking stairway to the basement dining-room, an apartment as stark and cheerless as the parlor, albeit the silver on the table was very old and heavy, the linen unsurpassed.

The guests seated themselves as they listed, the youngster almost clinging to Miss Williams. The doctor hurriedly ladled the soup, announcing that he had a notion to let them help themselves, he was so hungry. When he had given them this brief attention he supplied his own needs with the ladle direct from the tureen.

"Old beast!" muttered Mrs. Holt. "It's disgusting to be so rich that you can do as you please."

But for this remark, delivered as the ladle fell with a clatter on the empty soup plate, the first course was disposed of amid profound silence. No one dared to converse except as the master led, and the master was taking the edge off his appetite.

The soup was removed and a lavish dinner laid on the table. Dr. Webster sacrificed his rigid economic tenets at the kitchen door, but there was no rejoicing in the hearts of the guests. They groaned in spirit as they contemplated the amount they should be forced to consume at one of the clock.

The doctor carved the turkeys into generous portions, ate his, then began to talk.

"Cleveland will be reëlected," he announced, dictatorially. "Do you hear? Harrison has no show at all. What say?" His shaggy brows rushed together. He had detected a faint murmur of dissent. "Did you say he wouldn't, John Holt?"

"No, no," disclaimed Mr. Holt, who was a scarlet Republican. "Cleveland will be reëlected beyond a doubt."

"Well, if I hear any of you voting for Harrison! I suppose you think I can't find out what ticket you vote! But I'll find out, sirs. Mark my words, Holt, if you vote the Republican ticket——"

He stopped ominously and brought his teeth together with a vicious click. Holt raised his wine glass nervously. The doctor held his note to a considerable amount.

"The Republican party is dead—dead as a door nail," broke in an unctuous voice. A stout man with a shrewd, careful face leaned forward. "Don't let it give you a thought, doctor. What do you think of the prospects for wheat?"

"Never better, never better. They say the Northern crops will fail, but it's a lie. They can't fail. You needn't worry, Meeker. Don't pull that long face, sir; I don't like it."

"The reports are not very encouraging," began a man of bile and nerves and melancholy mien. "And this early rain——"

"Don't contradict me, sir," cried Webster. "I say they can't fail. They haven't failed for eight years. Why should they fail now?"

"No reason at all, sir; no reason at all," replied the victim, hurriedly.

"It does me good to hear your prognostications."

"I hear there is a slight rise in Con. Virginia," interposed Mrs. Holt, who had cultivated tact.

"Nonsense!" almost shouted the tyrant. The heavy silver fork of his ancestors fell to his plate with a crash. "The mine's rotten as an old lung. There isn't a handful of decent ore left in her. No more clodhoppers 'll get rich out of that mine. You haven't been investing, have you?" His ferret eyes darted from one face to another. "If you have, don't you ever darken my doors again! I don't approve of stock gambling, and you know it."

The guests, one and all, assured him that not one of their hard-earned dollars had gone to the stock market.

"Great Scott!" murmured the youth to Miss Williams; "is this the way he always goes on? Have these people no self-respect?"

"They're used to him. This sort of thing has gone on ever since I came here. You see, he has made this lake the most aristocratic part of the city, so that it gives one great social importance to live here; and as he won't sell the houses, they have to let him trample on their necks, and he loves to do that better than he loves his money. But that is not the only reason. They hope he will leave them those houses when he dies. They certainly deserve that he should. For years, before they owned carriages, they would tramp through wind and rain every Sunday in Winter to play billiards with him, to say nothing of the hot days in Summer. They have eaten this midday dinner that they hate time out of mind. They have listened to his interminable yarns, oft repeated, about early California. In all these years they have never contradicted him, not once. They thought he'd die long ago, and now they're under his heel, and they couldn't get up and assert themselves if they tried. All they can do is to abuse him behind his back."

"It all seems disgusting to me."

His independent spirit was very attractive to the companion.

"I'd like to bluff him at his own game, the old slave-driver," he continued.

"Oh, don't! don't!" she quavered.

She was, in truth, anxiously awaiting the moment when Dr. Webster should see fit to give his attention to the stranger.

He laughed outright.

"Why, what makes you so afraid of him? He doesn't beat you, does he?"

"It isn't that. It's the personality of the man, added to force of habit."

"Well, Mr. Strowbridge," cried Dr. Webster, suddenly addressing the youth, "what are you doing for this world? I hear you are just out of Harvard College. College men never amount to a row of pins."

Strowbridge flushed and bit his lip, but controlled himself.

"Never amount to a row of pins," roared the doctor, irritated by the haughty lifting of the young man's head. "Don't even get any more book-learning now, I understand. Nothing but football and boat-racing. Think that would make a fortune in a new country? Got any money of your own?"

"My father, since you ask me, is a rich man—as well as a gentleman," said Strowbridge, with the expression of half-frightened anger of the man who is righteously indignant, but knows that he has not the advantages of cool wit and scathing repartee, and who, in consequence, is apt to lose his head. "He inherited his money, and was not forced to go to a new country and become a savage," he blurted out.

Mr. Holt extended himself beneath the table and trod with terrified significance on Strowbridge's foot. Miss Williams fluttered with terror and admiration. The other guests gazed at the youth in dismay. For the first time in the history of Webster Hall the grizzly had been bearded in his lair.

"Sir! sir!" sputtered Webster. Then he broke into a roar. "Who

asked this cub here, anyway? Who said you could write and ask permission to bring your friends to my house? How dare you—how dare you—how dare you, sir, speak to me like that? Do you know, sir—"

"Oh, I know all about you," exclaimed Strowbridge, whose young blood was now uncontrollable. "You are an ill-bred, purse-proud old tyrant, who wouldn't be allowed to sit at a table in California if it wasn't for your vulgar money." He pushed back his chair and stood up. "I wish you good-day, sir. I pity you. You haven't a friend on earth. I also apologize for my rudeness. My only excuse is that I couldn't help it."

And he went hurriedly from the room.

To Miss Williams the feeble light went with him. The appalled guests attacked their food with feverish energy. Dr. Webster stared stupidly at the door; then his food gave out the sound of ore in a crusher. He did not speak for some time. When he did he ignored the subject of young Strowbridge. His manner was appreciably milder—somewhat dazed—although he by no means gave evidence of being humbled to the dust. The long dinner dragged to its close. The women went up to the parlor to sip tea with Miss Webster and slide up and down the furniture. The men followed the doctor to the billiard-room. They were stupid and sleepy, but for three hours they were forced to alternately play and listen to the old man's anecdotes of the days when he fought and felled the grizzly. He seemed particularly anxious to impress his hearers with his ancient invincibility.

That night, in his big four-posted mahogany bed in which he had been born, surrounded by the massive, ugly furniture of his old New England home, Dr. Webster quietly passed away.

## II

Nor only the lakeside people, but all of the city with claims to social im-

portance attended the funeral. Never had there been such an imposing array of long faces and dark attire. Miss Webster being prostrated, the companion did the honors. The dwellers on the lake occupied the post of honor at the head of the room, just beyond the expensive casket. Their faces were studies. After Miss Williams had exchanged a word with each, Strowbridge stepped forward and bent to her ear.

"Oh, I say," he whispered, eagerly, "I have to tell some member of this family how sorry I am for losing my temper and my manners the other day. It was awfully fresh of me. Poor old boy! Do say that you forgive me."

A smile crept between her red lips.

"He had a good heart," she said. "He would have forgiven you." And then the long and impressive ceremony began.

All the great company followed the dead autocrat to the cemetery, regardless of the damaging skies. Miss Williams, as chief mourner, rode in a hack, alone, directly behind the hearse. During the dreary ride she labored conscientiously to stifle an unseemly hope. In the other carriages conversation flowed freely, and no attempt was made to discourage expectations.

Two evenings later, as the crowd of weary business men boarded the train that met the boat from the great city across the bay, it was greeted as usual by the cry of the local newsboys. This afternoon the youngsters had a rare bait, and they offered it at the top of their shrill, worn voices:

"Will of Dr. Hiram Webster! Full account of Dr. Hiram Webster's last will and testament."

A moment later the long rows of seats looked as if buried beneath an electrified avalanche of newspapers. At the end of five minutes the papers were fluttering on the floor amid the peanut shells and orange skins of the earlier travelers. There was an impressive silence, then an animated, terse and shockingly expressive conversation. Only a dozen or more sat with drawn faces and white lips.



These were the dwellers by the lake. Hiram Webster had left every cent of his large fortune to his sister.

For two weeks Webster Lake did not call on the heiress. It was too sore. At the end of that period philosophy and decency came to the rescue. Moreover, cupidity: Miss Webster, too, must make a will, and before long.

They called. Miss Webster received them amiably. Her eyes were red, but the visitors observed that her mourning was very rich; they had never seen richer. They also remarked that she held her gray old head with a loftiness that she must have acquired in the past two weeks; no one of them had ever seen it before. She did not exactly patronize them; but that she appreciated her four millions there could be no doubt.

Strowbridge glanced about in search of Miss Williams. She was not in the room. He sauntered out to the garden and saw her coming from the dairy. She wore a black alpaca frock and a dark apron. Her face was weary and sad.

"Could anyone look more hopeless!" he thought. "The selfish old curmudgeon, not to leave her independent! How her face can light up! She looks almost young."

For she had seen him and had come down the path. As he asked after her health and said that he had been looking for her she smiled and flushed a little. They sat down on the steps and chatted until approaching voices warned them that both pleasure and duty were over. She found herself admitting that she had been bitterly disappointed to learn that she was still a dependent, still chained to the gloomy mansion by the lake. Yes; she should like to travel, to go to places she had read of in the doctor's library—to live. She flushed with shame later when she reflected on her confidences—she who was so proudly reticent. And to a stranger! But she had never met anyone so sympathetic.

Many were the comments of the visitors as they drove away.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Mrs. Holt; "I do believe Marian Webster will become stuck-up in her old age."

"Four millions are a good excuse," said Mrs. Meeker, with a sigh.

"That dress did not cost a cent under three hundred dollars," remarked a third, with energy. "And it was tried on four times, if it was once. She is evidently open to consolation."

But Miss Webster had by no means ceased to furnish material for comment. A month later Mrs. Meeker burst in on Mrs. Holt. "What do you think?" she cried. "Old Miss Webster is refurnishing the house from top to bottom. I ran in just now and found everything topsyturvy. Thompson's men are there frescoing—frescoing! All the carpets have been taken up and are not in sight. Miss Webster informed me that she would show us what she could do, if she was seventy-odd, but that she didn't want anyone to call until everything was finished. Think of that house being modernized—that old whited sepulchre!"

Mrs. Holt had dropped the carriage blanket she was embroidering for her daughter's baby. "Are you dreaming?" she gasped. "Hiram will haunt the place!"

"Just you wait. Miss Webster hasn't waited all these years for nothing."

Nor had she. The sudden and stupendous change in her fortunes had routed grief—made her dizzy with possibilities. She had no desire to travel, but she had had a lifelong and devouring one for luxury. She might not have many more years to live, she reiterated to Miss Williams, but during those years her wealth should buy her all that her soul had ever yearned for.

In due course the old, exclusive families of the infant city received large squares of pasteboard heavily bordered with black, intimating that Miss Webster would be at home to her friends on Thursdays at four of the clock. On the first Thursday thereafter the parlor of Webster Hall

was just as crowded as on the day of the funeral. "But who would ever know the old barrack?" as the visitors whispered. Costly lace hid the window panes, heavy pale blue satin the ancient frames. The walls were frescoed with pink angels rising from the tinting clouds of dawn. The carpet was of light blue velvet; the deep, luxurious chairs and divans, and the portières, were of blue satin. The woodwork was enameled with silver. Out in the wide hall Persian rugs lay on the inlaid floors, tapestry cloth hid the walls. Carved furniture stood in the niches and the alcoves. Through the open doors of the library the guests saw walls upholstered with leather, low bookcases, busts of marble and bronze. An old laboratory off the doctor's study had been transformed into a dining-room, as elegant and conventional as the other rooms. There a dainty luncheon was spread.

Miss Webster led the lakeside people up stairs. The many spare bedrooms had been handsomely furnished, each in a different color. When the guests were finally permitted to enter Miss Webster's own virgin bower their chins dropped helplessly. Only this saved them from laughing outright.

The room was furnished as for a pampered beauty. The walls were covered with pink silk veiled with delicate lace. The white enamel bed and dressing-table were bountifully draped with the same materials. Light filtered through rustling pink. The white carpet was sprinkled with pink roses. The trappings of the dressing-table were of crystal and gold. In one corner stood a Psyche mirror. Two tall lamps were hooded with pink.

All saw the humor; none the pathos.

The doctor's room had been left untouched. Sentiment and the value of the old mahogany had saved it. Miss Williams's room was also the same little cell. She assisted to receive the guests in a new black silk gown. Miss Webster was clad from head to foot in English crêpe, with deep collar and girdle of dull jet.

That was a memorable day in the history of the city.

Thereafter Miss Webster gave an elaborate dinner party every Sunday evening at seven o'clock. No patient groans greeted her invitations. Never did a lone woman receive such unflagging attentions.

At each dinner she wore a different gown. It was at the third that she dazzled her guests with an immense pair of diamond earrings. At the fourth they whispered that she had been having her nails manicured. At the fifth it was painfully evident that she was laced. At the sixth they stared and held their breath: Miss Webster was unmistakably painted. But it was at the tenth dinner that they were speechless and stupid: Miss Webster wore a blond wig.

"They can just talk all they like," said the lady to her companion that last night, as she sat before her mirror regarding her aged charms. "I have four millions, and I shall do as I please. It's the first time I ever could, and I intend to enjoy every privilege that wealth and independence can give. Whose business is it, anyway?" she demanded, querulously.

"No one's. But it is a trifle ridiculous, and you must expect people to talk."

"They'd better talk!" There was a sudden suggestion of her brother's personality never before apparent. "But why is it ridiculous, I should like to know? Hasn't a woman the right to be young if she can? I loved Hiram. I was a faithful and devoted sister; but he took my youth, and now that he has given it back, as it were, I'll make the most of it."

"You can't be young again."

"Perhaps not, in years; but I'll have all that belongs to youth."

"Not all. No man will love you."

Miss Webster brought her false teeth together with a snap. "Why not, I should like to know? What difference do a few years make? Seventy is not much, in any other calculation. Fancy if you had only seventy dollars between you and

starvation! Think of how many thousands of years old the world is! I have now all that makes a woman attractive—wealth, beautiful surroundings, scientific care. The steam is taking out my wrinkles; I can see it."

She turned suddenly from the glass and flashed a look of resentment on her companion.

"But I wish I had your thirty years' advantage. I do! I do! Then they'd see."

The two women regarded each other in silence for a long moment. Love had gone from the eyes and the hearts of both. Hate, unacknowledged as yet, was growing. Miss Webster bitterly envied the wide gulf between old age and her quarter-century companion and friend. Abigail bitterly envied the older woman's power to invoke the resemblance and appurtenances of youth to indulge her lifelong yearnings.

When the companion went to her pillow that night she wept passionately. "I will go," she said. "I'll be a servant; but I'll stay here no longer."

The next morning she stood on the veranda and watched Miss Webster drive away to market. The carriage and horses were the finest that California could import and raise. The coachman and footman were in livery. The heiress was attired in lustreless black silk elaborately trimmed with jet. A large hat covered with plumes was kept in place above her painted face and red wig by a heavily dotted veil—that crier of departed charms. She held a black lace parasol in one carefully gloved hand. Her pretty foot was encased in patent leather.

"The old fool!" murmured Abby. "Why, oh, why could it not have been mine? I could make myself young without making myself ridiculous."

She let her duties go and sauntered down to the lake. Many painted boats were anchored close to ornamental boathouses. They seemed strangely out of place beneath the sad old willows. The lawns were green with the green

of Spring. Roses ran riot everywhere. The windows of the handsome old-fashioned houses were open, and Abby was afforded glimpses of fluttering white gowns, heard the tinkle of the mandolins, the cold, precise strains of the piano, the sudden uplifting of a youthful soprano.

"After all, it only makes a little difference to them that they got nothing," thought the companion, with a sigh.

A young man stepped from the long windows of the Holt mansion and came down the lawn. Miss Williams recognized Strowbridge. She had not seen him since the day of the funeral; but he had had his part in her bitter moments, and her heart beat at sight of him to-day.

"I, too, am a fool," she thought. "Even with her money my case would be hopeless. I am nearly double his age."

He jumped into a boat and rowed up the lake. As he passed the Webster grounds he looked up and saw Abby standing there.

"Hulloa!" he called, as if he were addressing a girl of sixteen. "How are you, all these years? Jump in and take a row."

He made his landing, sprang to the shore and led her to the boat with the air of one who was not in the habit of being refused. Abby had no inclination to suppress him. She stepped lightly into the boat, and a moment later was gliding upstream, looking with admiring eyes on the strong young figure in its sweater and white trousers. A yachting cap was pulled over his blue eyes. His face was bronzed. Abby wondered if many young men were as handsome as he. As a matter of fact, he was merely a fine specimen of American manhood, whose charm lay in his frank manner and kindness of heart.

"Like this?" he asked, smiling into her eyes.

"Yes, indeed. Hiram used to row us sometimes; but the boat lurched so when he lost his temper that I was in constant fear of being tipped over."

"Hiram must have been a terror to cats."

"A what?"

"Beg pardon! Of course you don't know much slang. Beastly habit."

He rowed up and down the lake many times, floating idly in the long recesses where the willows met overhead. He talked constantly; told her yarns of his college life; described boat races and football matches in which he had taken part. At first his only impulse was to amuse the lonely old maid; but she proved such a delighted and sympathetic listener that he forgot to pity her. An hour passed, and with it her bitterness. She no longer felt that she must leave Webster Hall. But she remembered her duties, and regretfully asked him to land her.

"Well, if I must," he said. "But I'm sorry, and we'll do it again some day. I'm awfully obliged to you for coming."

"Obliged to me?—you?" she said, as he helped her to shore. "Oh, you don't know—" And laughing lightly, she went rapidly up the path to the house.

Miss Webster was standing on the veranda. Her brows were together in an ugly scowl.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "So you've been gallivanting about with boys in your old age! Aren't you ashamed to make such an exhibition of yourself?"

Abby felt as if a hot palm had struck her face. Then a new spirit, born of caressed vanity, asserted itself.

"Wouldn't you have done the same if you had been asked?" she demanded.

Miss Webster turned her back and went up to her room. She locked the door and burst into tears. "I can't help it," she sobbed, helplessly. "It's dreadful of me to hate Abby after all these years; but—those terrible thirty! I'd give three of my millions to be where she is. I used to think she was old, too. But she isn't. She's young! Young!—a baby, compared to me. I could more than

be her mother. Oh, I must try as a Christian woman to tear this feeling from my heart."

She wrote off a cheque and directed it to her pastor, then rang for the trained nurse her physician had imported from New York, and ordered her to steam and massage her face and rub her old body with spirits of wine and unguents.

Strowbridge acquired the habit of dropping in on Miss Williams at all hours. Sometimes he called at the dairy and sat on a corner of the table while she superintended the butter-making. He liked her old-fashioned music, and often persuaded her to play for him on the new grand piano in the sky-blue parlor. He brought her many books by the latter-day authors, all of them stories by men about men. He had a young contempt for the literature of sentiment and sex. Even Miss Webster grew to like him, partly because he ignored the possibility of her doing otherwise, partly because his vital, frank personality was irresistible. She even invited him informally to dinner; and after a time he joked and geyed her as if she were a schoolgirl, which pleased her mightily. Of Miss Williams he was sincerely fond.

"You are so jolly companionable, don't you know," he would say to her. "Most girls are bores; don't know enough to have anything to talk about, and want to be flattered and flirted with all the time. But I feel as if you were just another fellow, don't you know."

"Oh, I am used to the rôle of companion," she would reply.

With the first days of June he returned to Boston, and the sun turned gray for one woman.

Life went its way in the old house. People became accustomed to the spectacle of Miss Webster rejuvenated, and forgot to flatter. It may be added that men forgot to propose, in spite of the four millions. Deeper grew the gulf between the two women. Once in every week Abby vowed she would leave, but habit was too strong. Once in every week Miss

Webster vowed she would turn the companion out, but dependence on the younger woman had grown into the fibres of her old being.

Strowbridge returned the following Summer. Almost immediately he called on Miss Williams.

"I feel as if you were one of the oldest friends I have in the world, don't you know," he said, as they sat together on the veranda. "And I've brought you a little present—if you don't mind. I thought maybe you wouldn't."

He took a small case from his pocket, touched a spring, and revealed a tiny gold watch and fob. "You know," he had said to himself as he bought it, "I can give it to her because she's so much older than myself. It's not vulgar, like giving handsome presents to girls. And then, we are friends. I'm sure she won't mind, poor old thing!" Nevertheless, he looked at her with some apprehension.

His misgivings proved to be vagaries of his imagination. Abby gazed at the beautiful toy with radiant face. "For me!" she exclaimed—"that lovely thing? And you really bought it for me?"

"Why, of course I did," he said, too relieved to note the significance of her pleasure. "And you'll take it?"

"Indeed I'll take it." She laid it on her palm and looked at it with rapture. She fastened the fob in a buttonhole of her waist, but removed it with a shake of the head. "I'll just keep it to look at, and only wear it with my black silk. It's out of place on this rusty alpaca."

"What a close-fisted old girl the Circus must—"

"Oh, hush, hush! She might hear you." Abby rose hastily. "Let us walk in the garden."

They sauntered between the now well-kept lawns and flower-beds and entered a long avenue of fig trees. The purple fruit hung abundantly among the large green leaves. Miss Williams opened one of the figs and showed Strowbridge the red, luscious pith.

"You don't have these over there."

"We don't. Are they good to eat this way?"

She held one of the oval halves to his mouth.

"Eat!" she said.

And he did. Then he ate a dozen more that she broke for him.

"I feel like a greedy schoolboy," he said. "But they are good, and no mistake. You have introduced me to another pleasure. Now, let us go and take a pull."

All that afternoon there was no mirror to tell her that she was not the girl who had come to Webster Hall a quarter of a century before. That night she knelt long by her bed, pressing her hands about her face.

"I am a fool, I know," she thought, "but such things have been. If only I had a little of her money!"

The next day she went down to the lake, not admitting that she expected him to take her out; it would be enough to see him. She saw him. He rowed past with Elinor Holt, the most beautiful girl of the lakeside. His gaze was fixed on the flushed face, the limpid eyes. He did not look up.

Miss Williams walked back to the house with the odd feeling that she had been smitten with paralysis and some unseen force was propelling her. But she was immediately absorbed in the manifold duties of the housekeeping. When leisure came reaction had preceded it.

"I am a fool," she thought. "Of course he must show Elinor Holt attention. He is her father's guest. But he might have looked up."

That night she could not sleep. She was suddenly lifted from her thoughts by strange sounds that came to her from the hall without. She opened the door cautiously. A white figure was flitting up and down, wringing its hands, the gray hair bobbing about the jerking head.

"No use!" it moaned. "No use, no use, no use! I'm old, old, old! Seventy-four, seventy-four, seventy-four! Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! oh, Lord! Thy ways are past finding out. Amen!"



Abby closed her door hurriedly. She felt the tragedy out there was not for mortal eyes to look upon. In a few moments she heard the steps pause before her door. Hands beat lightly upon it.

"Give me back those thirty years!" whimpered the old voice. "They are mine! You have stolen them from me!"

Abby's hair rose. "Is Marian going mad?" she thought.

But the next morning Miss Webster looked as usual when she appeared, after her late breakfast in bed, bedecked for her drive to market. She had modified her mourning, and wore a lavender cheviot, and the parasol and hat were in harmony with all but herself.

"Poor old caricature!" thought Abby. "She makes me feel young."

A week later, when the maid entered Miss Webster's bedroom at the accustomed morning hour, she found that the bed had not been occupied. Nor was her mistress visible. The woman informed Miss Williams at once, and together they searched the house. They found her in her brother's room, in the old mahogany bed in which she, too, had been born. She was dead. Her gray hair was smooth under her lace nightcap. Her hands were folded, the nails glistening in the dusky room. Death had come peacefully, as to her brother. What had taken her there to meet it was the last mystery of her strange old soul.

### III

AGAIN a funeral in the old house, again a crowd of mourners. This time there was less ostentation of grief, for no one was left worth impressing. The lakeside people gathered, as before, at the upper end of the parlor and gossiped freely. "Miss Williams ought to have put the blond wig on her," said Mrs. Holt. "I am sure that is what Marian would have done for herself. Poor Marian! She was a good soul, after all, and really gave liberally to charity. I wonder

if she has left Miss Williams anything?"

"Of course. She will come in for a good slice. Who is better entitled to a legacy?"

Pertinent question! They exchanged amused glances. Words were superfluous, but Mrs. Holt continued:

"I think we are pretty sure of our shanties this time; Marian was really fond of us, and had neither kith nor kin; but I, for one, am going to make sure of some memento of the famous Webster estate." And she deliberately opened a cabinet, lifted down a small antique teapot and slipped it into her bag.

The others laughed noiselessly. "That is like your humor," said Mrs. Meeker. Then all bent their heads reverently. The ceremony had begun.

Two days later Miss Williams wandered restlessly up and down the hall waiting for the evening newspaper. She made no attempt to deceive herself this time. She thought tenderly of the dead, but she was frankly eager to learn just what position in the world her old friend's legacy would give her. Two or three times she had been on the point of going to a hotel; but deeply as she hated the place, the grip of the years was too strong. She felt that she could not go until the law compelled her.

"I cannot get the capital for ten months," she thought, "but I can get the income, or borrow; and I can live in the city, or perhaps— But I must not think of that."

A boy appeared at the end of the walk. His arms were full of newspapers, and he rolled one with expert haste. Miss Williams could contain herself no further. She ran down the walk. The boy gave the paper a sudden twist and threw it to her. She caught it and ran up stairs to her room and locked the door. For a moment she turned faint. Then she shook the paper violently apart. She had not far to search. The will of so important a personage as Miss Webster was necessarily on the first page. The "story" occupied a column, and

the contents were set forth in the headlines. The headlines read as follows:

WILL OF MISS MARIAN  
WEBSTER

SHE LEAVES HER VAST FOR-  
TUNE TO CHARITY

FOUR MILLIONS THE PRICE  
OF ETERNAL FAME

NO LEGACIES

The room whirled about the forgotten woman. She turned sick, then cold to her marrow. She fell limply to the floor, and crouched there with the newspaper in her hand. After a time she spread it out on the floor and spelled through the dancing characters in the long column. Her name was not mentioned. Those thirty years had outweighed the devotion of more than half a lifetime. It was the old woman's only revenge, and she had taken it.

No tears came to Miss Williams's relief. She gasped occasionally. "How could she? how could she? how could she?" her mind reiterated. "What difference would it have made to her after she was dead? And I—oh, God!—what will become of me?" For a time she did not think of Strowbridge. When she did, it was to see him smiling into the eyes of Elinor Holt. Her delusion fell from her in that hour of terrible realities. Had she read of his engagement in the newspaper before her she would have felt no surprise. She knew now what had brought him back to California. Many trifles that she had not noted at the time linked themselves symmetrically together, and the chain bound the two young people.

"Fool! fool!" she exclaimed. "But no—thank heaven, I had that one little dream!—the only one in forty-three years!"

The maid tapped at her door and announced dinner. She bade her go away. She remained on the

floor, in the dark, for many hours. The stars were bright, but the wind lashed the lake, whipped the trees against the roof. When the night was half-done she staggered to her feet. Her limbs were cramped and numbed. She opened the door and listened. The lights were out, the house was still. She limped over to the room which had been Miss Webster's. That, too, was dark. She lighted the lamps and flooded the room with soft, pink light. She let down her hair, and with the old lady's long scissors cut a thick bang. The hair fell softly, but the part of years was obtrusive. A bottle of gum tragacanth stood on one corner of the dressing-table, and with its contents Abby matted the unneighborly locks together. The bang covered her careworn brow, but her face was pallid, faded. She knew where Miss Webster had kept her cosmetics. A moment later an array of bottles, jars and rouge-pots stood on the table before her.

She applied the white paint, then the red. She darkened her eyelashes, drew the lip-salve across her pale mouth. She arranged her soft, abundant hair in a loose knot. Then she flung off her black frock, selected a magnificent white satin dinner-gown from the wardrobe, and donned it. The square neck was filled with lace, and it hid her skinny throat. She put her feet into French slippers and drew long gloves up to her elbows. Then she regarded herself in the Psyche mirror.

Her eyes glittered. The cosmetics, in the soft, pink light, were the tintings of nature and youth. She was almost beautiful.

"That is what I might have been without aid of art had wealth been mine from the moment that care of nature's gifts was necessary," she said, addressing her image. "I should not have needed paint for years yet, and when I did I should have known how to use it! I need not have been old and worn at forty-three. Even now—even now—if wealth were mine, and happiness!" She leaned forward, and pressing

her finger against the glass, spoke deliberately. There was no passion in her tones: "When that letter came twenty-five years ago offering me a home, I wish I had flouted it, although I did not have five dollars in the world. I wish I had become a harlot—a harlot! do you hear? Nothing—nothing in life can be as bad as life empty, wasted, emotionless, stagnant! I have existed forty-three years in this great, beautiful, multiform world, and I might as well have died at birth for all that it has meant to me. Nature gave me abundantly of her instincts. I could have been a devoted wife, a happy mother, a gay and careless harlot! I would have chosen the first, but failing that—rather the last a thousand times than this! For then I should have

had some years of pleasure, excitement, knowledge——"

She turned abruptly and started for the door, stopped, hesitated, then walked slowly to the wardrobe. She unhooked a frock of nun's veiling and tore out the back breadths. She returned to the mirror and fastened the soft, flowing stuff to her head with several of the dead woman's ornamental pins.

For a few moments longer she gazed at herself, this time silently. Her eyes had the blank look of introspection. Then she went from the house and down to the lake.

The next day the city on the ranchos was able to assure itself comfortably that Webster Lake had had its tragedy.

Of the Tragedy it knew nothing.

## TIME'S TRAGEDIES

THEY'D been parted half a year  
By the force of circumstances  
And the will of those austere  
Levelers of young romances.  
(I allude to parents here.)

Now they were again to meet  
At a party, large and stately,  
And their hearts together beat—  
Beat as one, but separately.  
(Which was surely more discreet.)

She had dressed herself with care,  
Though her fingers were a-trembling,  
And three times she'd done her hair.  
He—to speak without dissembling—  
Gave up shaving in despair.

To the ball, while early yet,  
Just to see how each one bore it,  
Went these two, with souls a-fret,  
But they did not—I deplore it—  
*Know each other when they met!*

CAROLINE DUER.

## THREE TYPES

ONE woman loved me. She was sweet and shy,  
 With roguish smiles and merry, dimpling face;  
 Hovering round me like a butterfly,  
 Bestowing kisses with a dainty grace.  
 But when we faced the future—and she knew—  
 With startled, angry eyes she set me free.  
 Although her heart was tolerant and true,  
 She loved me not enough to sin for me.

Another woman loved me. No dark doubt  
 Her heart might vanquish or her spirit tame;  
 Blind with a passion that had blotted out  
 In radiant happiness all thought of shame.  
 Through good or evil she my fate would share,  
 Proudly unmindful of the world's decree,  
 Willing for love's sweet sake all ills to bear,  
 She loved me well enough to sin for me.

Another woman, calm and holy-eyed,  
 Cold to all others, me her great heart gave;  
 Supremely happy if but by my side,  
 Longing in secret to be but my slave.  
 She spent her sad, despairing life alone—  
 And that she loved me best of all the three  
 Was by her brave renunciation shown—  
 She loved me far too well to sin for me.

CAROLYN WELLS.



## THE ARITHMETIC OF COURTSHIP

STRICT MAMMA—Penelope, what time was it when that young man left last night?

PERT PENELOPE—Only a quarter of twelve, mamma.

SUSPICIOUS PAPA—Huh! I heard the hall clock strike three just as the outside door closed.

PERT PENELOPE—Well, papa, isn't three a quarter of twelve?



## PROVING THE OLD THEORY

MRS. CRAWFORD—Does your husband believe that two can live for the same as one?

MRS. GAYBOY—I'm afraid so, my dear. At any rate, he spends all his money on himself.

## THE LADY DEMI-TASSE

By Fletcher Cowan

I WAS born, as nearly as I can recollect, on the doorstep of the Grand Châtel in Bleecker street, when that famous restaurant was in its prime. I say that I was born there because it was only when I crossed its threshold and found myself entering into the presence of a seven-course dinner, served with wine for fifty cents, that I really felt this life possessed a future.

My career as a table d'hôte has been an extended one, and when I say this it must be remembered that I have lived as long as the youngest chicken that was ever served to me.

Fate must, in my case, have been originally very kind. Blessed with an appetite that can look with equal graciousness on each and every feature of the boldest menu ever compounded, I was also gifted with a subtle divination that guides me unerringly to those sumptuaries where the board bountiful offers much and asks little.

My love for spaghetti I inherited from my mother, who possessed a nature as sinuously elusive as the material itself, but not sufficiently so to escape my father, from whom I derived my taste for California claret, he being a trader in cochineal. Ah, what wines I have seen the powder of! As I write, a film comes over my eyes and my mind is a-dream with pictures of the old hunger coves, many of which have long since ceased to exist; places in cellars, places up flights of stairs and places through holes in the wall, with dim lights burning ahead as beacons.

I remember one in particular—a cobwebbed back room, with purée-

stained tablecloths, napkins damp from the mangle, chipped platters, nicked steel cutlery and smoking bracket-lamps that dropped oil into the salad automatically. I recall another, with its wall of chianti flasks and the spill-glass in the centre of the table crowded with Italian bread sticks, the latter something to live up to, like the cap-broom of the Plantagenets. I remember its sanded floor and the real live roaches on the walls. And then the French places, with their domestic wall-papers and their *à la* Gascognes and Bretagnes, and Bernaises and Bordelaises, names as colorative as the music of Massenet differentiating the temperaments of Andalusia and Navarre.

Times have changed since then. The sanded floors of old are carpeted; there are no longer any roaches on the walls; everything has become respectable. But mine is a mercurial nature, and I can truthfully say that I have yielded with cheerful submission to the mutations of time and circumstance. I admit that the institution of to-day moves on a broader and more magnificent plane than formerly, and that the butter is better. I confess that a *sauce piquante* is improved by an orchestral accompaniment, and I rejoice at the presence of the electric light, which enables me to detect portions that might otherwise be undiscernible. There is, also, a charm in the multiplicity of courses offered; yet I cannot understand, offering so many, why they do not offer more.

It may be suspected here that I elevate the capacity for the enjoyment of quantity above that of quality. To an extent this may be so. Quality,



I take it, is an attribute of the fancy, pertaining to that condition of prandial vicissitude in which there is so little present to eat that you have time left to rave over its excellence. I have always been a worshipper of the power of matter. The Alps or the Andes produce upon us the effect of awe because of their preponderance. I like a dinner to affect me so for similar reasons. This brings me to my story.

Let no one think me a selfish man. Often in the night I have tossed on my pillow, conscience-stricken, and prayed that I had someone to share with me my meals. Often when, through sudden indisposition or some attack of premature satiety, I could not avail myself of all the privileges I was entitled to, I have thought of the pity of good material being wasted while people in the world were starving. Is forbearance counted one of the cardinal characteristics? It meets with small reward, for I have gone to that same restaurant the evening following my sacrifice, in the prime of health, with an appetite that felt like sweeping everything before it, and found that the law of "choice only" remained inexorable. And often have I resented this arbitrary ruling and aspersed the custom that has the effrontery to suggest two dishes and allow but one.

I am writing of the time when this subject became the dominant problem of my life—how to disestablish the absurd law of "choice only;" how, if perchance I wished to double on my courses, I could do so with all the right and dignity of an American citizen, and no lily-livered garçon smirk me nay. Failing to disestablish, then how to circumvent? The answer came simply—identify myself with a companion, and together carry the place by assault! The whole menu would be ours, and we should each get our share of everything. The inspiration came to me one evening, as I sat in my favorite corner by the rolling-doors at the White Rat. I had just gained a lobster with *sauce tartare*, and lost some frogs' legs rampant. As the idea

flashed on me, I laughed triumphantly aloud, until the waiters turned to look at me. But even as I warmed to a glow at the prospect, Caution whispered: "Be careful! you are an exclusive man, not given to dining out with company; you may not find companions to your liking." But, I argued with myself, how can this companion disappoint me? I am looking for no affinity. All I require is a table automaton with just sufficient initiative in its springs to pay its share of the dinner. I do not even insist that he shall eat, though it would look odd if he did not. In fact, a fitful incapacity on his part would be an advantage. It should be a compact pure and simple, to meet, sit down, eat, get up, pay and part; the talk at table to be only that which should be absolutely necessary, such as, "Salt, please," "Pepper, an you will;" politics, religion, poetry and art to be resolutely excluded as matter calculated to distract the attention from the earnestness of the main work in hand. But should I be able to find a man willing to make a business-like matter of what is now so generally looked on as a social diversion? I determined to try, taking care that my overtures, at least, should not betray too much severity of plan. Toward this end I placed the following personal in one of the morning papers:

A gentleman of taste and capacity would like to form the acquaintance of a companion similarly equipped. Object—enjoyment of friendly society while dining out.

Address,

GORGONZOLA.

Box 141.

I called at the newspaper office in the evening, and a letter was handed me. It read:

GORGONZOLA:

Respected Sir—Permit me to answer your personal in to-day's paper. The evident refinement of the writer makes me feel that, at last, I may find myself in the presence of one who will meet a lady as a friend, without using the un-

conventional method of the acquaintanceship to exceed his privileges.

Address,

DEMI-TASSE.

Box 89.

Gentle reader, hast thou ever in thy life, without warning, been hit by a bolt of lightning, tindered out of a clear sky? Imagine my feelings as I read that letter. From a lady! Here was a solution of the "choice only" problem that I had not bargained for. Vaulting ambition had o'erleaped itself, and my little oversight in failing to specify the sex of the companion had placed me in a position tragically embarrassing. Yet I cannot say I was dismayed, for with the consciousness that a lady had appeared on the scene my bolt of lightning, somehow, took on the pleasing gentleness of sunshine. From my cradle I had never been too busy to be a gentleman, and indeed, before I forswore the vanities of this life to devote myself to the science of table d'hôte, I had been reckoned somewhat of a cavalier. Plainly, I was outpointed; but a quixotic something, stronger than sense, told me that the lady's letter must be answered, and that I must purchase a new pair of gloves.

As I considered thus, I was still standing in the newspaper office, not far from the wall of pigeonholes that constituted its letter bureau. It was then about five o'clock in the evening, for I had been delayed in reaching the office by an exhibition of some Claude Monet paintings, that it had taken me all day to commence to understand. I had advanced to the desk to ask for stationery with which to answer my correspondent's letter, when I felt a brush of silk beside me and heard a woman's voice ask of the clerk:

"Is there nothing in 89?"

Gentle reader, hast thou ever in thy life, after a long day that has seemed cold and gray and lonely, felt the warm wind suddenly creep up out of the South with whispers of the Spring? I turned and looked at her, and said:

"I beg your pardon. I was delayed."

Her face was quietly beautiful, and I saw that she was at once attracted by my hair, on which, I may say, up to that time I had spared neither trouble nor expense. There was something about her manner that showed at once the breeding of a patrician—a stately composure, which could not, however, repress the fact that in spite of her inborn superiority she was still considerably interested in life. I shall remember it always to her credit that, no matter what her private feelings were at the first sight of myself, she concealed her pleasure as tactfully as her disappointment. She met me with a gracious "Good-afternoon."

I at once assisted her to a car, to relieve us both from embarrassment. During our ride we came closer together, as people do on a traction vehicle, with the result that, acting on my suggestion, we got off at the art galleries and went in to see the Claude Monet paintings. I had in my mind a little maroon-draped room just off the main gallery where in the subdued light of the closing day we might sit and discuss the preliminaries of our friendship. I found, as we entered the galleries, that my lady was at once in familiar surroundings and thoroughly acquainted with the Cathedral pictures, which she had already seen in Paris. Her knowledge of art was a revelation. She had a command of all the technical expressions; she spoke with confidence and an entire absence of any attempt at effect. Only once did she permit herself to grow eloquent, and that was over Monet's "wonderful *impasto*," which she assured me was accomplished by the palette-knife instead of a trowel. She also decided that many of the pictures that I had thought placed upside down were properly hung. It is a only a step, of course, from art to literature, and in this I found her very strong. Her conversation was most instructive, as half the time I could not understand her. Once, while she was on the subject of Orien-

tal literature, I ventured to ask her what she thought of "Ben Hur," upon which she gave me a look of pity. I saw I had committed some mistake, and to retrieve I mentioned "David Harum." She was still distressed. I spoke then of "Quo Vadis," when she rose, for we were sitting on the ottoman in the little room, and looking about her apprehensively, said:

"Oh, sir, don't! Someone will hear you."

The voice of the attendant now rang through the galleries, calling the close of the exhibition for the day, whereupon I rose also, and to cover my discomfort, suggested that we go to dinner. She apparently forgave me, for she smiled and, as we left the building, took my arm as if she had been used to doing so for years. As we crossed the Park, I know not how it was, but I found myself walking on ether instead of asphalt, and my arm, which held hers interlocked, was a thrill with that peculiar rapture which means the propinquity of a lady.

We arrived at the restaurant. The place I had selected turned out to be one famed for a dinner *à la bohémienne*. Metropolitanist as I was, the establishment had not come within my ken until that very morning, when my attention had been attracted to its possible advantages by an advertisement on a Broadway cable car. One of the peculiarities of the place was the extensiveness of its menu, which was built on the plan of a continuous performance. The meal was accompanied by music, and a striking feature was that any wine or wines that might be called for were served without extra charge, this being included with the dinner, the price of which was unquotably reasonable. I had decided on this place not so much because it might lead to a discovery important to myself, as that, my guest being a lady of distinction, I must for her sake make the evening a stellar one, and could not better accomplish this than by introducing her to something she was not used to.

How I wish, now, I had acted otherwise! Dear, sainted creature! I meant the best toward her, and I am sure, if she were here to-day, she would be the last to accuse me because the worst befell!

The crush had already commenced, and we worked our way through the maze of people until we discovered an unoccupied table in an alcove room, from which I saw we could have a view of everything. My lady accommodated herself most admirably to the novelty of her surroundings. I thought I detected, at first, a slightly superior elevation of the head and a look of some circumspection, but beyond this she betrayed nothing that could have led me to believe that she felt any way but comfortable, or failed to repose the utmost confidence in me.

Having seated herself and thrown back her neck-fur, she looked about with delicate interest at the characters assembled. There were many of the artist fraternity present and a few literary men come there to study realism. At an adjoining table were some people discussing music, and proving the intangible qualities of that art by frantic gesticulations to make themselves understood. Here and there the face of a business man lent distinction to the scene. The whole assemblage appeared to be enraptly at home with itself. If they were not bohemians, they were trying their best to seem so, and deserved credit for that.

I remarked to my lady, over the *vino de pasto*, that the scene, perhaps, was new to her.

She replied, as the oysters came, that it was; and I knew that the place had character when she said it was different from Delmonico. She immediately observed, possibly because she feared I might misconstrue the antithesis, that Delmonico was very much like Shakespeare—it was so taken for granted you were familiar with him that there was absolutely no glory to be earned by discovering him.

I agreed most earnestly, and ven-

tured that perhaps that was the reason we so seldom went there; at which she looked at me curiously, I know not why, for I had appraised her observation as most sensible.

The waiter had now come with the first service of white wine. It was brought in two peculiar, sword-shaped siphons of glass, which he hung in brass catches on the arms of a gallows-like standard in the centre of the table. The wine from either siphon was taken from the point of the sword by placing the glass to be filled beneath it and pushing up an estoppel, which fell into place again after the glass was filled and withdrawn. The wine being put before us, I lifted my glass to hers and watched her as she sipped. I knew by the purse of her lips that the wine was just dry enough. It was a delicious Terra Haute sauterne.

The blue points soon gave way to the *potage* St. Julien, with noodle alphabets and *floculi*. I passed her the bread, and then, for the first time, though we had only reached the soup, I felt I loved her. I felt impelled to find out everything concerning her. Beyond the beautiful diaphane of her character, there was the mystery of her identity which I must penetrate. She seemed to divine my thought, for she smiled and said, as she played with her spoon in the amber of the alphabet-pond before her:

"See! I have eaten two letters out of the Cadmean choke that swims before me—the letters A and Z. The alpha and omega of everything is mine, and I am satisfied, careless of the significance of these intermediate characters that remain. Here, in this soup, rock the power and the glory of the language of the world. Here sway the genius of Shakespeare, the wisdom of Emerson, in indistinguishable pi. Let our characters remain the same, for in truth, sir, we can imagine ourselves much finer people than we are."

If it had not been for the interruption of the garçon at that moment, with North River trout, sauce Saranacque, I should have been spell-

bound by the witchery of her words. To add to the distraction, the siphunculi on the table were now recharged with a fine Ohio marcobrunner; but over a sip of this I told her there was nothing I could imagine about her that could approach her rare reality. At this she looked genuinely affected, and after some hesitation, leaned forward and confided to me the most pitiful story to which it had ever been my lot to listen.

She was a lady of competence, residing in a fashionable boarding-house. Exclusive in her tastes and enjoyments, the life sometimes proved irksome to her. Since the loss of her husband she had met no one who could understand her, and she did not care to undertake the education of another man, or go to the trouble of elucidating herself to satisfy the curiosity of other people. She had a natural antipathy to ordinary social conventions, and placed more value on the intelligent affinity of a chance acquaintance than the stupid loyalty of a lifelong friend. She had chosen a boarding-house to live in, thinking that for a lady unattended it would prove an excellent place in which to have company near you in case you should be ill, and far removed from you when well. It was on the latter point she had found herself deceived, for that very night she had been driven from home—and several evenings before—by the iniquitous social persecution known as progressive euchre! The blood rose within me as I listened to the tale, which included in its inhuman category the crime of duplicate whist! Night after night, it appeared, her life had not been what she could call her own. Intercepted at dinner in her exit from the table, rapped out of the retirement of her own room at unseemly hours to take part in these cruel festivities, she was without a place that she could call a home, without a pillow that she could honor with the sanctity of a full night's rest.

"Conceive, sir," she said, with tears in her eyes as she recounted the tale, "conceive my position. Escape has

been impossible. If I leave the house, where shall I spend the evening? I cannot go to the theatre unattended without embarrassment; the art galleries close at ten; and I cannot walk in the Park after midnight without compromise. And this, sir," she concluded, "is the reason I answered your personal."

The garçon at that moment handed me the menu for the next course. The choice lying between venison and Rocky Mountain wildcat, I selected both.

"Rest assured," I then said to my lady, with upraised fork, "that in my hands you shall be safe from your persecutors."

At this her eyes lighted gratefully, and we proceeded to the rending of the game. A rare Sonoma County chambertin was served with this. The bouquet was like the rose garden of an old French convent, the palate attack superb, the vintage thoroughly up to date.

"I do not know how to thank you, sir," my lady feelingly replied. "Tell me now the story of your life."

"My life is what you see it is, just this," I answered, sounding for a vein in the venison and partitioning it; "and ever has been this. Ah, my lady, the things that I have seen and personally digested!"

"Sir, I feel toward you somewhat as *Desdemona* did toward *Othello*—I admire you for the dangers you have passed."

With that she offered me the wildcat, and I knew then I was in the presence of my affinity. Here was an angel with noble across-table sacrifices. Too fine a woman to marry! To gain such a woman as wife would mean the ruin of a beautiful friendship.

The next course was sweetbreads with oklahomaberger, and so on until we reached terrapin à la Maryland, with champagne Catawba, *carte d'or*, *brut impérial*. I had noticed by this time that my lady's appetite was not rising to the responsibilities that were being put upon it—in fact, she was beginning to toy with the courses, ap-

pearing to enjoy them while she did not.

"Is the dinner not to your fancy?" I inquired.

She answered that it was more than to her fancy—in fact, had already transcended her most sanguine anticipations; and she inquired, with considerable interest, how many more courses there were to look forward to.

I replied that there was no limit to the dinner, it being practically a continuous one.

I thought her face paled somewhat as I spoke, but the orchestra at that moment striking up an intermezzo, she drew herself together with sudden vivaciousness, and looking about her through the scarves of cigarette smoke, which now enwrapped the spirited assemblage, she remarked on the interest of the scene.

"Yes!" I shouted, above the music, detecting a peculiar abstraction in her manner, and hastening to turn the conversation into as entertaining a vein as possible; "this is the real bohemia!"

"Aye," she answered, pensively, "the land of strenuous enjoyments and aftermath regrets, where everybody believes he is what he pretends to be; where, under the stimulus of heart, food, wine and soul, everything passes for wit and intellect; where you swear eternal friendship with anyone who will listen to you, and then go home with the elate conviction that you are a great man and that the world has at last discovered you. I have met these real bohemians before, though not under quite such extensive circumstances."

The choice now lay between broiled penguin and mallard albatross, and notwithstanding my lady's dissuasive gesture, I again selected both. Then came the star wine of the evening, a Château Muskegon, vintage of half-past-four, December thirty-first, last century. This was served as a souvenir favor, not from the siphon, but in a bottle covered with real furnace-dust. I recognized it at once as a red wine of my father's, made from the



finest zacatilla known in the trade of cochineal, and for many years held in the highest esteem by the stationery dealers of New York.

As we tasted it, I thought my lady grew paler and *distracte*, but I forgave her apparent apathy on the ground that a woman was not expected to be a connoisseur of damask served in fluid form. It was a wine well suited to either penguin or albatross, both of which I offered my lady, and to which she tried her utmost to do justice, with the charming inconsequence of a woman falling to sleep over a piece of embroidery.

"Is there much more to come?" she asked, with sudden plaintiveness.

"You may have as much as you wish of anything," I replied, as the garçon came with the lettuce romaine. "The house extends us the privilege of starting over again, if we please."

"I beg—!" she pleaded.

"You shall beg for nothing," I asserted. "Everything here belongs to you, by right. In the words of Edmond Dantès, 'The world is ours!'—provided we can digest it."

"A wise provision," observed my lady, meekly.

"Be it remembered," I hastened to add, "the art of table d'hôte differs in no way from other arts that depend for their success on the soundness of one's physical equipment. Take music, for instance. A woman thinks herself gifted with a voice, makes up her mind to become a singer, and crosses the Atlantic to put herself under Marchesi. But Marchesi remarks that her solfeggios are impure, investigates, and discovers that the lady is afflicted with throat-cancer, brought on by long-continued abuse of her husband. Needless to say that the lady is dismissed as physically unfitted for the domain of song. A man is afflicted with a tingling in his fingers and assumes himself born to interpret the esoterics of Brahms or Arensky on the piano. He, too, goes abroad and offers Leschetizky the glory of teaching him. But Leschetizky discovers

that the man has only three fingers on one hand and two on the other. He refuses him, and the man is offended, thinking that Leschetizky should have taken him at half-price. So it is that the sustained perfection of any art is dependent on the physical endowment of the individual; and in table d'hôte it is the power of endurance that tells!"

Almost as I finished, I started to my feet. The garçon had arrived with the *entremet*. I saw my lady's face turn to the color of a lily. Her head wavered weakly to express a negative, and she fell limply in her chair. Ah, how shall I ever forget that moment! Her lips made a movement to say something.

"Speak to me!" I urged, and she answered, faintly:

"I think I'll go home to the euchre party!"

We left the restaurant, and I escorted her to her doorstep, by which time she appeared to have somewhat recovered.

"Ah!" I cried, impulsively, as we parted, "I hope we shall meet again, for in you I have met a lady of quality!"

"And I have met, in you," she answered, "a gentleman of quantity."

She went up the steps, and I started down the street, musing over the exquisiteness of her compliment. But a misgiving overcame me at the corner, and going back, I rang the bell. A servant came to the door, and I found that my inmost fear had come true. My lady had expired but a moment before, in the hallway! Several ladies and gentlemen came out of the parlor, all as consternated as I. In their hands they still held the instruments of progressive euchre and duplicate whist.

"You have done this!" I cried to them.

"Not so!" was the general disclaimer. "The lady has not been with us throughout the evening until now. She has been to a continuous table d'hôte dinner. Her last words were—" and they told me the rest in whispers.

Dear last words! Indeed, peculiar; but not untypical of the farewell moments of the rarest spirits, whose final murmurings are sometimes fraught with a vagueness we cannot understand.

And so she passed away. In my heart I have reared unto her

memory a cenotaph, chiseled with these words:

"Here lies the Lady Demi-Tasse, who, at the house of Arcularius, vicinage of Avenue Sixième, after a dinner of seventeen courses, declined the Nesselrode and sought her true dessert in heaven."



## JANUS

HE owns no kinship with the gods of old—  
 The Janus that I know of wile and whim;  
 And yet I watch as close if gay or grim  
 His ever-changing countenance's mould  
 As ever Roman in the age of gold  
 Questioned the ancient gate, when dawn was dim,  
 Which, closed or open, so foredestined him  
 To hours of peace or battle with the bold.

Whene'er my Janus deigns to wear a smile—  
 This fitful master of each new-born day—  
 The world is bright, and gladness guards the way;  
 But when he frowns, his blackness to beguile  
 In vain I try, disconsolate I brood.  
 Ah, you, too, know him, dear—his name is Mood.

CHARLOTTE BECKER.



## AN EASY SOLUTION

MRS. NAGG—I wonder how I can get my husband to stay in the house evenings?

MRS. CRABSHAW—Perhaps the best way would be to go out yourself.



## SILENCE

THERE is so much my heart may never say,  
 There is so much my lips may never speak;  
 Mutely I walk beside thee, day by day—  
 There is so much my heart may never say—  
 My love is golden and my lips are clay,  
 My love is mighty and my words are weak.  
 There is so much my heart may never say,  
 There is so much my lips may never speak!

T. G.

# THE QUEST OF PARADISE

By Edgar Saltus

THERE are people who charm at sight. There are others who produce sites that charm. There are even some who do both. Dr. Becker is one of them. We never heard of him before, and already we have learned to love him. Dr. Becker is an associate of the United States Geological Survey. As such he has announced a grand discovery. He has succeeded in locating the Garden of Eden. For reasons sufficient to him, and therefore good enough for anybody, he designates Luzon as the spot. Here, or rather there, is the First Family's Midway Plaisance. Here, too, is not merely a grand discovery, but a source of national thanksgiving. In acquiring the Philippines we have annexed Paradise. What have the anti-imperialists to say to that?

The discovery is of a nature to interest them precisely as it must interest everybody; yet particularly, perhaps, Mr. Thomas Cook and Mr. Baedeker. Should the site be accepted as exact, we assume without effort that one of these gentlemen will prepare round-trip tickets, and the other the obvious guide-book. The Story of the Fall, which Mr. Baedeker is sure to intercalate among the usual Hints to Travelers, will, for many, have the force and flavor of a new scandal. The doctrine of Original Sin, expounded in the appendix, all conscientious Sunday editors will seize upon as a feature. It will be new to them, also.

Yet the delights of the guide-book, however manifold, will pale beside the pleasures in store for the tourist. Fancy the sensations which the most

satiated of globe trotters will experience on beholding a tree which is certified to be that of Good and Evil! Fancy, too, the traveler's tales of those who have vacated the Gates! Possibilities such as these are too good to be true. According to Moses, or, more exactly, according to scholastic interpretations of his statements on the subject, Paradise was situated in a garden of gold, of bdellium and of onyx. Arminius put it in a clear conscience, Villon in the eyes of the well-beloved. Dr. Becker has put it on the map. There is the ideal, or, rather, there is progress.

Others, though, have been as progressive. Consider, for instance, the Canaries. *Kennst du das Land wo die Citronen blumen?* There it is. According to ancient yet not standard authorities, there, too, was Paradise. The Canaries are the Fortunate Isles, Iambulus says, or is said to have said, for really we have not read him, and probably could not if we tried, and would not bother to, anyway—however, Iambulus is reported to have stated that these islands were inhabited by a set of people who had elastic bones, bifurcated tongues, whose lives were a succession of sweetness, and who, when overtaken by age, lay on a perfumed grass that produced a voluptuous death. That must have been a long time ago. Perhaps, too, the story is not true. In any event, nothing of the kind is encounterable there now. Yet we might just as well have had these islands as the Philippines. Everything being possible, it may be that some day we shall. In which case those whom Dr. Becker's discovery does not satisfy

may betake themselves to the Canaries instead.

Then, also, there is Venezuela. From the Gulf of Paria, Columbus wrote loyally to Ferdinand and Isabella that just beyond was Paradise. He wrote not merely loyally, but logically. In the neighborhood were the enchantments of El Dorado. A trifle to the north were Bimini's Waters of Youth, and, more remotely, stretched Tlapallan, the Land of Colors.

That land of colors is Yucatan today. The enchantments of El Dorado have dissolved in the sultriness of Trinidad, and Bimini's Waters of Youth Ponce de Leon sought and failed to find in Florida. The latter we have, and many of us a few Palm Beach hotel bills by way of reminder. Over the others ultimately our flag will flaunt. In the quest of Paradise, therefore, we are by no means limited to Luzon. Yet though there is a trust in the matter, there is no monopoly. Others have been quite free to pick and choose.

Some old chaps selected Avalon, where rapture was such that a year was a minute. We have not an idea where it can be, otherwise the location would not be withheld from our readers. But it is somewhere. So, also, is Ceylon, where a good bishop said every prospect pleases and only man is vile. So, too, is the Kingdom of Prester John, just beyond which other old chaps declared Paradise to be. Nor is this all. Theologians have placed Eden in Mesopotamia, travelers in Central Africa, ethnologists in Atlantis, mythologists in Limuria, philosophers in Utopia and littérateurs at the Pole—which, to be as cosmopolitan as the rest of them, constitutes, we think, a real embarrassment of choice.

Even so, it did not embarrass Sven Hedin. Last year—or was it the year before?—he dismissed them all, and, quite as definitely as Dr. Becker put his finger on Luzon, this gentleman indicated Janaidar.

Janaidar is a city in the uplands of Asia, to which the Kirghiz look and

pray as they pass. Perched on a peak of the Pamirs, provided with flowers that never wither, with delights that never end, with songs that never cease, it surges above the barren plains a mirage of terrestrial bliss. Dr. Hedin tried to ascend the height on which it is set. Being mortal, he failed. It is as well, perhaps. He has an illusion left. So have we. Always and everywhere there is an abode of bliss. But on condition that it is treated as the Kirghiz treat Janaidar, that it is looked up to, prayed to and then passed by.

Through an inability to imitate the Kirghiz, or, perhaps, because they never heard of them, others have attempted artificial ascents. Among these is Baudelaire. With nothing but haschisch for ladder the ascent was effected; he was there, living in uninterrupted delights, listening to harmonies no mortal ever heard before, contemplating landscapes of amber and emerald, perspectives the color of dream, and with them, perhaps, the lost arcana, the secrets of the enigmæ of the universe, the science that plutonian cataclysms engulfed, the recitals of the genesis and metamorphosis of the supernal, the chronicles of the forgotten relations of nature and man.

Another was De Quincey. In the hallucinations of the glass of "laudanum negus, warm, without sugar," which he used for ascent, there were infinite cavalcades, the undulations of tumults, the catastrophes of mighty dramas, choruses of passion, trepidations of innumerable fugitives, tempests of features, forms and farewells, shuttled by sudden lambiencies, by the consonance of citterns and clavichords, by æolian intonations, by revelations of power and beauty, by pomps and glories, until a vault, opening in the zenith of the far blue sky, showed a shaft of light that ran up forever through millennia, through æons; and up that shaft his spirit mounted, mounted, mounted ever further yet, until peace slept upon him as dawn upon the sea.

In addition to haschisch and opium,

other ladders have been used. Among them mescal is citable—not the agave preparation, but a plant which yields a substance brown and bitter, and of which the effects resemble Indian hemp.

Mescal is much in vogue among the Tarahumari, a tribe of Mexican Indians, to whom the plant is a god, approachable only after fastidious rites, the body perfumed with copal, the heart entirely devout. And no wonder. For, properly placated, the god conducts the worshipper to a series of visions in which he is beckoned into Paradise and then shown out—provided he has absorbed the proper dose.

That dose we have personally lacked the opportunity to absorb, but if we may believe everything we hear—and we are always most anxious to—Mr. Havelock Ellis has. With it he encountered a vast field of golden jewels, perfumes also, on which flowerful shapes convoluted into gorgeous butterflies, gyrated in loops of flame and performed skirt dances before him, providing him with living pictures, or, rather, what he, with perhaps a higher conception of the possibilities of language, calls "living arabesques." In the background were, he noted, architectural sweetmeats in the Maori style—whatever style that may be—enhanced "with the moucharabieh work of Cairo."

This sort of thing continued for hours, until, indeed, Mr. Ellis went to bed, when he became, as he expresses it, greatly impressed by the "red, scaly, bronzed and pigmented appearance of his limbs," particularly—and strange to say—whenever he was not gazing directly at them.

Dissatisfied with the result, he experimented on a friend, to whom he amicably distributed an overdose, and who with some pathos relates that thereupon he had a series of paroxysms which made him feel as if he were about to give up the ghost. He enjoyed a sense of speedy dissolution, accompanied, and presumably accentuated, by an entire inability to resist,

yet quickly followed by an acuter apprehension that one of his eyes had turned into a pool of dirty water in which millions and millions of minute tadpoles were afloat. Then he, too, was gratified with a skirt dance of arabesques that arose, descended, palpitated and slid, for which, however, he was presently punished by a procession of sudden frights. His left leg became solid, his body immaterial, his arms impalpable, the back of his head emitted flames, to his mouth came the burn of fire, to his ears the buzz of bees, interrupted by the impression of skin disappearing from the brow, of dead flesh, of hot chills and finally of a grinning skull.

It is into such byways that the quest of Paradise may lead one. Yet there are others, notably those disclosed by drink. Byron used that guide, so did Poe, so did de Musset. Under the influence of the Yellow Fay, whose name is *Eau de Vie* and should be *Au Delà*, they left the world, crossed the frontiers of the possible, and in a swift pursuit of larger flowers, rarer perfumes, pleasures unenjoyed, passed from new horizons into visions brutally beautiful, wholly solid, dreamless and real, where, fairer than the desire of a fallen god, the Muse stood, her arms outstretched.

It is a wonderful journey, but the landscapes it unveils are not suited to common clay. There are colors there to which the rest of us are blind, melodies to which we are deaf, the white assumption of realized ideals. Such things are not for ordinary man. The summit scaled, or even attempted, instead of resplendent perspectives, instead of the pulsations of higher hopes, the savors of life unto life, the odors and foretastes of immaculate joy, there is stupor when there is not horror, delirium when there is not death, Purgatory instead of Paradise. It is a great place, though, for men who want to drown their sorrows, and always will be until they learn that sorrows know how to swim.

In an effort to forget, or, ra-



ther, not to remember, that the end of life is darkness and the font of it pain, persons more fastidious have turned to Love. But that, also, has its defects. In the smart set it is a game, and a very pretty one, too, only when you are old enough to play it properly you are too old to play it at all. In which respect it is inferior to bridge whist. Platonism is much better. The trouble, though, with that arrangement is that either the party of the first part loses her head or the party of the second part loses his temper. Neither result is conducive to happiness, and happiness is but a synonym for Paradise.

Happiness is what we think it is, but only when what we think it is what we have not got. Love is refreshing and wealth delightful. But they don't bring happiness. Even golf may fail. Matrimony, too, for that matter. The happiness of matrimony is not, however, a subject that may be lightly talked away. There are and have been, and presumably always will be, a number of marriages that are delicious. Yet none is perfect. But then, does perfection exist?

Personally, we have heard matrimony defined as one woman more and one man less. The definition seemed to us inadequate. Then, too, it is a long time since the noose matrimonial ceased to be news. The trouble, when trouble occurs, is due to the fact that, prior to the contract, the parties to it display attributes that subsequently won't wash. A learned divine has stated that a woman must have a poor nature who does not, after marriage, reveal qualities that her husband had not included in his conception of her gifts. The husband too, for that matter. And it is just on these unexpected revelations that Sioux Falls was built. Many are the surprises registered there. But the fact remains, however, that never in the history of matrimony has a blind man asked to be freed from a deaf mute. The detail may seem trivial. It is the reverse. When husband and wife resolutely ignore defects, then, and then

alone, may happiness abide between them.

We can't, though, all be deaf and blind, particularly in matters matrimonial. Yet these very matters we have heard praised for the opportunities which they afford in the development of the emotions known as unselfish. Certainly they are highly chastening. But chastened people have no individuality. The big bugs of history were thorough-paced egotists. Cæsar at the Rubicon, Napoleon at Marengo, Carnegie at the Steel deal, did not care a rap for a soul save themselves. Do we not honor them for it? It is of such stuff that greatness comes. But, like matrimony like golf and bridge whist, greatness is not happiness. When Alexander was tramping India in search of the site that Dr. Becker has found in Luzon, an ordinary person presumed to tell him that he was on the wrong road. "The right way," said the person, "is Humility." We have tried the path and discovered, just as Columbus discovered in the Gulf of Paria, that Paradise lay beyond.

"We are all born in Arcadia," said Schiller, who omitted to add that we emigrated at once. But the idea is sound. We are born with a belief in Paradise. The quest of it fills our dreams. The delays in getting there furnish our nightmares. Yet of all those who have sought it nobody has ever got there after the age of forty, or, we may hasten to add, before.

Beautiful as an uncommitted sin, it stretches far away, too far, indeed, for laggard steps like ours. It is not in Luzon, as Dr. Becker has announced. It is not in the Fortunate Isles, as the ancients thought. The artificial substitute does not pay, the Biblical Plaisance has ceased to be. In the twentieth century there is no such place.

These premises admitted, there should be something to take its place, and there is. An epicure provided it. He called it Contentment. Given that, and the possessor can dispense with Paradise every day in the year.

The factors are twofold. The first is health; the second, indifference. The conjunction of these little things doesn't produce Elysium, but it steers one clear of Hades. Anyone who expects more than that is too good for the good things, and particularly for the bad things—which are often better—with which this world is bestrewn.



## DANNY

IT was on a Hallomas  
 Me boy sailed out,  
 Flags a-snappin' in the wind,  
 The gay crowd all about,  
 And the little waves a-play  
 And the white ship in the bay;  
 The music and the shoutin'—  
 Like the skirlin' o' the storm,  
 And Danny, oh, me Danny!  
 In his brand-new uniform;  
 The kissin' and the cheerin'  
 And the last long shout!—  
 It was on a Hallomas  
 Himself sailed out.

It was Holy Saturday  
 Me boy came back;  
 Oh, the creepin', sullen ship,  
 With the gray wake in its track!  
 And the flag a-droopin' low  
 Over them that laid below;  
 The women sobbin' on the dock—  
 Oh, Mary, heed the cry!—  
 And the little child that trembled  
 When the long black things went by.  
 Oh, Danny, is it home you've come,  
 And me here in the black!  
 It was Holy Saturday  
 Himself came back.

MC CREA PICKERING.



## VERY PLAUSIBLE

JED—Chollie has just returned from a hunting trip. He says he shot the biggest bear on record.

NED—That might be so. If it hadn't been a big one he would never have hit it.

## MY LADY'S CHATELAIN

CHARM and phial, quaintly rare,  
 Thimble, scissors, bonbonnière—  
 Trinkets such as maidens wear!  
 How My Lady loves the jingling  
 Of their silvern intermingling!  
 How, with all-caressing fingers,  
 Over each her white hand lingers,  
 Each upon its dainty chain,  
 Dangling from her chatelaine!

Trifles, Sweet, are love's decoys!  
 Little Cupid well enjoys  
 Meddling with such pretty toys!  
 Are your lips, so all-beguiling,  
 With a deeper knowledge smiling?  
 Are your eyes, demurely shining  
 Through the lashes, *this* divining—  
 Hearts, 'tis hearts you hold in chain,  
 You yourself the Chatelaine?

CATHERINE YOUNG GLEN.

## PHILISTINE PHILOSOPHY

CHARITY covers a multitude of sins that are committed in her name.

When we get what we want we are always disappointed to find that it is not what we wanted.

What sounds so sweet as the human voice—to the one who is doing the talking?

The knowledge that virtue is its own reward is what deters many from well-doing.

The trouble with most reformers is that they waste their time and energy trying to reform somebody else.

When a man or a woman asks for a candid opinion it may safely be taken for granted that "candied" is meant.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend; and as it is more blessed to give than to receive, we prefer to do the wounding.

Every man regards his own little weakness as an amiable trait; every woman—well, every woman does not admit that she has a weakness.

We always know what we should do under certain circumstances, but unfortunately we never find circumstances arranged to suit what we do.

If women knew themselves as well as they know men, and if men knew women as well as they know themselves—things would be very much as they are.

The stages of knowledge development are: We know that we know; we are sure that we know; we think we know; we don't know whether or not we know; we fear we don't know; we know that we don't know, everything—or anything.

L. DE V. M.

## HOW PRINCE MAX WAS BUNKERED

By Henry Morrow Hyde

"FORE!" called Mrs. Harry Austin. Then, as she addressed the ball, she stopped long enough to say: "Anne Boyd will be home on Monday morning."

The drive was long and true. The ball cleared the bunker and fell fair on the opposite slope. The player was after it before the group of red-coated girls around the teeing-off place could catch their breath.

"I've the letter in my bag at the house. Wait till I get it and I'll tell you all about it."

Now, each of the girls had carefully treasured, with her receipted bills and other valuables, a month-old clipping from a New York paper. It was dated Berlin, and read:

The engagement is announced of Miss Anne Boyd, of Clayton, Ohio, to Prince Max von Obergault, of Obergault, Bavaria. Miss Boyd, who is the guest of the American Minister here, has been one of the belles of the season. Prince Max is the head of one of the oldest families in the kingdom. He is very young and has hitherto led a somewhat retired life, spending most of his time at the family seat, Obergault Castle, in the Bavarian Alps. Obergault Castle is hundreds of years old, and in addition to its picturesque location is noted for the possession of an underground dungeon, cut in the solid rock, and a chamber that is said to be haunted by the ghost of one of the ancient von Obergaults.

That was absolutely all the members of the Clayton County Golf Club knew about it. When Anne Boyd went to Europe in the Spring, after one of her many quarrels with Tom Fry, they had all felt sure that mat-

ters would be properly arranged on the old footing when she came back in the Fall. Fry was the champion of the club and its most popular member. Anne was loved, or at least envied, by them all. Ever since the Club Grandfather could remember, their marriage at some time in the future had been looked on as a foregone conclusion.

Then came the startling announcement from Berlin. The whole club had taken it as a personal matter.

"Well," said the Green Captain to the Club Chaperon the evening after the cablegram had been printed, "I see Anne has jilted us at last."

"Yes, and it is going to be very hard to give her up."

"Perhaps we sha'n't have to, after all. It won't do for Clayton County to own itself beaten so early in the game."

And Anne had failed to write further details to anyone. No wonder, then, the girls felt that Mrs. Austin was unfeeling to start on the first round of a mixed foursome without relieving the justified curiosity that consumed them.

But even mixed foursomes must have an ending. When the town lights were beginning to twinkle down in the valley and the big fire was lighted in the clubhouse hall, Mrs. Austin came in with her fellow-players. The group about the fire, with an empty rocking chair carefully reserved, pounced on her.

"Is the date set?" cried one.

"Will it be a big wedding?" asked another.

"Well, I feel sorry," began a third, "for poor Tom Fry."

"H-u-s-h!" said Mrs. Austin; "here he comes."

Tom Fry came in, looking fit and red from a hard game.

"Oh, Mr. Fry!" called Mrs. Austin. Then as he turned she got up, took his arm, and the two walked out on the veranda.

It was maddening, but under the circumstances there was nothing to do but wait.

"Tom," said Mrs. Austin, "I had a letter from Anne to-day, and I am sure from what she says that she's not at all in love with Prince von Obergault. It's all a mistake, and I am going to do my best to set it right."

"Thank you," said Fry. "Shall we sit down a minute?"

Half an hour later Mrs. Austin came back to the hall. "Sorry, girls, to keep you waiting," she said, "but I know you'll understand. Here, I'll read you a little from Anne's letter:

"You have probably heard of my engagement to Prince Max von Obergault. The announcement was made, somewhat prematurely, by the Prince's mother, and I have had letters and telegrams of congratulation from nearly everybody. One letter from Tom——

"But there, girls, I mustn't read any more of that sentence.

"Prince Max is very young and has nothing of the dissipated rake or man of the world about him. His innocence, particularly of American ways and American ideas, is really refreshing. You should hear us discuss the proper sphere of woman. Our ideas on that subject are far apart. I think he really prefers the dove-colored, clinging-vine, retiring and shy variety. He is coming over to visit me in October, and I have promised to introduce him to half a dozen girls who, in every respect, will prove his theories false. He has never even seen a game of golf, and I have promised to take him out to the dear old Clayton County links and give him a lesson. Sometimes when I think of the clubhouse, setting there high up on its hill, and of all the good times we have had, I wish——

"It wouldn't be fair to finish that sentence, girls," said Mrs. Austin.

"Do you know, I believe Prince Max thinks Clayton is a frontier outpost, and I shouldn't be surprised if he wore a suit of chain armor underneath his clothes when he comes out next month. I know he considers progressive scalping parties the favorite form of social entertainment in America, with a lynching bee now and then by way of more formal function. Golf, I suppose, ranks in his mind with these. But he is a nice little man, for all that, and the ancestral castle at Obergault is a lovely old ruin. One of the interesting things about it is the family ghost, who is ever so many years old and is supposed to inhabit a little open court in the middle of the castle. Some day I'll write you a whole post-script about him."

Mrs. Austin drove home that evening with John Black, who happened to be Tom Fry's best friend. They were talking so earnestly that the unguided horse collided with a street car.

"I'll write to George to-night," said Black, as they drew up under the maple trees at the Austin house. "I don't know how far this beastly Obergault is from Göttingen, but I know he'll find out all he can."

"And we'll find some way, surely," said Mrs. Austin, with a smile. "We must not let it go any further. We owe it to Tom Fry, to ourselves, and most of all, to Anne."

During the next few days there were a number of meetings at the clubhouse. They were marked by alternate periods of profound thought, deep dejection and anticipatory giggles. When Tom Fry appeared they always broke up.

"What on earth are you people looking so serious about?" he asked one day, coming up to them when the thinking fit was on.

"We are conspirators," laughed Mrs. Austin. "We are fixing things so that you may win the international championship."

It was expected that Anne Boyd would come out to the clubhouse on the afternoon of her arrival, and the



members were there in full force to welcome her home. John Black thought Anne had never looked so well as she did that day. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes shining, and when big Tom Fry shook hands with her, Mrs. Austin was not the only one who fancied she saw a little blush run up to the roots of her hair and then vanish, leaving her a bit pale.

The moon was at its full that week, and it was glorious golfing weather. And in honor of Anne Boyd's return there was a succession of dinner dances and moonlight suppers arranged for at the clubhouse. Tom Fry was all that a defeated but magnanimous lover should be. He went round the links with Anne, and sang duets with her at the club vaudeville.

Mrs. Austin simply beamed approval.

"After all this," she said to John Black, "we simply can't give her up. It would break our hearts."

Black laughed. "Our letter from George came this afternoon," he said. "Sit down a minute and I'll read it to you. The dear man actually left his test tubes at Göttingen long enough to run over and have a look at Obergault Castle."

"And what does he say?" broke in Mrs. Austin, breathlessly, and Black read:

"It's an interesting old place, and I learned from one of the old servants a curious story about it. In 1750, the old man said, the third Prince von Obergault was sent over to Paris as ambassador. He had been brought up as a scholar and a bookworm, rather than as a diplomat. The gay Court in the woods at Fontainebleau, the brilliant costumes of the women, the games they played and the wild, extravagant pranks of the King and his courtiers were too much for him. He came back to Obergault and developed traces of insanity. He shut himself up in an old wing of the castle, adjoining which he built a court with high marble walls and only one door. Here, for twenty years, he was practically a prisoner, spending his days and many of his nights playing racquets and handball, as he had seen them played by Louis XV. After his death the servants at the castle

swore they still heard, at the dead of night, the ghost of the mad Prince beating his ball against the high, white walls. That is the origin of the family ghost about which you asked, and that is also the reason why the father of the present Prince lived almost his whole life inside the walls of the castle. Prince Max was brought up in much the same way, though, I understand, his mother is an ambitious woman and is planning a great career for her son. The old gardener tells me that he has already gone to America. If the unsophisticated young Prince falls into the hands of the Clayton County Golf fiends, he has my sympathy. You are enough to drive any serious and sober man out of his mind, at best, and you will make him think the curse of his grandfather has descended on him."

"We will do no such thing," said Mrs. Austin, with offended dignity, "unless, of course, everything else fails."

Prince Max reached Clayton on a Thursday morning. He was accompanied by three trunks and an enormous German manservant. Those who looked out as the Boyd carriage drove by saw a short, slender young man, sitting bolt upright in the seat, with a small yellow mustache and faded blue eyes, very far apart. When he took off his silk hat, as Mrs. Boyd bowed to Mrs. Harry Austin, the latter noticed that his thin, light hair was brushed straight back from his forehead.

"I know Anne Boyd is not really in love with that man," said Mrs. Austin to herself; "but to-day will tell the tale."

Then she went back to the breakfast table and surprised her husband by half-filling his cup with cream, when she had been five years learning that he took only sugar in his coffee.

"This afternoon," said Anne Boyd to the Prince on Friday morning, "I will drive you out to the golf links. You shall see your first game of golf. To-night we'll eat dinner at the clubhouse, and to-morrow I'll give you a lesson."

"*Jawohl, mein Liebchen,*" answered

Prince Max, who spoke English awkwardly and preferred to make love in his native tongue.

At two o'clock, just as her tandem drove up to the door, Anne came down stairs to the music-room, where the Prince was waiting. She wore a long red golf coat and a short brown golf skirt, showing a pair of plaid ankles above low golf shoes. She noticed that Prince Max looked a bit startled.

"Oh, this coat isn't a bit conspicuous," she laughed, in response to the look in his eyes. "All the girls wear them, and the men, too, for that matter. And as for my skirt—heavens! you ought to see some of the bicycle costumes!"

The Prince himself was in flawless attire. His little patent-leather shoes shone as bright as his silk hat. His pearl-gray trousers were creased with exactness, and his frock coat bulged suspiciously about the chest and across the shoulders.

"You can carry this for me," said Anne, handing him her caddy bag, heavy with its weight of clubs.

"And these—what they are?" queried the Prince, touching with his pearl-gray glove the stained steel head of a mighty cleek.

He was thinking of an article he had read in a German scientific review on the "Recently Discovered and Much-To-Be-Feared War Clubs of the American Aborigines."

"Those are our weapons. But wait, you'll soon see how they are used. The cart is waiting. Shall we go out?"

A groom was standing at the head of the prancing black leader. The chestnut wheeler arched his head proudly.

"Get in," said Anne; "I'll take the driver's seat."

"But not that you will yourself the spirited horses drive?" asked the Prince.

"Certainly. Perhaps you don't know that I won the prize at the Horse Show for the best tandem, driven by owner."

That drive was a new experience

for the Prince. It cannot be said that he enjoyed it. Anne sent the cart spinning round curves and up the hill road that led to the clubhouse, with her leader galloping and the wheeler going at a rattling trot.

John Black, who was sitting on the clubhouse veranda, came down to receive them. He put up his arms for Anne, and she, touching his hands with the tips of her fingers, leaped down from the high seat like a bird. The Prince refused assistance. Slowly, and with as much dignity as was possible under the circumstances, he laboriously clambered down over the wheels.

John Black wore a white sweater, faded brown knickerbockers and an extremely disreputable white hat spotted with large red polka dots. When the two men were introduced, he seized the Prince's hand in his big red paw and squeezed it until he saw a look of agony in the pale blue eyes.

When Anne and her Prince opened the clubhouse door and stepped into the big hall, a dozen girls rushed forward in a group to meet them. Anne, who was slightly ahead, was surrounded in a minute. One after the other the girls threw their arms about her and kissed her cheek. They were all laughing and talking to Anne and to one another at the same time.

Prince Max stood a little in the background and looked on. Never in his life had he seen women so curiously dressed. One wore wide knickerbockers and a shirt waist; another had on a divided skirt, surmounted by a smart Eton jacket; two or three were brilliant in red coats like Anne's, with skirts much shorter even than hers. The Prince was astounded.

Even Anne noticed the strange costumes. Three months, she thought, had made a great difference in the way the Clayton County Golf Club girls dressed. The idea of modest little Mrs. Austin appearing in knickerbockers startled her.

"Why, girls," she cried, "where on earth did you get these clothes?"

"Oh, we've been down the river

road for a spin on our wheels," burst in the chorus. Then, in a whisper: "But aren't you going to introduce the Prince?"

The Prince made a dozen stiff little bows, and the young women responded with curtsies so pronounced that Anne wondered if they were purposefully exaggerated.

Then John Black interrupted and took the Prince away.

"I want to introduce you to a horse's neck with a collar on it," he said to the bewildered Teuton. "I don't suppose you have them in the old country."

"*Danke schön*," said Prince Max, startled and bewildered by the attack of the golf girls.

While they were gone the door opened and in walked Frank Hale and Henry Thompson, in their football clothes. Hale was a fair giant, who had played centre rush on the Princeton team, and Thompson was a star player from one of the Western colleges. Consequently their baggy breeches and canvas jackets were veterans like themselves. Grass stains and blood stains, black mud and red clay, were ground into the texture of the garments, and both men had mighty mops of hair hanging over their faces.

They greeted Anne warmly, and then Hale hastened to explain their appearance.

"You see, the Kenyon College team is coming over next week for an early practice game, and we've organized an 'all-varsity' to meet 'em. Thompson and I have been out to the grounds for practice, and stopped here on our way to town. Can you excuse the way we look?"

"Oh, but Prince von Obergault is here!" said one of the girls.

"Then we will just congratulate you, Anne, and drive along," said Hale.

"Indeed you'll not!" Anne insisted. "Prince von Obergault may not get another chance to see a real football hero."

When the Prince appeared, his color a trifle heightened, he saw the two

burly and disheveled ruffians, in dirty buckram, sitting one on either side of Anne's red coat. He stopped short in the door, a look of wonder in his pale blue eyes.

Anne ran forward to meet him.

"Come on," she said; "if we are to get round the links this afternoon we must start."

Black, Fry and Mrs. Austin walked over with them to the teeing-off place. Anne caught the glint of a piece of flint in the grass, and picked it up.

"Here's an Indian arrow-head," she said, and handed it to the Prince.

Into his eyes came a look reminiscent of recent studies in early American history.

"And that bunker," said Black, pointing to a ridge before them, "is an Indian burial ground. I dare say it's full of war clubs and skulls and all sorts of cheerful things."

The links was crowded. All over the fields the red coats made spots of color. The sun blazed from a blue sky and there was no breath of wind to temper its heat. Anne followed her drives up and down the hills, through the gullies and across the ditches, at a speed that forced the Prince to a most undignified gait.

By five o'clock they had nearly completed the second round. Anne had taken off her coat and rolled up the sleeves of her shirt waist. Little tendrils of brown hair were flying about her eyes. Her cheeks were crimson. Prince Max was almost exhausted. He was not in training for a ten-mile tramp, and besides, a silk hat and a heavily padded frock coat are something of a handicap.

Anne had driven off for the last hole. She and Prince Max had followed the ball and were waiting for Mrs. Austin to drive. Anne was explaining the mysteries of an approach to her panting lover, when she heard someone beyond the ridge at the side cry "Fore!" Then a sudden streak of white cut the air, and a well-driven ball passed within a foot of Prince von Obergault's mustache.

"It is nothing," said the Prince; but Anne could see that he shook a little

and controlled himself only with an effort.

A wild-eyed caddy came rushing over the hill after the ball, and behind him panted Dr. Edwards, a muscular old gentleman who was playing his first season's golf. Consequently he was fluent both in apologies and in the use of technical golf terms.

"Did it startle you, Miss Boyd? A thousand pardons! I was playing from a cuppy lie, you see, and my loftier slipped; I sliced horribly, or I'd never have got over here. Ball almost hit you? Well, 'a miss,' you know. I'm not so lucky. One of Hale's drives struck me in the chest yesterday. A foot higher, and—" He made a gesture to indicate that the result would have been fatal. "And only this morning I was giving Tom Gideon a lesson when the driver slipped out of his hand. It came flying at my head, and I just dodged it. Golf has its spice of danger, you know."

As the duffer lumbered on Mrs. Austin came up.

"I am always expecting to be hit myself," she said, after hearing of the Prince's narrow escape. "I saw in the paper only this morning that a player had actually been killed on the St. George's links at Athens. But really, the serious accidents are very few."

The Prince shuddered. He was thinking of the white cannon ball that had cut a hole in the air so near his head.

"Well, Anne," said Black, as the players walked up toward the clubhouse after completing the round, "I am glad to see that your right hand has not lost its cunning. You beat Colonel Bogey out at several holes this afternoon."

"Colonel Bogey?" queried the Prince. "A friend, is it not so?"

"Colonel Bogey," laughed Anne, "is the great golf ghost. Mr. Black can tell you all about him."

An eight o'clock dinner, followed by music and a vaudeville performance, had been arranged in honor of Prince Max, and the party, having plenty of time on their hands, sat

on the veranda for an hour to watch the twilight gathering over the hills and the town far below in the valley.

"You are tired, is it not so?" said the Prince to Anne.

"Tired!" cried the young Diana, with scorn in her voice and a splendid gesture of her round white arm. "Tired! why, I am just getting interested. I could play golf for a week without stopping."

The far-away, half-startled look deepened in the Prince's eyes. He was thinking of the white marble court at Obergault and of the mad Red Prince who beat a black rubber ball against its walls unceasingly for twenty years.

"This game," he said, "it is of great fascinating, is it not so?"

"Fascinating?" laughed Mrs. Austin; "why, golf is a passion. Take Mr. Fry, for instance. There was danger at one time that he would become a lawyer. All his friends were worried about him. But golf saved him. Take my case. I am only a duffer, at best, but I've a miniature putting green fitted up in my music-room, and I always serve my ices moulded in the shape of a nest of golf balls."

"Did I ever tell you about young Harkness?" broke in Black. "He was rich, and graduated from Harvard with honors. His father had planned a political career for him. The first thing Harkness did was to get himself elected to the Legislature. Then he happened to spend a couple of days at the Halcyon County Club and learned golf. That eternally bunkered his political career. He lost the labor vote because they said he was a 'dude' in his red coat; he lost the church vote because he played golf on Sunday. Forthwith he threw ambition to the winds, laid out a private nine-hole links, and spends his time, day and night, under the influence of golf. Of course, he is perfectly happy. But his father's opinion of the game would drive a crowd of golf players to mob violence."

The face of the Prince showed an

increasing pallor. He pulled violently at the end of his thin mustache. Black and Mrs. Austin exchanged glances. He felt guilty, but her face wore a blissful expression.

"Go on, Mr. Black," she laughed. "You are really doing very well indeed."

"Dinner will be served in less than an hour," broke in Anne. "We had better go into the house."

"Before we go," said Black, "Prince von Obergault and I will drink a Scotch-and-soda. Fry, will you join us?"

Fry declined, and the two men walked away together.

"This Colonel Bogey," said the Prince; "about him I do not understand."

"You must wait," answered Black, "until you get into the game. Once you have a golf club in your hands you will find the ghost of the old Colonel on every golf links in the world. They tell terrible stories about how he haunts people who have turned back after once beginning the game. But, of course, to men like you and me, ghost stories are simply amusing."

But the Prince's hand trembled as he lifted his glass. The situation had been bad enough before. Women in strange costumes had tramped for miles under the blazing sun, over ground strewn with Indian arrowheads and marked by mounds, over the crests of which Indian warriors might be expected to appear at any moment. He himself had been almost murdered by one of the players. He had seen two burly ruffians, in stained and bloody canvas, received as friends by his fiancée. They had looked to him as uncouth and terrible as the pictures in his histories of the ancient Goths and Vandals. He had been told that golf was a game so fascinating that it left its devotees no room for other ambitions. Now, a ghost had appeared which would haunt him forever, once he took a golf club in his hands. No wonder the Prince took a second Scotch-and-soda before they rejoined the party on the veranda.

The full moon had risen, but the sky was almost covered with black, drifting clouds. A heavy gray mist hung over the links. Fifty men and women, in their golf clothes, sat down to dinner about small tables in the big clubhouse hall. Under the big stairway two Scotch bagpipers, in kilt and tartan, were stationed, and soon the high oak rafters of the hall echoed with the shrill and awesome strains of "The Campbells Are Coming." To the cultivated ear of Prince Max, attuned to the symphonies of Wagner, this was renewed and exquisite torture. He was glad when the dinner was over and the party broke up, to gather again in the dancing hall under the peaked roof of the clubhouse.

There were more small tables, and at one end a little stage arranged for the convenience of the club stars.

Gathered about the tables, the men toasted Tom Fry, the club champion, and the ancient and royal game. Mrs. Austin and Anne disappeared for a moment, and presently the former came out on the stage and danced a Scotch hornpipe, while the Prince looked on, with wonder and amazement growing in his eyes.

When they came back, Mrs. Austin, taking advantage of the laughter, whispered to Fry: "I told Anne about our letter from George—that there was insanity in the family—"

"But what will happen," broke in Fry, "if we fail, after all?"

"Screw your courage to the sticking point," she quoted, "and we'll not fail."

The whole company drank to the health of Prince von Obergault, in Scotch-and-soda, and the Club Grandfather welcomed him as a new and promising recruit to the ranks of golfers. The little speech was very witty, and was greeted with a roar of applause. But the Prince himself sat silent, smoking many long black cigars and frowning nervously.

Then there were calls for Black. He walked up to the stage and sang, in a tremendous bass voice, a golfing ballad with a dolorous chorus:



"They fozzle in the morning,  
They fozzle still at noon,  
And then at night, with balls of light,  
They putt beneath the moon."

Under cover of the applause that followed, Black and the Prince stepped out on the high balcony overlooking the links.

From far below an uncanny sound, half shriek and half laugh, came up to them through the drifting mist. Then the moon broke through the clouds and threw a dim yellow light down into the valley. At the foot of the clubhouse hill they could dimly make out half a dozen ghostly figures. A woman's weird laugh rang out, a club was raised, and a tiny ball of fire shot across the green.

"Bogey!" gasped the Prince, leaning against the high railing of the balcony for support.

"Prince von Obergault," said Black, slowly and impressively, "I am sorry we came out here. What you have seen is one of the things we try to keep to ourselves. Eight or ten of our club members are affected in the same way. Perhaps it is the result of heredity. At any rate, golf with them is no longer a game; it is a mania. Between sunrise and sunset the hours are too short for them, so they put phosphorus on their balls and often practice putting all through the night. Sometimes we are afraid legal steps will have to be taken to restrain them."

It was not a cold night, but the Prince was shivering violently. His eyes, his face, his hair, all had faded into one gray monotone of pallor. Fry was almost conscience-stricken as he looked at him.

"Come in," he said, "and we will have a drink. This night air is clammy."

The big clock in the hall struck one as they entered. Anne was waiting before the fire, and the gay company was fast breaking up.

"Our cart is ready," she said to the Prince. "We will start for town when you get your topcoat."

Fry thought he could see the nervous look in Anne's eyes deepen as she

looked at the distraught young German, who was moving as if in a trance. Then he remembered that Mrs. Austin had told her of the news brought by George's letter.

"What is the matter, Max?" asked Anne, as they started away from the club. "Are you ill?"

The horses were trotting down the hill, at the foot of which Fry had pointed out the ghostly golf players.

"I am of that afraid," said the Prince; "my head—" Then, as he realized where they were driving, he seized the reins from Anne's hand and turned the leader off at right angles to the road.

"Pardon!" he stammered. "Down there we saw the crazy people with the fire balls playing—"

Anne was now thoroughly alarmed. It was apparent that Mrs. Austin's warning was well timed. Not only was there insanity in the noble family of Obergault, but the Prince himself was showing strong evidences that it had reappeared in him. The high cart was bobbing up and down over the rough ground, and the loosely harnessed horses were continually trying their best to go in opposite directions.

"Oh, Max," cried Anne, fearful lest they should strike a water hazard or a high bunker, "let's get out and walk. I am afraid we'll be tipped over."

They clambered down, and, one on either side of the leader's head, started by a circuitous route for the gate.

The grass was dripping with the heavy dew. The fitful moon had entirely disappeared under the clouds, and the gray mist had fallen like a thick blanket over the links. The last light in the clubhouse had been extinguished. It was impossible to see more than a few feet in any direction.

"It seems ridiculous, Max," said Anne, as they trudged aimlessly through the fog, "but we are certainly lost. We might wander around here all night. I shall call for help."

The Prince said nothing. He was utterly miserable and beyond words.

"Help! help!" Anne's clear voice rang out twice through the night air.

Tom Fry, cantering down the clubhouse road on his polo pony, heard the cry, and in a moment Anne was answered by the dull thud of his pony's hoofs on the turf.

"This way!" she cried, to guide him. Then, as he drew up by the cart, she broke out with: "Oh, Tom, we are lost! Won't you show us the way out?"

Tom Fry took command at once. He helped Anne into the cart and took the seat beside her, after ordering Prince von Obergault to take his place on the pony. Then he drove straight through the fog to the boundary fence. There he turned and followed it to the entrance gate.

"Tom," whispered Anne, as they turned into the road, "I was never so glad to see anybody in my life."

It was an easy drive to town. Tom Fry helped Anne from the cart, wakened the groom and then mounted his own pony.

"Good-night," he said, as he rode away. "I am sorry Prince von Obergault has had such an unpleasant adventure. We don't have a fog like this once a year."

"You must let me get you some whiskey," said Anne to the Prince, after they had entered the house; "I am afraid you will be ill."

The Prince's lips were blue and his

teeth were chattering. He looked a sorry figure, with his rumpled silk hat and bedraggled gray trousers.

"It is not of that I am afraid," stammered the Prince. "It is not that I shall be ill, but—I must not stay in Clayton. To-morrow morning I shall go to New York. I must get back to Obergault. I shall write and explain——"

"Prince von Obergault," interrupted Anne, with a little catch in her throat, "there is nothing to explain. We have made a mistake, that is all. I have been afraid of it all the time. I am more sorry than I can tell, but it is better to find it out now. I shall bid you good-bye now for good and all. I shall not see you in the morning. Some day, I hope, you will forgive me."

Next morning at eleven o'clock John Black called on Mrs. Harry Austin.

"Well," he began, "Prince von Obergault left Clayton on the limited at ten o'clock. Our conspiracy has been successful, but I feel like a convicted criminal."

"John Black," said Mrs. Austin, severely, "anyone with half an eye could see that we had nothing to do with it. Prince Max was bunkered from the start. It was destiny. And anyway, I'd do it all over again in a minute to protect the honor of the Clayton County Golf Club."



## REAL HEROES

FOR women whom they dearly loved  
Men willingly have died,  
Nor deemed it much of martyrdom,  
But rather cause of pride;  
But name to me some heroes rare—  
One name would be a gem—  
Who, loving not, made sacrifice  
For women who loved them!

E. D. P.

## CONSOLATION CUP

(FOR A FRIEND IN THE FIFTIES)

KINDLY I come, old friend and pard,  
 To say your lot is not so hard,  
 And bid you discontent discard.

A brow when wrinkled looks so wise!  
 And though no raven locks one spies,  
 Crow's-feet show plain around your eyes.

Your hair, it may be thin and gray,  
 But with it zephyrs free can play,  
 And barbers work their will and way.

And teeth—no dazzling show they make;  
 But what a comfort you must take  
 In that you have so few to ache!

As for the eyes that once were blue,  
 They now seem somewhat faded, true—  
 But many have one less than you.

Not now your cheek the lily shows;  
 But what's the matter with the rose—  
 The blush that comes and never goes?

Fewer the years we've here to spend—  
 But then one's nearer to the end,  
 And that is something, I contend,

If follies with one's youth have passed—  
 Though not if some that youth outlast  
 Parade when the procession's passed.

Ah, well, if life be but a span,  
 Perhaps it is the wiser plan  
 To make one's years count all they can.

CHARLES HENRY WEBB



## DUBIOUS ACQUIESCENCE

MRS. PECK—You were just crazy to marry me.  
 HENRY—Yes, my dear; I know I was.

# NEVER SAY DIET

By Anthony Savelli

**A**T Wasserbad, where Mr. Laurence is ordered to undergo the cure, with the encouraging presence and supervision of his faithful spouse. In their bedroom in the Sulpherischer Hof, at 6 A.M. on the morning following their arrival.

MRS. LAURENCE (*waking with a jump at the startling summons of an alarm attached to a cuckoo clock, which, with admirable forethought, she has placed above her pillow*)—Morton, Morton, wake up! It is time for you to go and take your first glass of water.

MR. LAURENCE (*with drowsy doggedness*)—Leave me alone, Martha, do! Can't you stop that beastly bird?

MRS. LAURENCE (*cheerily*)—Why, it is calling you to your duties. (*Sings inspiringly*) "The lark now leaves her watery nest."

MR. LAURENCE (*maddened by the singular strains with which his wife is supplementing the cuckoo's carol*)—There, now, I hope you are satisfied. You have ruined my night's rest.

MRS. LAURENCE (*unheeding him and throwing back the shutters of the window with unnecessary violence*)—What a glorious morning! It's a shame to be a sluggard. (*Sings*) "Oh, listen to the band" (*as the music of an orchestra in the garden of the Kurhaus is wafted in through the window*).

MR. LAURENCE (*furious*)—Shut that window! (*Stung into action*) There, I'll get up! (*Which he proceeds to do.*)

MRS. LAURENCE (*triumphantly*)—So I've roused you at last!

MR. LAURENCE—That devil's tattoo would have roused a mummy! My

nerves won't stand that bird, or that band and you—I've come here for rest and quiet—I won't be—

MRS. LAURENCE (*cutting him short*)—Come, make haste and dress, or you'll lose your turn.

MR. LAURENCE (*feebly*)—My turn! Is thy servant a music-hall artist? (*Plaintively*) Oh, Martha, let me begin this afternoon.

MRS. LAURENCE — Nonsense! the morning is the proper time to begin. (*Sings*) "Hail! smiling morn—"

MR. LAURENCE — Oh! oh! oh! (*Gnashing his teeth*) Martha, where are my collars?

MRS. LAURENCE (*who, unobserved by him, has been busy with the mysteries of her own toilette*)—You won't want a collar; put your silk scarf round your neck. Now, if you are ready, I am.

MR. LAURENCE (*aghast*) — Good heavens! Martha, you don't mean to say you are coming, too?—and like that! (*as she presents herself before him enveloped in a garment closely resembling a Roman toga, with a feather boa round her neck and her head wrapped in a black lace scarf*). You look like Medusa.

MRS. LAURENCE — Medusa or no Medusa, I'm going to accompany you to the springs. I know my duty, and I am resolved to see the doctor's instructions carried out to the letter. I am going to walk you up and down while you sip your water. I am going to look after your diet and see that you don't buy things surreptitiously and eat them on the sly. I am not one to flinch, Morton, so come along. (*Sings, as she leads him forth to his doom*) "Cheer, boys, cheer!"

## II

## AT THE SPRINGS

MRS. LAURENCE—Dear me, what a crowd! I knew we should be late! To-morrow morning I shall get you up at half-past five. Now, Morton, do you understand what you have to do? You must go and ask one of those young women in that well for a glass of water. Now, don't lose your place—follow these people. Pardon, madam (*as a stout Teuton pushes herself before Mr. Laurence*), my husband—*mon mari était le premier. Ne poussez pas, s'il vous plaît.* See, Morton, there is a vacancy at the railing; slip in and get your tumbler. (*To herself, as he vanishes*) Really, what that poor, dear man would do without me I can't imagine. What an odd-looking set of people! I hope I am dressed enough. Well, dear (*as he appears, dolorously holding a tumbler of water in his left hand*), so you have managed to get it at last! Come and walk up and down the colonnade and begin to sip. What! you can't sip walking! Well, stand still a moment while you drink it. Now, down it goes! (*Sings encouragingly to him, sotto voce*) "Drink to me only with thine eyes." What's the matter? it's too hot? Then blow on it. Try it again. Oh, Morton, what a face! Beastly, is it? You didn't expect it would taste like benedictine, did you? Take a good gulp. Is that better? Why don't you speak? You've got it still in your mouth? Swallow it down directly, Morton. (*Mr. Laurence shakes an anguished head.*) Nonsense; you must, I insist. Pray do not make a European exhibition of yourself. Now (*resolutely*) down it goes! One, two, three and away! (*Sings softly*) "Away, away to the what-is-it so gay— That's right; now we'll take a gentle walk and another sip.

*They promenade up and down the colonnade to the music of the band, varying the walk with temporary stoppages for sips. After one of these enforced anchorages Mr. Laurence exhibits signs of distress.*

MRS. LAURENCE—Morton, what is it? You don't feel well? What! giddy? Well, finish the tumbler and we'll go back to breakfast. You couldn't eat anything? So bad as that? (*Mr. Laurence, on whom the sulphates are beginning to tell, catches her arm convulsively.*) You'll be all right directly. Give me your glass; I will return it for you. You don't want me to leave you? I must, for a moment. You just sit quietly here and I'll take the tumbler back. (*Which she does, but when she returns Mr. Laurence has disappeared.*)

## III

## AT THE MIDDAY TABLE D'HÔTE

MRS. LAURENCE (*as they take their seats vis-à-vis at one of the little tables in the dining-room of the hotel*)—Well, Morton, I hope you have got up an appetite.

MR. LAURENCE (*with a sickly smile*)—Appetite! I feel as if I should never eat again.

MRS. LAURENCE—Nonsense, my dear, you'll soon find that you are very hungry. I've got a list in my bag of all the different things you are not to eat, and I shall insist on your following the doctor's orders. What have we here? (*as the waiter plumps before each of them a soup plate of colored hot water with letters of the alphabet in white paste floating about*) *potage*, eh?

MR. LAURENCE (*who feels that if there is anything he could swallow it would be a spoonful of soup*)—I think I could manage a little of this.

MRS. LAURENCE (*after consulting the dietary*)—No, Morton, no! Soup is taboo. (*To the waiter*) Take it away; *nicht gut pour monsieur* (*with a significant look in the direction of Mr. Laurence*).

MR. LAURENCE (*whose spirit is subdued by suffering*)—Oh, Martha! I do think that would have done me good. I fancied it.

MRS. LAURENCE—I am not going to allow you to jeopardize your cure by any foolish fancies. (*Consoling*)



It was not at all good. Ah! here is the fish! You may have any fish you like except—let me see (*looking on her list*)—except salmon. Why, I do believe this is salmon! (*As two portions of trout are placed before them by the waiter, she asks, anxiously*) Was ist das? salmon? saumon? (*The waiter shakes his Teutonic head dubiously.*) What is the German for salmon, Morton? You don't know? you who pretend to understand Wagner without a book! This must be a salmon, it is so pink. (*With her mouth full*) It is delicious. I'll eat your share. I won't have you poison yourself for any nonsense. You're faint? Here! (*diving into her bag and producing a couple of rusks*) eat these; I bought them at the baker's for you; they are especially for invalids. Try one.

MR. LAURENCE (*sullenly*)—I won't. You'll starve me to death, Martha, if you go on like this. I am really beginning to feel that I want food.

MRS. LAURENCE (*in rallying tones*)—Well, dear, we'll see what the next course is. They ought not to have things you can't eat. Here comes the entrée, I suppose. (*As the waiter with pantomimic agility changes their plates*) A salmi of bird; it smells very good. I wonder what it is and whether you may eat it. (*To the imperturbable waiter:*) Is dat gut pour malades?

THE WAITER—*Jawohl! Ganz gut! ganz gut!*

MRS. LAURENCE (*helping herself largely*)—He says it is ganz. What is the English for ganz, Morton?

MR. LAURENCE (*eager to vindicate his reputation as a German scholar*)—Why, goose, to be sure. (*Feels he has scored.*)

MRS. LAURENCE (*startled*)—Goose? I do believe that is one of the things you are forbidden to touch. Let me see (*referring to her schedule*). It is. *Nein! nein! nein!* (*to the bewildered waiter, who is proffering a dish to Mr. Laurence.*)

MR. LAURENCE (*bitterly regretting his unfortunate translation*)—Martha, I must have some.

MRS. LAURENCE (*resolutely*)—You sha'n't.

MR. LAURENCE (*savagely*)—I will, if I die for it.

MRS. LAURENCE (*violently, to the waiter*)—Go! *Allez! allez!* (*accompanied by a peremptory gesture of dismissal, of which the waiter avails himself.*)

MR. LAURENCE (*pulling himself together and glaring at her*)—Martha, how long is this to last?

MRS. LAURENCE (*braving it out*)—How long is what to last?

MR. LAURENCE—This persecution—this torture. Why, I am actually hungry, and you refuse me food. You are a female Torquemada.

MRS. LAURENCE (*with an angelic smile*)—Call me whatever your good taste prompts you, Morton, I care not. I am simply doing my duty.

MR. LAURENCE (*scathingly*)—Which is to deny your husband the necessities of life. (*Wildly*) Good old Duty!

MRS. LAURENCE—Morton, I am ashamed of you, giving way like this the first day. Think of how many noble men and women have gone through it all before you without a murmur! Oh! if these springs could speak!

MR. LAURENCE (*in a sudden spasm*)—Martha, I think I am dying.

MRS. LAURENCE—Wait a moment, dear, and let us see what is coming. (*The waiter appears, poising a plate on his fingers. To him, eagerly*) Was ist das?

THE WAITER (*vauntingly*)—*Rosbif.*

MRS. LAURENCE (*jubilantly*)—There, Morton, you may eat that. Never say die to me again!

MR. LAURENCE (*seizing a plate*)—And never say diet again to me. Waiter, some sparkling Moselle.

MRS. LAURENCE—Morton, the cure!

MR. LAURENCE (*audaciously*)—Damn the cure!



## BALLADE OF BELINDA

I TOOK Belinda with me when  
 The springing grass was wet with dew,  
 Fishing for trout a-down the glen  
 Where horns of elf-land faintly blew;  
 Although the trout we caught were few,  
 The day full joyously was spent.  
 Yet oft I wondered if I knew  
 Just what it was Belinda meant.

As lightly perched as any wren,  
 Across the pool her glances flew,  
 While I, bewitched beyond my ken—  
 My line and thoughts went all askew;  
 A shyness I could not construe  
 Fresh charm to her demeanor lent,  
 Till much I wondered if I knew  
 Just what it was Belinda meant.

I pondered long on this, and then  
 My arms about her waist I threw  
 And kissed her once, and once again;  
 Her cheeks were dyed a rosy hue,  
 While closer to my side she drew  
 And lingered there in sweet content,  
 Showing me plainly that I knew  
 Just what it was Belinda meant.

## ENVOY

When beauty at your side you view,  
 Prince, pray you, be not indolent,  
 But capture love while it is new—  
 Just what it was Belinda meant!

WINTHROP PACKARD.



## RARÆ AVES

"WHOLE-SOULED people, the Smiths!"  
 "And well heeled, too!"



I SN'T love in a \$50,000 cottage a regular cottage pudding?

## DEBTORS TO HERITAGE

By Edgar Fawcett

AT Oxford he found himself disliked. For a time he could not understand this; it bewildered him. What had his co-disciples against him?

He was tall, of symmetric build, with a face cut in comely lines. His habits were of the cleanliest; he wore his clothes, that were always neat of fit, with grace and ease. In his studies he soon won praise from instructors; as an oarsman he excelled for skill. It was known that some day he would be the thirteenth baronet of an ancient line. His chambers were bright and comfortable, though not in any way suggesting the great wealth to which, as Sir Stuart Olyphant's nephew and heir, he was destined successor. And yet, after six months' sojourn at lovely old Magdalen College, it became bitingly manifest to him that he was disliked by nearly everybody.

In a quiet fit of exasperation he repaired, on a certain day, to his dressing-room, and stood there before a long mirror. Surely, he concluded, there was nothing unattractive in his appearance. He smiled, and the smile at once struck him as somehow curiously hard. It was not only mirthless, but it lacked all hint of the kindlier element. In its chill artificiality both satire and cynicism seemed to lodge.

"Am I cynical?" he asked himself.

Then all his past life made through memory a kind of panoramic sweep. He seemed like one who stands behind a magic lantern and sees view after view projected on the blank that it confronts. Down in Norfolkshire, at his uncle's beautiful old

estate of Invermere, he had passed all his childhood, boyhood and early youth, except a year and a half spent traveling over Europe with his two tutors. Actual society of any sort he had almost wholly lacked until his advent at Oxford. What, in those many years, had been his mode of deportment? Had he ever quarreled with his tutors? Yes, countless times. Had he ever come to blows with either of them? Yes, repeatedly. Had they threatened to leave him? Yes, on more occasions than one. Was not their continuance at Invermere accounted for by the very liberal salaries that they drew from his paralytic old uncle, who had lingered on for many years, and was lingering still, in a darkened room of the stately old house, sometimes not seeing his nephew for a whole fortnight at a time?

Soon came other self-questionings, more drastic still. Had these two men, both cultured and well-mannered, ever accused him of indolence as a scholar? No. Had they denounced him as rude and hobbledehoyish? Yes. What had always been their chief charge against him? Absolute concentration in self, absolute indifference toward every fellow-creature. Had they accused him of unbecoming conduct toward the servants at Invermere? Again and again they had so accused him. To the housekeeper he had been often savagely rude; to the maidservants he had so harshly deported himself, at times, that many of them, through past years, had left in high dudgeon. With the grooms he had wrought a constant havoc of disagreement. . . .

All this assailed him, burned in on him now. He had never realized it, never given it more than a passing thought, before coming to college and finding these evidences of antipathy.

He sank into a chair. His heart, of whose palpitations a young and vigorous frame had never previously felt a sign, was now thumping against his side. Why, he questioned himself, should they have treated him thus cavalierly here at Oxford? His past must abide, beyond doubt, a sealed book to them. There must be some reason for their avoidance, their disapprobation. He rose, remembering that he had asked his Norfolkshire kinsman and only real friend—if "friend" were the right term—to drop in and have tea with him that afternoon.

Entering his pretty and modish dining-room, he was soon greeted by Adair. Perhaps Adair was just then the most popular man at Magdalen. He was big and raw-boned, with an erratic nose, a stolid chin and beautiful, dark-blue, sympathetic eyes. He dressed half-rowdily, at times, but his linen was always flawless; he wore his hair too long, and it was always rather tossed and tumbled, but its hue was of the richest amber and its texture the finest and silkiest.

"I asked Gosford and two or three other men to drop in," said Olyphant, after he and Adair were seated together, "but each had something else to do. I'm rather glad, all in all, that it happened so." He gave his voice a lingering, significant inflection that almost dragged from Adair a half-startled "Why?"

"Oh, because," Olyphant answered, "I wanted you to myself for a little while." He sipped his tea quickly. "I'll answer your 'why' with another, Malcolm. Why am I so unpopular here at Oxford? Tell me; I immensely want to know."

Adair looked at him with amazement, which rapidly changed into gentle sadness.

"Really, Philip, old chap, I——"

"Don't be afraid of wounding

me," Philip broke in. Entreaty now filled his tones. "I'm sure that you'll never do that unless it is necessary, and I promise to take from you anything, *anything*, feeling confident that you'll deal with me only in the frankest, fairest, kindest spirit."

Adair rose and folded his big arms over his big chest. He began to roam the room, at first in silence. When he spoke, in his tones were both reluctance and regret.

"The truth is, Philip, you have somehow spread abroad the impression that you are selfish and cruel. I have seen popular men who were secretly both, and unpopular men who were neither. In our dealings with one another, as I have often thought, we are all of us, more or less, unconscious hypocrites. We never let folks know us precisely as we are; we show them an image inevitably distorted. In your case the image displeases. Perhaps, when you first came here, it did not strike you as any matter claiming your personal compassion that poor Jack Wainwright, whose father had recently gone all to pieces on the Stock Exchange, hated most bitterly to part with these chambers. And yet it is told of you that, although the subscription a few kind friends were raising for him had reached your knowledge, the situation of the chambers, overlooking this delightful park full of deer, with a glimpse of our famed Addison Walk as well, so appealed to you that you at once made a crushingly large offer, and buried Jack, so to speak, under the avalanche of your guineas."

Philip toyed with a teaspoon, his hand trembling a little. "This man, Wainwright, was a stranger to me——"

"And has remained so ever since. Oh, I grant, universities are provincial places. But there were other apartments to be had at Magdalen, and—well, his friends felt it and feel it still. Then there is this," pursued Adair, very placidly, and he recounted a similar episode. "And this," he went on, recounting an-

other. "My dear Philip," he went on, reseating himself, after a pause, and refilling his teacup, "you have requested certain 'reasons,' and I fear I have given you some with far too unrestricted a vividness. But thus far I have dealt only in tangible, definitive acts. However, I may have passed the limit of both your patience and your sanction. If so——"

"Not at all, Malcolm. Pray go on."

"Let me now speak, since you permit me, of what the men here refer to as your 'manner.'"

"Ah!" murmured Philip; "they think me ill-bred?"

"They think you ungenial. More, they think you—I must revert to my former word—cruel."

"Cruel? how?"

"In your constant little thrusts and stabs. You say sharp, cold, satiric, personal things. Now you make them wonder if you intend to be rude. Again you convince them that you have intended to be rude, while cleverly shirking the charge of actual impudence. Innuendo is forever ascribed to you nowadays, and I assure you that there is hardly a man of your acquaintance to whom you can say 'good-morning' without having him suspect some furtive sarcasm behind the salutation. Let me go one step further, and then my disagreeable task will be done. On several occasions, as I happen very surely to know, you have been on the verge of a serious quarrel, and with men whose open dislike, whether expressed in words or blows, would make your future residence here an absolute misery—would render it, indeed, a question of either remaining here, cut by almost the entire college, or ceasing to dwell inside its walls . . ."

When Adair had left him, that afternoon, Philip sat for some time with head bowed on his breast and hands tense-knotted at his sides. On a sudden he sprang up; the room, dimming with twilight, swam round him. He seized some choice flowers

from a vase and tore them to shreds; then he seized the vase itself, a fine bit of tinted porcelain, dashed its water hissing on some half-burned logs in the hearthplace, and afterward raised it, missile-like, over against the Venetian mirror just above the mantel. In another second he would have hurled it, with silly self-abandonment, straight at the limpid oval of this rare glass. But his arm dropped betimes, and the flush on his cheek turned to pallor.

It was one of those old, destructive moods. His nurses in childhood, his tutors of a later day, and not a few of the servants at Olyphant Hall could tell of them. When, as a little boy, they attacked him, it was thought that they indicated some growing congenital madness. But later they had become less furious, and for surely ten years past had yielded to those efforts of control which watchful training and constant advice had engendered.

Very quietly, a minute later, Philip put the vase back on the table. He felt chilled to the bone, and warmed his trembling hands before the fire. He felt horribly ashamed, too, and despondent past words. "I—I thought all *that*," he muttered, "had passed forever. Here, in this ancient Oxford, they used, not so very long ago, to believe men were possessed by devils. Well, in a sense were they not right? But I thought mine was exorcised. It seems as if he were still there, though. And yet this time I fought him, thank God, and floored him flat!"

He turned from the fireplace, flung himself into an armchair, and wept.

Next day he began, with strenuous yet concealed ardor, to act on the revelations made him by Adair. For days and days he schooled himself to shun in his talk the least personality; for days and days he struggled to diffuse amiability among all associates. And yet failure, complete failure, at length stared him in the face. If the change was perceived it was also estimated as factitious. Philip found himself like a man trying to walk with a lame leg and hide its lameness by a succession of pathetic little struts.



Obviously his self-rehabilitation had come too late. One day he said this to Adair.

His friend—still the only friend he had at Oxford—nodded gravely. "But you can live it down, Philip, if you persevere," he said, with his abundant and captivating cheeriness. "A year more of stout endeavor, and you'll win them all over."

"A year?"

"Well, say less."

"Oh, say no time at all!" Philip laughed; and a great bitterness, a most dismal melancholy, followed his sentence. "I'd best go away. I'll chuck my degree; I'll chuck everything! It's all too absurd, too trivial! I'm not in a college—I'm in a conspiracy! Dear old Malcolm! you're the only gentleman in Magdalen. You may tell them, if you please, that I said so."

"I won't—I won't," called out the ever-cordial Adair, as Philip walked away from him through a little avenue of hawthorns. At this precise moment Philip had no fixed idea of quitting Oxford forever. But he ultimately did so, and the real reason was a telegram from his uncle's physicians in Norfolkshire, telling him of how Sir Stuart had suddenly grown so ill that death might soon result.

The next evening Philip stood at his uncle's bedside. Sir Stuart lay in a comatose state for several hours after his nephew's arrival. All night Philip, who occupied a near chamber, was visited, between sleeping and waking, by memories of the old man's earlier life. Even when Philip knew it as active and worldly, that life had already begun to decline. A skilled diplomat, a talented statesman, Sir Stuart had been stricken while comparatively young. He had never liked his little nephew, had often chided him severely, and once or twice had been on the verge of giving him bodily chastisement, though each time he had refrained from such an act, loathing its real commission.

A short time after dawn he waked to consciousness, and while the doctors found his physical force very low, the

attendants declared that his mind had not for months been clearer. When Philip, hastily roused from the doze into which he at last had fallen, appeared at his kinsman's bedside, Sir Stuart promptly recognized him. Soon he gave a sign, slight but unmistakable, that he wished to be left alone with Philip. When this was obeyed he looked long and hard at his nephew with eyes that burned strangely below great, white bushes of eyebrows.

"You're just the same."

"So you find me unchanged, sir?" ventured Philip.

"Yes; but older. How did you get so much older in so short a time?"

"It's not so short a time, sir, since—" And then the young man stopped short. Would the doctors like surprising or agitating revelations? Lamely Philip finished: "—since I was last here at Olyphant Park."

Sir Stuart glanced at one of his own wasted hands, lying, all vein and sinew, on the coverlid. "Well, well," he said, wearily, "we won't speak of yesterdays. It tires me to think of them. There are times when I seem to have been asleep for hundreds of them."

"You have been asleep for nearly seven years of them," thought his listener.

"And now, Philip," his uncle continued, in that thin, dreamy voice which made all he said seem like the speech of a ghost, "I surely can't have many more to-morrows. Perhaps I haven't even one. But if so, all the more reason that I should tell you quickly what it's better you should know. I ought to have told you before, but then—but then—"

"You were ill, Uncle Stuart." Pierced now by curiosity, Philip dropped into a chair close at the bedside. "Of course that prevented. I perfectly understand."

"Yes, ill—ill," the old man faltered, and for a moment there seemed signs of his again losing consciousness. But presently he pursued, in the same weak voice, yet with undiminished show of lucid-mindedness: "You will

find down in the library—I think on one of the top shelves—a history of our family, written long ago by some Olyphant with a literary turn, and beginning its chronicles from the middle part of the fifteenth century. There you will find the life—rather sketched than fully narrated—of a certain Geoffrey Olyphant who lived in this very house before its partial destruction by fire eighty or ninety years ago. His time, unless I err, was the latter part of the sixteenth century, and his character was so vicious and horrible that he was often believed to be possessed by a demon. He fell, finally, in a duel, after having roused the detestation of hundreds, having been forbidden to appear at Court, and having narrowly escaped assassination several times at the hands of both men and women whom his depravities and cruelties had wronged. His portrait is not in the great gallery of the west wing. It stands, protected by heavy cloths, in a large chamber at the end of the main grand staircase, on the second floor—a chamber few would notice in passing, though Geoffrey Olyphant is stated to have slept there for long periods. . . . And now, Philip, I must prepare you for what you will see in that portrait after you have removed the wrappings. You will see almost, if not quite, *the reproduction of your own face!*"

"My own face!" dropped from Philip, dumfoundedly. "Have you seen this portrait?"

But Sir Stuart was following the train of his own thoughts. "Through subsequent years this type has repeatedly appeared in our family. By a sort of malignant atavism it has recurred and recurred. Here and there in the record you may light on allusions to certain wicked and profligate Olyphants, though these are mentioned only in brief paragraphs."

Sir Stuart's voice sank, and he closed his eyes. A sharp little exclamation from Philip made him unclosed them. "These wicked and profligate Olyphants, as you put it, uncle, did they

look like *him*? Did they look—like—*me*?"

"Yes; the same type; the same mouth, narrowing toward the edges, yet full at the front. Eyes like yours, bright and black—all the 'real' Olyphants, you know, have frank blue eyes—with that peculiar droop of the upper lid and that queer little curve of the nose at its tip. Atavism—atavism, Philip! I've known two or three of ye in my own generation. You'll get the baronetcy and the entailed lands when I'm gone. They didn't; but they were sad rogues; they stained our ancient name almost as black as old Geoffrey stained it. It's the curse on us—there's some absurd legend about a peasant woman who cast it, ages ago, because of a betrayed daughter. Yet all that is merest fable. Now, Philip—but I feel sleepy again. . . . Still, remember, I say to you beware! beware! . . ."

The words died as if on the lips of the dying. But though Sir Stuart never rallied again, never again unclosed his eyes, and died peacefully a few hours later, his "beware!" rang in Philip's ears for many hours afterward.

When the funeral was over, and he found himself alone with a troop of respectful servants in the immense old house, Philip spent several days of almost hideous despondency. He conceded the scientific facts of atavism—of ancestral physical and mental traits, breaking forth from time to time in deciduous generations. There was no contesting this truth; it had again and again been proved. Dreading to look on the volume that his uncle had indicated, he nevertheless made search for it and secured it. The short yet repellent biography of Geoffrey Olyphant so sickeningly thrilled him that he resolved, for a time at least, not to look on the concealed and enswathed portrait of this dead-and-gone scoundrel.

His first practical movement was a letter to the regnant powers at Magdalen College, resigning all further connection with it as an undergraduate member. Then, even while tak-

ing long walks through the great park, now his own property, alive with leafy and flowery messages of late Spring, he gradually made up his mind that there was only one way out of it, and that way death. Of course he might go into the great world and be received there with the homage always bestowed on lavish wealth combined with high station. People might detest him, but they would truckle to him, nevertheless. And all the while this devil in his blood would stay dominant; for interims of a few weeks, perhaps, it would repress its power, and then again, for long terms, it would probably reassert a fresh, baneful sway. One might sneer, in this advanced century, at the spells of sorcerers; what answer save assent could one give to that poisonous necromancy which is named atavism and heredity?

"I am their victim, their martyr," mused Philip. "Talk about the human will as one may choose, what influence can combat, with any hope of triumph, an insane saturnine obsession like this of mine? Absurd even to dream of a radical change! What is my future? A tendency to do and say hateful things among my fellow-mortals—a tendency uncontrollable at certain times, moderately controllable at others. Men dislike me. Women? I've sown a few wild oats, and met a few women who professed that they cared for me; but I never cared for any of them—that's doubtless part of the hereditary curse—and I've always felt that they merely cared, on their part, for the grandee I should sometime become. No; suicide, vulgar and sensational as it sounds, is now my sole sensible course."

But one morning, while his thoughts were speeding along this dreary course, a letter was handed him from his relative, Malcolm Adair, at Oxford. It ran thus:

How foolish for you to resign! I am coming down soon for a glimpse of my mother at Strawleigh, and shall, of course, run over to the Park. Mother

says that she saw you and had a word with you at the funeral. She wants to drop in on you, and will probably do so before I arrive.

Somehow this missive gave Philip a new thrill of comfort. After all, he was fond of Malcolm. There was no denying that this man, his cousin three or four times removed, had been thus far his only supporter and adherent. He had believed in him, striven to help him against himself. And now Philip, full of a yearning to see Adair once more, postponed, as might be said, the terrible step that had so lately seemed his best and wisest course.

Strawleigh was an ancient red brick house in the Tudor style, not more than three miles distant. Its present mistress was the Countess of Cloverley, Malcolm's mother. After the death of Malcolm's father it had been willed her, and as Mrs. Adair she had lived much in it during her son's childhood. But afterward she had married, while still a beautiful woman, the Earl of Cloverley, and had then spent several distressful years at her new husband's home in Leicestershire. These years were distressful, because Lord Cloverley, soon after the birth of her daughter, Muriel, had broken his spine on the hunting-field. He had been the first cousin of her husband and head of the Adair family, so that her son, Malcolm, and her daughter, Lady Muriel, were more than step-brother and step-sister—almost as near, in fact, as if the same father and mother had begotten them. But Lady Cloverley never loved her second husband as she had loved her first; and though she nursed the Earl for many months through a trying illness, her second widowhood brought deep relief. She then returned to her former home of Strawleigh, and lived there during the youth of her two oddly related children.

"I remember that she spoke to me at the funeral," Philip now reflected. "But so many people spoke that I had almost forgotten her. Surely

she recalls me in the past only as a bad boy, guarded by vigilant tutors. And surely she recalls, also, that I would always curl my lip at her children in the most churlish way, whatever Malcolm may have told her of my later liking for him when we met at Oxford. I must see her if she comes; I must surely see her. I have refused to see so many, but Malcolm's mother I cannot refuse."

She came the next afternoon. She had hardly begun to touch with her spoon the tea that was offered her, when Philip felt the whole big, dimmish, wainscoted room fairly blooming with her presence. She was faded, if you please, but she was sympathetic, none the less, like a time-touched crayon sketch, or like a rich piece of dulled tapestry. She had once been very fair; one could see this at a glance. Her teeth were still perfect, her smile had a moonlight softness, her figure still retained some of its best curves, and her graces of movement were but slightly impaired.

She spoke with great fondness of her son, and touched on the dead Sir Stuart with a delicate seeming forgetfulness of his long prostration, throwing the rosiest descriptive rays over his past political and social life.

"And now, Philip," she at length said, with a slight remonstrant lifting of one finger, "I must tell you that Malcolm has written me concerning the resignation of your Oxford membership. Malcolm is very grieved; so am I. But I see that I am annoying you." And here Lady Cloverley paused.

Philip felt that he had frowned. Then something unexplainable in his visitor's luring face touched him to the soul. The mood of haughty irritability that had gripped his nerves fell away as if its clutch had turned to shadow. He looked steadily for a moment into the silver gray eyes of Malcolm's mother.

"You must know a great deal of the Olyphant family," he said.

"Yes—why not? My two husbands were both Adairs, and from time to time, during the past two

hundred years—perhaps even further back—the Adairs and Olyphants have intermarried."

"I wonder if you have known in relatively recent years two Olyphants, both men, whom I could name." And then Philip did name them, closely watching the effect.

"I never met them, but I have heard of them," Lady Cloverley replied, vague-voiced and with a slight shiver.

"Have you ever heard," resumed Philip, "of a certain peculiarity in our race—?" But here he broke off short, soon beginning again, and recounting in every detail that last death-bed monologue of his uncle's.

The Countess was pale and somewhat tremulous when he finished. She rose, however, took a seat quite close to him and laid a hand upon his own.

"Philip! Philip! I will be very candid with you. Yes, this 'atavism,' as you term it, *has* been mentioned to me. Malcolm's father once made it known. But that is long ago, and I had half-forgotten it. Still, you must not let it trouble you, as I see it is doing. You must fight the whole thing down. Perhaps three parts of it are merely myth. I will help you! Malcolm will help you!"

"Malcolm *has* helped me, God bless him!" Philip said.

"And Muriel, too. *She* will help you."

"Muriel? Ah, I remember—your daughter, Lady Muriel."

"Not *Lady* Muriel to *you*. Remember, you played together as boy and girl."

"Played!" And the old sarcasm would have its way in Philip's face and voice. "I treated both her and Malcolm like the bad-tempered little wretch I was."

Lady Cloverley laughed this off. "Oh, you'd have to treat her nicely now. She is just eighteen, and will be home from a visit to-morrow to welcome Malcolm. She's a tall lily of a girl, with great stars of eyes and a rose mouth. She's like none of her kindred on either side. And oh, that

reminds me! How strange — how strange!"

"What is strange?" asked Philip.

"Speaking of atavism, there is something in the Adaïrs like that curious feature on which your uncle dwelt as belonging to the Olyphant generations. Like, and yet so different! Every now and then a woman will be born of some Adair who is extremely handsome—as, for instance, my dear Muriel—and yet without the vaguest resemblance to any of her surviving relations. She always has had big, lovely eyes and the sweetest of faces, and she has always been very good and charming. This is the way with Muriel. Her type has suddenly cropped out among the Adaïrs for the first time during many years. In our drawing-room at Strawleigh there is a portrait painted by some Italian during the reign of Charles I. It is Muriel in replica. And this lady married into the Olyphant family, by the way, as some faded old letters on the frame record. But again this reminds me — *your* portrait, on which Sir Stuart discoursed in so eerie a fashion; you've seen it by this time, of course."

"No," said Philip.

"No? Ah, but you *will*."

"Some day—perhaps."

"It is still closeted there?"

"It's in the room he indicated."

There was silence. "Philip," at last said Lady Cloverley, with great tenderness, "I understand so well."

"So well?" he repeated, turning to the winsome face beside him.

The Countess touched his cheek with her lips. "It's horrible for you — horrible! Do you know what my dear Malcolm has often written me of you? I'm sure you're fond of Malcolm, so you will let me say it."

Philip turned to her, and their hands met in a warm clasp. Somehow he had heard Malcolm's tones in her voice more than once, and had seen flashes of resemblance to him in her features.

"You may say anything, dear lady," he replied. "What is it that

Malcolm wrote you about my poor benighted and bewildered self?"

Lady Cloverley's clasp of his hand tightened. "That you had in you, Philip, the making of a splendid man. That you had suffered disastrously from early neglect of training, through your uncle's long illness. That though you were unpopular at Oxford he was certain you would ultimately outlive, while there, the results of superficial follies and indiscretions."

"Did he say that? So like Malcolm! But he was wrong—fatally wrong."

"I don't believe it!" cried Lady Cloverley. "*I* was wrong, however."

"You?"

"In not having seen more of you—in not having made my children see more of you. And yet circumstance was, in a way, despotic. Through much of your childhood I was down in Devon; then, after I returned here to Strawleigh, you had gone to the Continent, traveling immensely there with tutors; and afterward—well, afterward I found that you had trotted off to Oxford! So, when all is said, I'm not so very unpardonable."

"It's only your fancy that you are not perfectly pardonable," Philip replied. The spell of her fascination was over him. A sentence of Malcolm's floated through his brain: "My mother had hosts of suitors in her youth, and no wonder, for she must have been then, as she is now—though, of course, with a difference—the most bewitching of women."

"Ah, you're in a pardoning mood," blithely exclaimed the Countess. Here she abruptly rose. "Come, then, Philip; we'll go up stairs and see the picture together."

While he rose also Philip yet recoiled. "I had determined . . ."

"Not to see it yet? Of course—I understand—you were putting it off. But with me at your side it will not be the same. I'll mitigate the shock. And why not have it over at once? Why postpone it? Or," broke off Lady Cloverley, "let me go up and



see it first. Then I'll tell you if I think it best *you* should see it at all—if I do or do not advise your having it destroyed."

Philip, with more wistful eagerness and sadness than he knew, looked into Lady Cloverley's upraised, pleading face. "Well," he said, after a long pause, and touched a bell.

To the servant who answered he gave certain low-voiced directions. Then he and Lady Cloverley reseated themselves side by side.

"Tell me about your Muriel," he softly urged. This request was quite enough for the maid's loving mother, who at once entered the realms of eulogium. Only the servant's reappearance interrupted her.

"Is all ready, Somers?" Philip asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I will go with you to the door of the chamber," Philip said to Lady Cloverley. "Afterward you can call me. I shall be in the hall, just below."

She put her hand on his arm. "And if I ask you to see it?"

"I will consent."

"And if I ask you to have it—destroyed?"

"I will consent."

After this they went up stairs together. As she entered the room, whose windows threw from their newly uncurtained panes bright splashes of sunset light beyond the threshold, Philip passed slowly down the staircase.

In the lower hall he waited. Grotesque thoughts were slipping through his mind. "I might now be lying dead somewhere," he mused, "driven to self-murder by overwhelming depression, if this lovable woman—like an emissary from her son, Malcolm himself—had not come as she did!" And then a new, brightening influence filled him. "That *other* atavism, as if it were the shining side of our own gloomy one! How marvelous! Could she have been benignantly deceiving me? Olyphant—Adair. Repeatedly the two races have married, through past years.

Oh, I am well aware of that! I recollect——"

"Philip, Philip! Come—please come."

He started painfully at the voice, and yet its tones were so gladsome that they soon quickened his pulses with a sense of cheer for which he could have found no conceivable name.

"Well, Lady Cloverley?"

They stood, facing each other, at the doorway of the chamber into which he had so lately seen her pass.

"Come in," she said; and he noted how her breast heaved, how her eyes sparkled.

They moved forward. It was a great apartment, with three broad windows, two of which the servant had opened. Through one poured the splendid, though dying light of an English Spring day. Every appurtenance hinted of extreme yet patrician antiquity. In the big, carved, high-posted bed one felt that Queen Elizabeth might have slept.

"See," said Lady Cloverley. She pointed to a picture full-flooded by affluent yellowish sunshine. The work itself was not superexcellent as art; some Fleming in the latter part of the seventeenth century might have achieved it; indeed, a certain Dutch-looking name was inscribed on the canvas. And below, on the dull gold border of the frame, were half-effaced letters, among which "Olyphant" and "Adair" were plainly visible.

"How beautiful!" soon broke from Philip.

"Is it not?" cried Lady Cloverley. "There she looks at us from the canvas—an exquisite symbol of all loveliness in womanhood! Mark the big, adorable dark eyes and the tender little rose mouth!"

Philip peered and peered. "Oh, she is *too* enchanting!" he exclaimed. "A man might die for such a woman—die a hundred deaths!"

Then he suddenly drew back. His eyes for an instant swept his companion's face as if he suspected some deception.

"But my uncle said——"

"Your uncle never *saw* the picture! This proves it. He had heard some family legend about Geoffrey Olyphant's portrait having been placed here, and——"

But Philip's eyes had meanwhile roved round the apartment. "Somers has made a mistake," he exclaimed, presently. "Look—there is another wrapped-up thing over yonder. Too evidently it's *his* picture——"

"Don't touch it!" Lady Cloverley broke in. "Let it rest there! Let it rot there! This is so eloquent an answer, Philip! Poor Somers's mistake was divine! Don't you understand?" she went on, excitedly, both hands clinging to his arm. "This means the two atavisms—this is the signal sent you from heaven! . . . Oh, what am I saying? But *don't* you realize?"

"Realize?" he echoed.

"Oh, yes—the answer—the message, as if from God Himself! She was hustled away somehow, by some mistake, this radiant creature, years ago. She must have been an Adair——"

"An Adair?"

"Why not?—why not?" Lady Cloverley hid her face in both hands for an instant, then she hurried to the picture and kissed it on the painted lips. "*She's my Muriel!*—she's my own Muriel, a little older, yet as like as if the girl herself had sat to some forgotten artist in forgotten years!"

Just then a voice sounded from below—a high, musical voice. "Mamma!" it called; "mamma, where are you? May I come up stairs if you are there with Sir Philip?"

Lady Cloverley hastened to the door. "It's Muriel," she said, "returned to Strawleigh sooner than I had expected. She heard I was here, and had herself driven over to the Park."

Philip stood like one wholly con-

founded. His eyes were riveted, however, on the portrait.

"Mamma!" again called the voice. Lady Cloverley closed the door. Re-joining Philip, she pointed to the portrait. With great intensity she now met the eyes that he turned to her.

"That picture has enthralled you."

"Yes," he granted.

"For such a woman, you said, a man could die a hundred deaths. For such a woman, in flesh and blood, I ask, could you live one life, nobly and finely?"

"Why not, why not?" murmured Philip, his eyes wandering again to the portrait.

Lady Cloverley burst into sudden tears. "It may be nothing with me—it may be only a dream, a fancy. But when you see my Muriel you will see the living incarnation of that picture! And why should not these two atavisms meet and destroy each other—meet and destroy each other *for good*, I mean—in a love that would be happiness for her, happiness and redemption, both combined, for you?"

Philip had caught the vehemence, the rapture, the exaltation of her mood. He took both her hands and pressed them, while they searched each other's faces.

"The two atavisms," he whispered. "Yes, I see; it's all quite clear."

Lady Cloverley went to the door and opened it.

"Is that you, Muriel?" she called.

"Yes, mamma."

"Come up and see the picture of a very handsome lady, my dear, who strongly resembles *you*! At least, I think so, but on this point we are going to have the opinion of Sir Philip."

After that Lady Cloverley went back to Philip's side. Once again they looked at each other with great fixity. An outer sound of footsteps grew nearer, nearer. They both stood waiting, flushed and expectant.



## UPS AND DOWNS OF THE BROWNS

BROWN has a cozy office  
On the twenty-second floor  
Of a modern office building,  
With conveniences galore.  
Electric lights and mail chutes  
And everything first-rate—  
And an elevator starter  
Who is strictly up to date.


Now Mrs. Brown came in one day,  
A smile upon her face;  
Took elevator No. 6,  
And launched forth into space.  
'Tis safe to say she'd hardly gone  
Beyond the second floor,  
When Mr. Brown came sailing down  
Serene in No. 4.

"Hey, Mr. Brown!" the starter cried,  
"Your wife went up this minute."  
A car was just about to start,  
And Mr. Brown jumped in it.  
"You'd better wait till she comes back!"  
The starter tried to shout,  
But up went Brown—a car came down,  
And Mrs. Brown stepped out!

The starter shook with hidden mirth  
He didn't dare display;  
"Your husband, mum, went back," he said,  
"But crossed you on the way.  
Just take a chair and rest a while,  
He'll surely come right down."  
She wouldn't listen; up she went—  
While down came Mr. Brown.

He went back up—his wife came down,  
And headed for the door,  
While Brown ransacked in wild despair  
The twenty-second floor.  
As out into the street she passed,  
With proud, uplifted chin,  
"I hope they'll meet in heaven," said  
The starter, with a grin.

O. N. BURKE.

  
L OOSE change is like a boy baby—it never comes amiss.

## BO-PEEP

HER sheep are lost—the hearts held valueless.  
 From out some dismal, shadow-haunted place  
 A giant comes, whose name is Loneliness,  
 And threatens her with grim and spectral face.

About the fields she seeks with carven crook—  
 A silken parasol with fluted rim;  
 Her hat droops low to hide a frightened look,  
 Three roses burning crimson on its brim.

The music of the twilight yodel-call  
 Is vain; no faint and far-off echo stirs.  
 Her sheep are lost, or strayed, or stolen all,  
 And gathered into other folds than hers.

Back o'er long meadows cold with clammy dew;  
 No cheery bell-note through the blackness rings;  
 Wet grasses wind about her buckled shoes,  
 And moths of memory blind her with their wings.

The crooked game of hide-and-seek is o'er;  
 The soft eyes see it through a misty blur.  
 Lo, yonder there, beside her very door,  
 One faithful sheep, returned for love of her!

HATTIE WHITNEY.



## POLITICS IN THE GARDEN OF EDEN

BARELY a week had elapsed since the creation of Eve. She and Adam were having lunch served under the palms in the Garden of Eden. After the third mint julep Adam began to talk politics. Eve's face brightened—her long desired opportunity had come at last.

"Dearest," she cooed, deftly removing a few stray crumbs from her fig-leaf shirt waist, "won't you promise to vote for woman's suffrage at the next election? I should so much love to have a hand in the Garden politics."

A hard, cruel look crossed Adam's handsome countenance. Hitching up his grapevine suspenders and shrugging his shoulders, he replied:

"Now, Evie dear—" here he planted a kiss on her upturned lips—"you must be a good little wife. I know you've been here nearly a week, sweetness, but you must remember that, after all, you're only a *side issue*."

Calling his caddy ape, he strolled off to the golf links, while Eve bit her lip and muttered something about "goin' to raise Cain if she couldn't have her own way."

## MR. THORNLEY'S EXIT

By Herbert Carroll

IT was the best bedroom of the best hotel in Bellevue-on-Hudson. The huge four-poster, with its high-heaving oblong of white, filled almost half the room. Three windows, the sashes thrown up, let in the moonlit June midnight the perfumes of garden and wood and the wailings and chirpings of their myriad little Summer tenants.

From the mantel a tall oil lamp with a crimson paper shade shed its light full on the lounge, where lay a man in evening dress. His beardless face suggested thirty years. The gray in his black hair at the temples suggested forty years. The truth was midway between. His sensuous mouth said that man is an animal. His clear, cynical, gray-green eyes insisted that he is an intellectual animal.

There were wide blue-black circles under his eyes, and over his whole face was the pallor of imminent death. His right hand held a blood-soaked handkerchief against his chest, above the heart to the right. His shirt bosom was limp and wet and stained a dark red. At the sound of footsteps on the stairs, and a rather harsh voice, saying "Never mind; I wish to be alone with him," the man's eyes turned toward the door. It opened presently to disclose a middle-aged doctor with black medicine bag. There was no mistaking the meaning of that odor of drugs, the cut of the grizzled beard, the "sickroom" air and manner.

"So, my man—" he began, as he advanced. But at sight of the figure sprawling on the lounge he stopped and stood with lips apart. His amazed

eyes noted every detail—the fashionable evening dress, the many evidences of refinement and position.

"I beg your pardon," he found voice to stammer at last. "It is astounding—I expected to find—it is an incredible coincidence for our little town."

The two men looked steadily each at the other, each evidently studying the other. The doctor broke the silence.

"You have been shot?"

"In the left lung, I think." The wounded man's voice was most agreeable—deep, clear and tranquil. "The wound is mortal. I sent for you chiefly because you are the coroner. You are Dr. Bronson, the coroner, are you not?"

"I am," said the doctor. "But at least let me look at your wound and dress it. Your voice and manner do not suggest danger of immediate death."

"Danger!" smiled the man, as the doctor busied himself with the wound. "Hope, rather. The pain is most—most annoying. But, unlike the other pains of one kind and another that I have had, it has a real consolation. It will be the last—the very last."

The doctor was looking at the bullet hole, small and round, the centre of a red-black disk.

"How long ago?" he asked.

"About an hour—a little less. It was at midnight, just after the clock struck."

Dr. Bronson looked again at the wound, then glanced curiously, doubtfully, at his patient. When he had finished his work he gave him a large



drink of brandy from the bottle on the table, and sat looking thoughtfully at him.

"I forgot to ask your name."

"Thornley—Wyndham Thornley."

"The New York lawyer?"

"I am a lawyer in New York." Thornley's tone showed a certain strain.

"Wyndham Thornley," repeated the doctor, half under his breath. "What a pity! what a disgrace! The wages of sin is—"

"And now," said Thornley, "may I trouble you to take my statement?"

"You have read the Ten Commandments?" Dr. Bronson was speaking abstractedly.

Thornley looked amusedly at him. "You did not tell me that you were also a priest," he said.

"In those Ten Commandments," the doctor went on, his eyes looking sadly into Thornley's, "only one injunction occurs more than once."

"I never heard that," said Thornley, interested. "Which is it?"

"'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife,' and again, 'Thou shalt not commit'—you know it, the Seventh."

"Bless my soul!" said Thornley, smiling languidly, and slowly closing and opening his eyes. "That is most interesting. But—I shall trouble you only in your function as coroner."

"Be patient." The doctor was speaking very gently. "I have read a great deal about you. Like many obscure men, I have been watching your rise, basing hopes for the future on the talents God gave you for the service of your country. And it seems horrible to me, horrible and pitiful, to find you here, dying in disgrace, leaving disgrace and misery behind you."

Thornley was looking at him in bewilderment.

"What is this? Are you mad?" he exclaimed.

"And though you are dying," continued the doctor, "my anger rises against you as I think of my friend. Oh, I knew that she did not love him. But I knew—I thought—that she was a good woman, a faithful—"

"Stop!" Thornley's manner and voice were perfectly calm. "Is it your habit to give these exhibitions of eccentricity to the poor creatures who happen to send for you?"

Dr. Bronson looked angrily at the amused, cynical face, and said:

"Where did you get your wound?"

"That is better. We seem to be recovering our normal senses. I was shot under those big elms on the north side of the main street—Wayne street—in the block beyond the electric power station."

"But that is a good three miles from Egerton Hall!" protested the doctor.

"Egerton Hall?" Thornley asked.

"That used to be called the Marion place, didn't it?"

"It was the Marion homestead until ten years ago," replied the doctor.

"It belongs to John Larkin now. He bought it in when old Mr. Marion became bankrupt and died. And he married the granddaughter, as you know."

"I think I did hear something of it. But Larkin must be a newcomer. You see, we went away abroad when I was nineteen. I had not seen the town for sixteen years, until three days ago. But let us go on."

The doctor looked meaningly at him and said:

"I had a call to Egerton this evening. Mrs. Larkin was dying—"

Thornley's eyes closed, and the doctor saw that he had fainted. He brought him back to consciousness, and was looking at him with the triumph of one who has found out something by a clever ruse, when Thornley's eyelids slowly lifted. The expression in his eyes made the doctor relent, in spite of himself.

"You were saying—?" murmured Thornley, wearily.

"They said that Mrs. Larkin was dying. When I got there I found everything in confusion. Larkin went away last Monday, to be gone a week. His wife was alone with the servants. He came back unexpectedly at half-past nine this evening. On his way up the stairs a man rushed at him.

He drew his revolver and fired. The man knocked him down and dashed on out. They found Mrs. Larkin not far from the head of the stairs in a swoon. It was not serious."

"And so, when you saw me," said Thornley, "you at first thought that I was the burglar, and then that Mrs. Larkin had been entertaining in her husband's absence. You are a charitable and generous friend, my dear doctor. Mrs. Larkin is to be congratulated."

"I was with her when she came back to consciousness. She said——"

The doctor paused, noted with disappointment that Thornley's expression of languid interest did not change, then continued:

"She said, 'Edward!' and caught hold of my hand. Then she sank back, covered her eyes with her arm, shuddered and refused to speak again."

Dr. Bronson stopped and looked at Thornley impressively. "I know now that she meant you, Edward Wyndham Thornley."

"True, Edward is part of my name. But it has been so long since I've heard it that I had almost forgotten. Go on."

"It is idle for you to deny——"

"Not so fast, my dear doctor. At least, hear me before you close the incident. It is distressing to disappoint you of this lady's reputation, which you seem bent on destroying. But I really must speak. I thought I would go up this evening and see my old home, The Oaks, by moonlight. I went; I spent the evening there, and toward midnight I strolled back to the village to take up the work I came here to do in peace and quiet. I trust you are bearing in mind that The Oaks is two miles to the north-east of Bellevue, while Egerton is three miles to the south. At those elms near the power house a man was leaning against the fence in the deep shadow. He may have been your burglar, resting after his run from Egerton. He faced me, thrust a revolver at me and demanded my money or my life. I knocked him

down. He fired as he fell, then rose and ran away. I fell to the ground, and after a while crawled and staggered on here."

"Yes—of course—there was plenty of time." The doctor was talking to himself.

"What now?" smiled Thornley.

"Your wound is not one hour, but several hours old——" the doctor began.

"Good God!" exclaimed Thornley, with amused disgust, "was ever dying man so beset? Why are you determined to confirm your ungenerous and unjust suspicions?"

"My duty, sir. My duty as an officer of the law, my duty as a man of principle, my duty to my friend."

"No doubt you are a worthy man. But why so resolute to make a duty of what an Apache would shrink from performing? I wish that my last glimpse of human nature had been less repulsive."

"You can insult me, sir, but you cannot drive me from my duty."

"Duty again! You are as full of duty as a spider is of poison. And insult! Why, my dear sir, a gentleman cannot be insulted. An attempt to insult him can be made, but it is like trying to bedaub the sky with mud. No——" Thornley was talking slowly and evenly, yet intensely—"I cannot permit you to do what you are pleased to disguise as your duty."

The doctor was sitting with red face and downcast eyes.

"Now, first, answer me this: Are you willing to swear that my wound is several hours old?"

Dr. Bronson was silent.

"No? What says duty? Why, that you dare not swear it. You know that the experts would laugh at you. Now answer me again: How far is Egerton Hall from those elms where I was shot?"

"Three miles at least."

"Good. Now if you will go to those elms you will find a great pool of my blood. The whole village will be talking of it to-morrow."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the doctor. "The blood is not there. You

could not have got there from Egerton. It is a physical impossibility."

"But you know that the blood is there. See how your mask of duty drops! See how chagrined you are as this woman's reputation escapes you!"

Embarrassment and shame deepened in the doctor's face as the man on the lounge talked in that voice of quiet and cynical raillery. There was silence for full a minute. Then Dr. Bronson looked straight at Thornley and said:

"I beg your pardon. There shall not be a doubt raised. I was in the wrong."

"I notice, with some hope," smiled Thornley, good-humoredly, "that you say nothing more about duty."

"Let me take the statement."

Thornley dictated and the doctor wrote:

"I, Wyndham Thornley, having been duly sworn and cautioned, and knowing that I am about to die, do depose as follows: I was walking down Wayne street, in the town of Bellevue-on-Hudson, and just at midnight had reached the elms in the block to

the east of the electric power station. A man, tall, thin, his coat collar turned up and his slouch hat drawn down over his eyes, stepped from the shadow and said: 'I want your money!' I knocked him down. He fired as I did so, and as I fell, he rose and ran away. The bullet from his revolver penetrated my chest."

"That is enough," said Dr. Bronson, "unless you can describe your assailant more fully."

"I cannot," replied Thornley. "It was very dark in that deep shadow."

Dr. Bronson called the night porter, and they lifted the wounded man while he signed "Wyndham Thornley" in a flowing hand. They laid him down again. The porter signed as witness and went away. Dr. Bronson filled in the blanks at the bottom of the page.

"There," he said, finally. "It is all over."

He looked toward the lounge, then rose and stood over Thornley and touched him. Then in a different tone he repeated:

"It is all over."



## AN OLD-WORLD RUIN

HERE in the stillness and the risen night  
Tread softly, for the dead are all around;  
These aged corridors no more resound  
With glad thanksgiving or with revel light.  
Here kings have walked triumphant in men's sight;  
Here poets have been acclaimed and laurel-crowned;  
And here have stood, accused and fetter-bound,  
Zealot and priest, and sage and eremite.

Here in forgotten nights of May the moan  
Of lovers' lutes awoke the echoing stone,  
Or voices hushed in fear spoke solemnly;  
And oft behind those moulded prison bars,  
Weary and sad from her captivity,  
Some queen has breathed her longing to the stars.

R. LLEWELLYN.

## LOVE'S TREMBLING-CUP

By Ella Higginson

UNTO a woman Love one day  
Came jauntily and said:  
"Thou art of haughty mien, but I  
Can lower thy proud head."

But smiled the woman scornfully.  
"I challenge; do thy worst!  
I'll drink thy bitterest dreg, and cry  
*'I drank thy nectar first!'*"

Then to her lips Love held a cup,  
And joy more keen than pain  
Leaped up her pulses to her heart;  
She drank—and drank again.

"Drink deep," Love said, half-pityingly;  
"Poor foolish one, drink deep;  
Then to thy couch—a night comes on  
When thou wilt pray for sleep."

For one year and a day she knew  
The rapture of the blest—  
Such ecstasy as Mary thrilled  
When Christ slept on her breast.

Then came Love to her jauntily,  
And looked into her eyes;  
"I have another cup for thee;  
The hour has come—arise!"

But smiled the woman scornfully.  
"It is the cup of pain;  
*I drank thy nectar first—and now—*"  
She proudly drank again.

"I like thy spirit well," Love said;  
"Come, keep thy courage up."  
He held before her dauntless eyes  
Still yet another cup,

## THE SMART SET

And lightly dropped the broken pearl  
Of broken faith; it sank  
And melted in the amber dregs.  
With pallid lips she drank.

The look of Death grew in her eyes,  
She did not shrink or speak,  
But up the gray of ashes came  
And covered brow and cheek.

"Now drink," quoth Love, "my bitterest cup,  
The cup of jealousy;  
But first look in its ruby depths,  
And speak. What dost thou see?"

*She saw another woman's arms  
About his throat; and there  
Those sweeter, younger, lingering lips  
Pressed kisses on his hair.*

The cup shook on her teeth; she drank,  
And bowed her head, and cried:  
"Love, ere I drank thy nectar first,  
Would God that I had died!"



## AS IT WAS, IS NOW AND EVER SHALL BE

NOW there be many kinds of widowers, grass, golf, ocean and others, besides the genuine sort left to the kindly care of Time.

This Widower was of the last-named variety, and the father of a beautiful boy of five. In the early Summer months, when Nature smiles alluringly and beckons the ever-weary toiler countryward, the Widower, his Mother, who kept house for him, and his little Boy left the bustle and heat of the city and sought a retreat among the green hills along the majestic Hudson.

Now there were three maidens who became especially interested in this fascinating Trio:

Helen, practical and housewifely, who sought advice and guidance of the Grandmother.

Mary, motherly and gentle, who won her way to the heart of the small Boy through the usual channel with cakes and stick-candy.

Kitty, gay and flirtatious, whose boast was her ignorance of domestic economy and all the housewifely arts, who toyed with the heart of the small Boy's Father as if it were the plaything of an hour.

Now it came to pass that one day the Widower went to his Mother and said:

"I have come to the conclusion, Mother mine, that all these cares are too much for you, and have therefore decided it is my duty to give you a daughter and my Boy a mother."

"Of course it is Helen," was the reply; then calling to the small Boy playing about the room, she said, "Darling, whom do you love best after Papa and Grannie?" and the youngster shouted, "Miss Mary!"

And straightway the Widower hied him to Kitty and proposed.

MARGARET RAPELJE SUYDAM.



## SIR LEICESTER'S BLIND POOL

By Henry Irving Dodge

LYDIA VILLA, widow, handsome and thirty, lived at Pinehurst on a splendid property that was mortgaged from the centre of the earth to the top of the sky. And that mortgage was only a first; after it came a second, on what, goodness only knows, unless it was the property of the Chinese gentleman who lived immediately underneath—but that was his affair. The second mortgage trick was done by a real estate sharp and the attorney for some estate, after a fashion peculiar to gentlemen of their craft, and for it the widow had paid an enormous commission. Reginald Orglethorp, her cousin once removed, had undertaken to straighten matters out for Lydia, but had succeeded only in involving her affairs in a more hopeless tangle than before.

Things were at this pass when Sir Leicester Bunsby came on the scene with a scheme for a blind pool. Sir Leicester was a tall, well-bred man, wore eyeglasses and side whiskers, as all tall, well-bred Englishmen should, and played good billiards. He had a high, arched nose and was much of a pretender, but the best of fellows with those who understood him. While well educated and a thorough man of the world, he was cursed with a weak and paradoxical credulity—the kind of credulity one meets at the race track or among Wall street men who have been victimized a thousand times, yet are willing to be victimized a thousand times more. It was through billiards Sir Leicester met Orglethorp, and through Orglethorp he met the widow.

Spring had arrived, and Lydia was

celebrating the last "flicker" of her dying social reign with a small house party, of which the Baronet was one. John Barclay was also there. Barclay was a typical New York gentleman—a man of family, educated, traveled, rich, fashionable, generous, shrewd, forty and absolutely imperturbable. He was rather a grave, meditative man; his eyes were large, brown and somewhat melancholy, and he had a most attractive smile.

In a little alcove room opening on the veranda Orglethorp and Lydia were seated.

"Oh, dear!" said the fair chatelaine, after a pause; "dear old Barclay has been at me again about my extravagances; he says I cannot last a week at this rate—only a pittance left. Positively, Reginald, I'm not permitted to handle a bit of cash. I don't know what money looks like; do you?"

"Yes, I know what it looks like."

"You naughty fellow!" laughed the widow; "you said you had a bad memory."

"That only applies to debts," said the young man, very quietly. "My memory is generally faithful to my friends; and my best friends have always been those vulgarians usually referred to as 'dollars.' They make other friends for you, don't you know."

"And they sometimes turn friends away," said the widow.

"History may record such a case, but history was always my weak point," replied Reginald.

"What's the controversy?" asked Sir Leicester, amiably, approaching and wiping his gold eyeglasses with

a silk handkerchief. "It can't be that any two Americans disagree about dollars?"

"Not as to their purchasing power, Sir Leicester," rejoined Mrs. Villa, smiling sweetly at the Baronet.

"Can it be you refer to titles?" he laughed. "If so, I must remind you that they are by no means a test of the power of money. In fact, I cannot imagine anything easier to purchase, especially by your beautiful Americans."

"Yes," sighed Lydia; "I fear it is only too easy to purchase titles, but what an unhappy investment they often prove!"

"Dear, dear!" smiled the Baronet. "You would say, then, that those who wear titles are necessarily not gentlemen?"

"No, I mean that those who wear them are not necessarily gentlemen," laughed the widow. "The significance is merely in the location of the 'not.'"

"Same as when a man is hanged," murmured Sir Leicester. "But ah—" standing with feet apart and swinging his eyeglasses—"referring again to money, did it ever occur to you that dollars have a real, tangible, though supernatural power?"

"Why, what can you mean, Sir Leicester?" asked the widow.

"I mean that the dollars of the wicked, after ruining their possessor, will dwindle away irresistibly and leave his children destitute; while money righteously acquired will increase and multiply and be a blessing to all the descendants of the house."

"What a happy man you are to have had such a father, Sir Leicester!" remarked the widow, graciously.

"Ah, yes," replied the Baronet. "It may not be modest to boast of one's father, but I am certainly to be congratulated."

"And you find his virtue reflected in your prosperity, Sir Leicester?" suggested Reginald.

"Again, yes; far beyond my humble deserts. My business capacity is only ordinary, yet I find whatever I go into prospers. I have demon-

strated the rule again and again. I cannot account for it. I have even put it to the test by engaging in the most absurd and hazardous ventures, yet they all turn out well."

"You must be a regular Monte Cristo," said Lydia. "I suppose you go into schemes all the time."

"Yes; but only for amusement. For instance, I have recently been urged to form what is known as a blind pool, in Wall street."

"A blind pool?" repeated Lydia and Reginald.

"Yes; it's a pool where people usually go in blind and come out seeing."

"But in your case?"

"Well, you see, in my case it's different. When I go in I form the pool myself. I don't trust to others, nor to luck such as I have described. I wait until I secure some infallible information, and then, with my usual luck to help me, I go in."

"And win?"

"I have never yet failed"—feeling the nibble of the fish, and angling for both.

Lydia saw before her a chance to recoup her lost fortune.

"And shall you form this—what do you call it?—'blind pool?'" she asked.

"That depends," replied Sir Leicester, playing with his fish. "I expect important news from Washington as to the action of Congress in the Pacific Union matter. In fact, I am looking for a telegram this very evening; ah! this may be it now." The Baronet took the message the servant handed him, tore the end from the envelope and ran his eyes over the contents. "Ah, yes," he resumed, addressing his hostess. "It reads: 'Action Pacific Union eleven tomorrow—will have advance information either to-night or nine-thirty morning.'"

"Does that relate to the blind pool?" asked Lydia.

"Yes, it certainly does," replied the adroit fisherman.

"And are you decided now as to what to do?" asked the widow, with an ill-disguised attempt to appear calm.

"Yes, I shall form the pool. But to change the subject rather abruptly, let us take a look at the water. I am sure Mr. Orglethorp will excuse us. The bay is beautiful to-night."

The Baronet offered his arm to Lydia, who waved a coquettish adieu to Reginald, and they passed out. Once out of hearing of the others, she reverted eagerly to the subject of the blind pool.

"Do you really believe money can be made in those pools, Sir Leicester?" she asked.

"I know it," he replied, abruptly.

"How I should like to go in and win something!"

"Nothing would please me more than to take you in with us."

"But I have no money—not a solitary cent."

"Resources are as good as money."

"Resources?" she repeated, in surprise; "what resources have I? My property is mortgaged up to the sky—I can hardly get credit from the tradespeople."

"You have . . . a friend."

"Whom do you mean? Mr. Orglethorp?"

"No; Barclay."

She dropped his arm abruptly. "I would rather die than ask John Barclay for money. He'd only lecture me. Why, even to-night he talked very seriously to me about my extravagances."

"That was about your own money—with his it is different. You don't understand men as I do. John Barclay is a gentleman, and besides, he . . . loves you."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Lydia; "he is only a friend."

"There isn't much difference between a friend and an admirer, in the case of a woman like you. The term is merely a matter of—the woman's mood."

For a moment Lydia remained deep in meditation. Then she asked:

"When is the pool to be formed?"

"To-morrow. There is no time to be lost."

"And you are absolutely certain to win?"

"Absolutely. I get my information from a member of the Cabinet, who says that the President will force Congress to act favorably; besides, half of the Congressmen are long of the stock. What can be a better argument?"

Finally Lydia said, with an inflection of resolution: "I'll ask Barclay; but—" she stopped short—"what if he wants to know what it is—?"

Sir Leicester raised his hand deprecatingly.

"Suppose, then," she added, "you find Barclay and send him to me in the drawing-room, Sir Leicester."

A few minutes later John Barclay entered the room where Lydia was seated on a divan. She beckoned him to her side.

"I have sent for you, John, to beg a favor."

"To confer a favor by accepting one," corrected Barclay.

"No, John, I am serious. I want to borrow some money."

Barclay rose and went over to a small writing-desk. He took a seat, drew a small cheque-book from an inner pocket, opened it, picked up a pen, and looked inquiringly at Lydia. "How much shall it be?" he asked.

The widow hesitated. "I don't know exactly—" Then, noticing Barclay's elevated eyebrows, "You see, I want it for—"

But he put up his hand. "My dear Lydia, that is your affair; the question is, how much?"

"Oh, several hundred, say . . . six or seven or eight."

Barclay quickly wrote out a cheque for eight hundred dollars and handed it to Lydia.

"How kind of you to let me have this, John!"

"No, no; you do me a kindness in accepting it."

She was about to say more, when he rose and picked up his hat. "My dear Lydia, I asked Mr. Knowlton to wait for me on the piazza. If you don't mind, I will join him. Shall I send Sir Leicester or Reginald to you?"

"Sir Leicester, if you please, John."

A few moments afterward the Baronet appeared. He took the folded cheque that Lydia handed him and put it into his pocket.

When Sir Leicester reached his room that night he first closed the window blinds against possible observation and then drew out the Barclay cheque. He regarded it long and carefully. "Bah!" he exclaimed, finally, "that's nothing for a man like me to play with! Eight hundred! why, she should have asked him for as many thousands. She could have got it just as easily. The man's her slave, and she knows it."

His disappointment was keen. He felt that he had been cheated. He was a man with whom the gambling mania was so strong that he would sell out his best friend to get means to gratify it—in fact, he would almost sacrifice himself. Educated, familiar with all grades of society, and having a hundred more criminal resources than the ordinary person, he was an exceedingly dangerous man. And Sir Leicester had been driven to the wall by hard luck, or more correctly, by a persistent refusal of the principles of finance to conform to his illegitimate methods. He had selected the widow as likely "spoils," but gossip in the neighborhood disclosed to him the real state of her finances. Then he discovered Barclay's high regard for her and conceived a scheme for profiting by the knowledge. It took some time to court the lady's confidence sufficiently for him to suggest with safety the asking of Barclay for the money. He had been patient and vigilant, never betraying his motive. He had at last made his grand *coup*, and this was the result—a paltry eight hundred dollars! He laughed a low laugh of cynical chagrin—a laugh at himself—at his folly in trusting to the sense of a woman in a matter of finance, as he called his scheming. "Damn it!" he said again; "it should have been eight thousand instead of eight hundred!" He stopped short and looked hard at

the cheque. His last words had suggested an idea.

"Why not?" he said. "I'm blessed if I don't think it can be easily done. It has none of those punch marks in it." The idea worried him—the possibilities of it made him nervous. He got up and paced up and down the room once or twice. "It's no more than I'm entitled to after all the trouble I've had to get it," he resumed. "I have earned it. But . . . what if the market should go down?" He kept torturing himself with futile debate, although, in fact, he had vaguely made up his mind to do the thing when the idea first struck him. He hesitated only from the fear of results. Presently his face brightened. "What a fool I was not to have thought of that at first!" he said. "Hers is the only endorsement on it—they couldn't touch me, could they? Let me see. . . . The market can't go down—my man says the President himself is in it. . . . I wonder how that 'hundred' would rub out."

He took a rubber ink-eraser and applied it to the word. "Beautiful!" he exclaimed, holding the cheque up and admiring his work. "Now . . ." He picked up a pen with a fine nib. "Barclay writes a hand like a woman's, the old dude, but I can write one quite as fine." On a scrap of paper he wrote the word "thousand" many times in imitation of Barclay's style, then, without a tremor, wrote it after the word "eight" on the cheque. "Beautiful again!" he laughed; "now for the 'o'—there; that's all right—no one will ever know the difference. If the market goes up we'll all be happy and safe—if it goes to the devil we'll not be happy, but equally safe—no danger of Lydia being bothered. Barclay, the dude, will be the only loser, and he won't mind; he's as rich as an Astor." He chuckled at his shrewdness, for he was an amiable fellow, and replacing the cheque in his pocket, went peacefully to bed and to sleep, with the bedclothes tucked close up under his chin.

## II

THE office of Israel Goldnotte & Company was equipped with every device the devil ever invented to whet the appetite for speculation. It was probably the most conspicuous of its kind in Wall street. Rows of luxurious chairs almost begged occupation by the casual visitor. Suave partners and gentlemanly clerks made the stranger feel like a long-lost brother. Vast blackboards covered with rows of confusing figures showed prices obtaining on the exchanges in New York, in Chicago and in Liverpool—stocks, wheat, coffee and what not—"you pays your money and you takes your choice." It mattered not what your choice was. One thing was certain—you paid your money.

Goldnotte ran a confidence game of no mean order. It was a case of the spider and the fly, with Goldnotte in the centre of the web. His customers came in relays, were fleeced, got the cold shoulder from the suave partners and the gentlemanly clerks, to whom the word had been passed, and were pushed out, perhaps without even car-fare—which any faro bank would have given them—and replaced by others ready for the shears. Thus the mighty mill of Goldnotte & Company went on grinding out victims, for of course business must be kept up, and Goldnotte and his suave partners must live.

Goldnotte's office was crowded with a lot of "five-hundred-dollar customers," giving it a schoolroom appearance. They did not all seem happy. Some of them joked, to be sure—the exception to prove the rule—they themselves, later on, to become part of the rule—but mostly they were a serious-faced set. Greed, anxiety and disappointed hope had graven lines on their visages until they had come to look like pictures of avarice rather than human beings. They were once good men enough, but they had been hypnotized by illegitimate ambition to "get rich quick," and reason and

honor were forgotten as they rushed on to inevitable disaster.

Goldnotte knew that ninety-nine per cent. of the men who speculate "guess" wrong; why not, then, instead of honestly executing their orders, for one-eighth commission, take the risk himself—give his customers false notifications of purchases or sales and pocket their margins? Should they make a profit, he had money enough to pay the amount. On its face the game was honest enough. Goldnotte did not control the market. The laws of finance are immutable, but personal equation is—well, personal equation. It was an unequal contest, with the superior sagacity of Goldnotte pitted against the weak credulity of the small man. Although the customer might succeed for a time, Goldnotte had no fear that in the end he would not beat himself "guessing." The office rule was: "Don't let him get away so long as he has a dollar left. Keep him in the market—get him to expand. He's tasted blood—now he's excited—urge him on—he's getting bigger and bigger—now he's up to his neck—give him a little more line—steady!—the crash—ah, he's ours!" Then the word was passed along the line for the suave partners and gentlemanly clerks to give B. D.—d the cold shoulder—no more drinks, no more opera—and his bones were flung into the street. If he complained, he was threatened with arrest, but they were careful never to have him arrested, lest Goldnotte's methods should be aired in the papers. If the unreasonable customer continued to kick hard they would buy him a ticket to Greenland or Greenpoint—anywhere, so they got rid of him. After the mighty vulture, Goldnotte & Company, had feasted to repletion, the little crows were permitted to come up for a scrap; and so sure were they that a victim would fall regularly from Goldnotte's mill that they had outposts ready at the firm's very doors to receive him.

It was a happy name, Goldnotte. Everything about him indicated the



yellow metal, even his teeth. But beneath all he was nothing but brass. He was a benign-looking man, but shrewd. He gave to a "dead-broke" customer occasionally, but always with a flourish of trumpets. "Look at me, Goldnotte, the philanthropist, giving this man money!" was his attitude. One day a gentleman who had been fleeced there drew Goldnotte aside and quietly requested a small loan. The banker turned on him, and at a stroke laying his sensitive soul bare, cried, so all could hear: "I'll give you two dollars, but don't come here again!" The shock of the words brought to the surface the last flickering ray of manhood in the wretch, and towering above his insulter, he flung the money into his face and strode out.

It was to this gorgeous den that Sir Leicester repaired on the morning following the cheque-raising performance. Goldnotte, who was a thorough sycophant, received the Baronet with much effusion (assumed) and Barclay's cheque with little effusion (genuine). Sir Leicester was conducted at once to a small private office, and instructions given that he was not to be disturbed. Near by, in a room reserved for women, a short, gray-haired female was calling off prices as they came over the tape.

A telegram was handed to the Baronet. He read it and instantly summoned Goldnotte. "This says that the President will surely sign the Pacific Union bill. Suppose you purchase a thousand. We have eight thousand dollars."

As the banker turned to execute the order, Sir Leicester added: "By the way, Goldnotte, I'm making this transaction for a lady, and want you to put the account in her name. Here's her card."

The banker nodded—he was used to such transactions—and went to the telephone connecting the house with the Stock Exchange. Almost immediately he turned to Sir Leicester. "Your order is executed," he said. "One thousand Pacific Union at 18."

The Baronet regarded the broker with amazement, and the latter hastened to explain. "I had my man right in the Pacific Union crowd," he said. "They deal in large blocks, you know."

"All right," said Sir Leicester; then to himself: "You may 'bucket' the order, but you are good for the difference, I guess, old money-bags."

"Pacific Union, 18," called the gray-haired fiend at the other ticker.

"I wish that woman would be quiet!" muttered Sir Leicester to himself. "I feel horribly nervous. I think I'll send out for a b. and s."

When it was brought he tipped the boy a dime and turned again to the ticker. Just then one of the news agency boys rushed in.

"The President will sign the bill," read one of the suave partners.

Slowly but surely the stock mounted to higher figures. Finally the ancient female speculator announced the "21" mark. Sir Leicester listened with nervous gratification. "I'll have a good story to tell the widow," he thought. He looked at his watch. "By Jove! it's half-past eleven now—I must make haste!" He was about to go out when Goldnotte entered the private office. He held in his hand the Barclay cheque.

"As I haven't the pleasure of knowing the lady or Mr. Barclay, Sir Leicester, I'd like to have your endorsement to this. Just as a matter of precaution, you know." This was the fatal detail that the shrewd villain always overlooks. The Baronet's composure was superb. He knew the position in which his signature on the back of the cheque would place him, yet to hesitate would excite Goldnotte's suspicion. He had gone thus far voluntarily. He must now go on whether or no.

"Why, certainly." He seized a pen and wrote his name across the cheque in a bold hand. Goldnotte thanked him and retired. He handed the cheque back to his cashier. "Send a messenger boy to the Pinehurst Bank and have this certified. It's too big for a country bank."

"I have already telephoned them, and they say Barclay is good for anything he wants."

The banker knitted his brows. "That may be, but just do as I say; get it certified." Then to himself: "I don't like the way Sir Leicester acts to-day. He hasn't got his usual air of cocksureness—seems nervous. There is something wrong somewhere, I'm afraid."

Sir Leicester pondered the matter as he walked along.

"I hardly looked for that, yet I might have known it. I was so eager to get started that I forgot all about it. But so long as the market goes up, what's the odds? I'll sell out soon and take up the cheque, and no one will be any the wiser; but I'm damned if I'll go to jail!"

At the corner he met Lydia and Reginald Orglethorp, and the trio proceeded to the Savarin. When they were seated Lydia removed her gloves, and resting her chin on her interlaced and jeweled fingers, gazed expectantly at Sir Leicester.

"Well?" she said.

"Three thousand, so far," replied the Baronet, attempting to keep down the exultation that almost choked him.

"Three thousand!" repeated Lydia. "Oh, I'm so pleased!" Her eyes shone with gratitude. The Englishman smiled. He was not averse to arrogating to himself full credit for the success of the affair.

"Three thousand!" repeated Lydia. "Did you hear, Reginald?"

Sir Leicester waved his hand deprecatingly. "A mere trifle, my dear Mrs. Villa—a bagatelle."

"It's very kind of you to put it that way, Sir Leicester; but I'm really very appreciative. I have helped many people, but I have never been helped before. So, when in my extremity a rescuer comes, I am truly grateful."

"I wonder how Barclay would like that?" said Sir Leicester to himself.

When the wine came Lydia's spirits rose still higher. "Only think of it!" she said; "three thousand dollars in a

day—or, hold, less than a day—two hours. Why, at that rate, we should make—let's see, how many hours is the Exchange open?"

"Five," said Reginald.

"Well, then, fifteen thousand dollars a day, three hundred days in a year—just lend me your pencil. Why, isn't that wonderful? it's four million five hundred thousand a year!"

"I'm afraid you didn't allow for holidays," remarked Reginald, drily.

"Now don't be nasty, Reggie," said the widow, giving him a look of coquettish reproach out of her soft, warm eyes.

Under the mellowing influence of the champagne the Baronet became communicative. "You see," he said, "I couldn't very well go wrong. I've known Hatteras for years; he's right in the swim in Washington; knows all the Government, from the President down; dines at houses of Cabinet officers, entertains Senators, drinks with Members of Congress, and all that sort of thing galore. I am a man of method—never take chances. 'Buy a thousand,' said I. He bought it—Goldnotte bought it. We had made three thousand before I left the office—maybe twice that much ahead now. By the way, Goldnotte said he'd advise me here; boy should be here now. You know that stock acts like lightning. Once it starts it's either up or down in a jiffy, and in this case it's up."

"What if the President should refuse to sign the bill?" asked Reginald.

The Baronet frowned. "That's absurd, but in such a remote contingency P. U. would drop like lead—the very bottom would fall out of it. Ah, here is the boy now; faithful Goldnotte!"

He took from the messenger the slip and read, "P. U. twenty-two—yqu'd better sell—Goldnotte."

"Sell!" laughed the Baronet. "I'll show him how I'll sell. I'll just double my holdings when I go back."

"Grand!" cried Lydia, flushed. "Lend me your pencil again, Reginald. Just think of it—that will be nine millions a year."

"Look out for the holidays this time," laughed Reginald.

"I think you're a mean fellow to make fun of me, Reginald." Then suddenly she added, "I wonder how Barclay would feel if he knew we were making money so fast."

"If he knew how we were making it he might not be pleased," suggested Reginald.

The suggestion had a double meaning for Sir Leicester, as he thought of Barclay's cheque, and it struck him as amusing.

Again Lydia's thoughts flitted back to Goldnotte's suggestion. "Why does he advise you to sell?" she asked, turning to Sir Leicester. "What can it be to him? He is only your broker. Don't you think it rather cheeky of him?"

"That's the way with these fellows," laughed the Baronet; "but there's something more than mere idle solicitude in Goldnotte's tip. I believe he's bucketed my order and is afraid I'll hold on till I break him—and I will, too, now that I've got things on the run. But, by the way, speaking of Barclay, what is he, anyway—that is, what is his business?"

"He's a lawyer by profession, but without an occupation," said Lydia.

"I don't wonder. Your laws here are so dreadfully lax—a man can do almost anything, and if he has influence, generally expressed thus—" he wrote on an envelope "\$"—"he will not be molested."

"That's just where you are misinformed, Sir Leicester," replied Reginald, rather warmly. "I have a friend whose father has money to burn, and who would burn it, too, only he has a weak stomach and can't stand the smell of smoke. Now this young man simply 'raised' a cheque, and what do you think he got?"

"Really, I haven't the remotest idea what ridiculous sentence the amusing little chap got," returned the Baronet, with delicious nonchalance.

"Twelve years at hard labor."

"Really!" commented Sir Leicester, adjusting his glasses and picking up the bill of fare with trembling fingers

and looking for nothing in particular. "I'm sorry for the poor chap—not for committing a felony, but for being such a consummate jackass." Then, after a moment's deep thought, "I suppose he raised the wrong man's cheque."

"He thought not—the victim was an old friend of the family, and young Hutchings thought he could square it with him. He was deep in debt and wanted the money to speculate with, but he was a greenhorn—put up money on cats and dogs on advice of a friend, and of course you know the inevitable. His friend was appealed to, but had recently found religion and lost charity—become fanatical—must not condone crime; must make an example—and so poor Ned, just out of college with bright prospects, went 'up the river' for twelve years; and every night Haversham, who sent him there, prays that he may repent and come out a good man."

"Speaking of religion," said Sir Leicester, calmly, "reminds me of our quiet friend Barclay; would you call him a religious man? One would almost think he should be a parson. Really, he's good enough and learned enough; the mere putting on of a stock and a collar that joins behind would do the job."

"With all respect to the cloth," said Reginald, "I know of a few who ought to wear collars that join behind."

"No, you are mistaken in Barclay, Sir Leicester," said Lydia; "he's not the hopelessly good man you think him."

"Well, well, I'm glad of that," said the Baronet, laughing a little. "I like Barclay, and was getting quite gloomy about him. In fact, I had begun to think him the most guileless man I ever met."

"You mistook undemonstrativeness for guilelessness, Sir Leicester."

"Well, I'm glad that I did, yet I always flattered myself I could read men."

"The mistake is, you men don't know where to read. You see only the lines, and nothing between them."

Don't you know that the lines are put there by design, perhaps, for you to read? Their true significance it takes women to discover."

Sir Leicester looked at Lydia over his wineglass with enthusiastic admiration. "By Jove!" he thought, "I'd like to marry her!" Then aloud, "Quite true, Mrs. Villa; women of cleverness."

Lydia's color heightened. "It's not cleverness, Sir Leicester," she replied, "it's intuition. You men *guess* with your heads—we women *read* with our hearts."

"And you read Barclay with your heart," suggested Sir Leicester, smilingly.

"I don't require to, I can read him with my head. He's the easiest man in the whole world to understand. His chief charm is consistency. He is honest, and consequently unsuspecting. He was taught to love honor and to hate dishonor. He's the most loyal friend in the world——"

"I imagine so," broke in Sir Leicester.

"To those who are loyal to him, I mean."

"And," suggested Sir Leicester, "equally unforgiving, I suppose, to those who are not."

"Quite."

"Ah!"

"And he has one pet hatred."

"Speculation?"

"Gambling, he calls it."

"Speculation if you win, gambling if you lose, I suspect."

"It's the only thing he gets in a rage about."

"Fancy Barclay in a rage!"

"It's not pleasant, I assure you. Beware of the wrath of a patient man. He's particularly intolerant of 'points' and 'special information,' as he calls them—says 'dead-sure things' are dead-sure losers."

Sir Leicester sipped his champagne and smiled indulgently. "Preaches from his father's book, I suppose?" he asked.

"No, from the blackest page of his own experience, he says."

"Ah!"

"Reginald and I are to call for him at his attorney's office, to go down with us. We'll pick you up on the way. But don't let on we are speculating."

"Trust me for that. He may alter his tone about speculation when I've given him a few lessons."

"Well, it's a delicious game, anyway," laughed Lydia, "and it's a good one, too. It's going to retrieve my fortune for me, and what's more, I don't care how Barclay preaches against it."

"Here's to the yacht!" cried Reginald, lifting his glass.

"And here is to the Florida trip!" said Lydia.

"And here's that we may all be in heaven ten years before the devil knows we are dead!" said the Baronet.

Outside, Sir Leicester left his companions and proceeded direct to Goldnotte's office. On his way he met a boy with yellow news slips. He noticed at the top of one the line, "The President Refuses." His heart palpitated strangely for a moment, and he quickened his steps. At the entrance to the office Goldnotte met him and silently handed him a slip. The banker's face was serious. A great apprehension crept over Sir Leicester. He went quickly to the private office, and closing the door, unfolded the note with nervous fingers. It read: "Sold 1,000 P. U. at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ."

For a moment the Baronet looked out on the passing throng, but saw it not. Through force of habit, as if trying to convince himself that he was calm, he took a cigarette from a jeweled case and thrust it between his lips; then he lighted a match, but allowed it to burn itself out, and relaxing his hold, let the charred end fall to the carpet. His head was bent forward; his eyes stared vacantly. Slowly he tore the notice of sale to bits and absently threw the small pieces away.

Then the thoughts that came to him comprehended almost all of the

experiences of his unprincipled career. Unconsciously he sought to justify many of the dishonorable acts that stood conspicuous milestones down the highway of his past. By the law of paradoxes he thought of trifles as well. He realized that his last trump was played—he had reached, absolutely, the end of his line. He had burned his bridges in England behind him; now he had lost Lydia's friendship. The fact that he had sought to put her between himself and disaster caused him no remorse. Could he "square" himself with Barclay? Lydia's words, "To those who are loyal to him," sprang up to negative the suggestion. Besides, were Barclay to find out that he had tried to sacrifice Lydia, his resentment would be implacable. Then his thoughts again spread over his past. He was neither ashamed nor proud of it. He didn't care. He thought of his mother, and felt a quick resentment as he remembered how she had compelled him to practice penmanship. It had always been a temptation to him—she was remotely responsible for his present fix. She had also taught him the use of the pistol—he smiled grimly as he placed the two circumstances in juxtaposition; "cause and effect," he muttered, ironically—"from pen to pistol." The momentousness of it all compelled a calmness at which he wondered. The future! He thought of young Hutchings, "up the river." He had no future in this world—he wondered vaguely whether there were one in the next. His alert mind searched the field of his experience for a method of escape; there was none.

Presently he drew a pistol from his pocket, placed it to his temple and pulled the trigger.

Instantly the noise in the outer rooms ceased. The customers looked at one another with sudden apprehension. Goldnotte stepped quickly and lightly to the door of the private office. He paused with his hand on the knob as if fearing the worst, then opened the door and—found it. The spider had lost the fly. For a mo-

ment his face remained white under the shock, but self-interest prompted him to move. He closed the door quietly and went over to the cashier's desk. "The cheque," he asked—"the Barclay cheque—has it come back?"

"Wanted at the 'phone, sir," broke in an office boy, addressing the cashier.

"Mr. Goldnotte!" called the cashier from the telephone box a moment later.

"What is it?" asked the banker, stepping over.

"I have just received a message that the boy who had the cheque was in a trolley accident. He was injured slightly and the cheque was lost. Would you like to speak with him?—I am holding the wire."

Goldnotte said nothing, but walked away toward the private office; a "bluecoat" was standing close outside of the closed door. Just then a lady and two gentlemen entered the office. One of the two advanced to Goldnotte.

"We wish to see Sir Leicester," he said. Goldnotte pointed to the policeman.

"You'd better ask him," he replied, abruptly.

"What's the matter? Under arrest?"

"Dead!"

The gentleman immediately rejoined his companions, and they left the office. Once outside, Barclay said: "There's been an accident, Lydia. Reginald, you take Mrs. Villa home and I'll come down later and explain everything."

When Barclay returned to Goldnotte's office he noticed a marked change in the banker's manner.

"You must pardon me," said Goldnotte, "I did not know that you were Mr. Barclay until my cashier told me so. This is a most unfortunate affair—most unfortunate," he added, rubbing his hands. "But," and he drew Barclay aside, "perhaps you will be good enough to give us a duplicate of the cheque that Sir Leicester deposited with us this morning. It was



your cheque, you know. We sent it for certification, and the boy lost the envelope in a trolley accident."

"For how much?"

"Eight thousand dollars."

"What was it used for?"

"Margin on 1,000 shares of P. U., bought at 18, sold at 10½."

"I never issued such a cheque."

Goldnotte looked aghast at Barclay.

"Never issued it!" he gasped.

"Then it's a forgery! What a damned knave that Baronet is!"

"No, he's not a knave; he's dead."

The broker reflected a moment.

"But there are those who are not dead who are equally responsible, and I'll make them sweat for this!" he said.

Barclay straightened up. "To whom do you refer?"

"The woman who was in here with you just now."

"What can she have to do with this transaction?"

"Her endorsement was on the cheque and the account was in her name."

Barclay changed color. The banker noted the effect of his words, and went on: "Perhaps to save her any embarrassment you will consent now to issue a duplicate cheque, Mr. Barclay."

"Certainly I will," replied Barclay. The banker smiled. "Just you send me a letter," Barclay continued, "with the names of the man on the Stock Exchange from whom you bought that P. U. and of the man to whom you sold it, and I'll send you a duplicate cheque."

Goldnotte scowled, and Barclay turned and left the place. He went direct to the office of his attorney, who was a very old friend. "Hamilton," he said, "I want you to take entire charge of this unfortunate business. I'll send you the address of the family in England, and you are to send our friend back."

Hamilton laid his hand affectionately on Barclay's arm. "John," he said, "you're a most extraordinary fellow. This man borrowed money from you during his life and sponged on you, and he's playing you for a 'sucker'

after he's dead. What did he amount to, anyway?"

"He was only one of the conspicuous ciphers of life, that's all," answered Barclay.

The thought of Lydia free from a fancied entanglement awakened again the old spirit of unrest in him—the old spirit of hope. He had thought the one conquered, the other dead. There was now no obstacle in the way. He would wait a respectable time and then lay his heart at her feet.

Meantime, Lydia suffered a frenzy of apprehension regarding the cheque. Had Barclay found out anything? She had told him repeatedly that she would never engage in speculation. What would he think of her? She was, therefore, much perplexed when the same evening she received the following despatch from him:

Gone San Francisco; return three weeks from to-day.

### III

As Barclay approached New York on the limited three weeks later he was the victim of many emotions. He loved Lydia in a chivalrous way. He was no longer a boy, no longer a creature of impulse, yet he recognized many a long forgotten feeling returning as the possibility of realizing his old dream of happiness increased. When he reached New York he debated whether to go direct to Pinehurst or first to his hotel; he decided on the latter course. His old servant received him with delight and handed him a letter marked "Personal." "It came a week ago," he said.

Barclay recognized Lydia's handwriting. He tore open the envelope:

DEAR JOHN:

I know you'll be astonished, but Reginald and I were married last week. I send this to your hotel, as I do not know where else to write you. I will come to see you immediately I return.

LYDIA.

Barclay returned the letter to the envelope and put it into his pocket. "You may go," he said to his servant. About an hour afterward the servant entered with a telegram. John took it.

Ponce de Leon,  
St. Augustine.  
No funds. Please help us out.  
LYDIA.

Barclay wrote out a cheque for a thousand dollars, then turned to his servant. "Ask the cashier to cash that, then wire it to this address." He picked up a telegraph blank and wrote:

MR. AND MRS. REGINALD ORGLETHORP,  
Ponce de Leon,  
St. Augustine, Fla.  
Congratulations.  
JOHN BARCLAY.

For an hour Barclay remained in meditation. Finally he put his hand into his pocket, drew forth his pocket-book and took out a letter and a cheque. The letter was:

DEAR BARCLAY:  
I found this cheque in an envelope near the trolley smash-up, and I send it by messenger.

WARD.

The cheque he unfolded and scrutinized closely. He turned it over and carefully read the signatures on the back: "Lydia Villa, Leicester Bunsby." He held the cheque by one corner over the fire and allowed the other end to engage the flames. In a moment it was nothing but smoke.

"It doesn't matter who did it," he mused; "the one is a woman and the other is dead."



## THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY

"THE same voice, but alas! a different tone!  
Its music once seemed deathless as the stars.  
It sang of love, and of our love alone;  
The notes are still the same—yet the song jars!

"The same eyes, but alas! a different glance  
From that which in the old days sought my face,  
Wrapping me round with tenderest romance  
In an ethereal yet warm embrace!

"The same lips, but alas! a different kiss!  
Something is gone. What is it? Speak, mine own!"  
"Our dear, dead passion is a chrysalis—  
The golden butterfly of love has flown!"

ELISABETH R. FINLEY.



## CELESTIAL COSTUMES

HUSBAND—I wonder what we shall wear in heaven.

WIFE—Well, if you get there, John, I imagine most of us will wear surprised looks.

## THE BLUE PINCUSHION

By M. Q. Dixon

MRS. AUBREY'S boudoir. Fireplace, table with books, writing-desk and dressing-table with candles, mirror and accessories of toilet. Mrs. Aubrey seated before the dressing-table, in evening dress, while the maid fastens an aigrette in her hair.

LIZETTE—Voilà, madame! c'est parfait! You are beau-ti-ful to-night! Regardez! (Hands her mistress a small mirror with which to examine the back of her hair.)

MRS. AUBREY—Nonsense, Lizette! I am hideous! I wish I were not going to this stupid dinner.

LIZETTE—Mais, pourquoi donc, madame? Votre robe est belle.

MRS. AUBREY—I look pale and haggard—my eyes are heavy.

LIZETTE—Eh bien! If madame will permit—a little rouge?

MRS. AUBREY—Oh, no, Lizette! it doesn't matter. Nothing matters now. (Gets up and walks over to the fire.) I am cold.

LIZETTE—Will you have some wine, madame?

MRS. AUBREY—No.

Lizette pushes a chair before the fire for Mrs. Aubrey.

MRS. AUBREY—Bring me my fan and gloves, Lizette; then take my wraps, and tell Briggs that I shall want the carriage at seven promptly.

LIZETTE—Oui, madame.

A knock at the door. Enter Mr. Aubrey, excitedly.

MR. AUBREY—Well, Mrs. Aubrey, here I am!

MRS. AUBREY—So I see, Mr. Aubrey. Did you give up the idea of running over to Philadelphia to-day?

MR. AUBREY—Yes.

MRS. AUBREY—Then your business was not so urgent, after all?

MR. AUBREY—Naturally I could not go after receiving your enigmatical telegram.

MRS. AUBREY—Enigmatical?

MR. AUBREY—Rather! (Reads:)

"If you go to Philadelphia to-day, I will forward letter in my possession to Mr. Légère by next mail.

"Signed,

"ELEANOR AUBREY."

Will you please explain this, madam? To what letter do you refer?

MRS. AUBREY (coldly)—To one that arrived within ten minutes after you started down town this morning. It was in an envelope bearing your office address. Fearing that it might be of importance, I opened the envelope, and out of it dropped a letter addressed in a lady's handwriting—

MR. AUBREY (aside)—I'll discharge that clerk to-morrow.

MRS. AUBREY—And bearing a Philadelphia postmark.

MR. AUBREY—And you opened this letter? I think, Mrs. Aubrey, that you might respect my private correspondence. You will give me the letter, if you please.

MRS. AUBREY—Oh, no, Mr. Aubrey. I shall keep it as a gentle reminder.

MR. AUBREY—You will do nothing of the kind. The letter is mine.

MRS. AUBREY—Possession is nine points of the law.

MR. AUBREY—You will certainly not think of sending it to Mr. Légère? Even the most innocent action, in the eyes of a jealous husband, assumes enormous proportions. I pre-

sume you would not wish to injure the reputation of an innocent woman or cause a duel between Mr. Légère and myself.

MRS. AUBREY—You acknowledge, then, that the letter is from Mrs. Légère, and that you are in the habit of receiving letters from her?

MR. AUBREY—Not *habit*, Mrs. Aubrey, but I have had the honor of attending to some law matters for Mrs. Légère.

MRS. AUBREY (*scornfully*)—Is Mr. Légère aware that you are his wife's *homme d'affaires*? He might not be pleased with the situation.

MR. AUBREY—You are absurd! Mrs. Légère is an old friend, and there is no possible reason why she should not consult me in regard to her affairs. You will give me that letter at once, Mrs. Aubrey. It may be of the greatest importance.

MRS. AUBREY—Oh, no! I fancy it is nothing that cannot wait. Besides—I am dining out this evening, so permit me to wish you a pleasant evening at home.

MR. AUBREY—Shall I put you in the carriage?

MRS. AUBREY—Pray don't take that trouble. Lizette has my wraps. (*Exit.*)

MR. AUBREY (*alone*)—Well, here's the old boy to pay! (*Walks aimlessly about the room, looking to right and left; stops before the fire and lights a cigarette.*) I hope Eleanor will pardon me if I smoke here. I must have something to soothe my nerves. (*Sinks into a chair.*) What shall I do? I am in a critical situation! Everything depends on what Marie wrote in the letter. She surely could not have been foolish enough to say that she expected me in Philadelphia; but then—women have no sense in these matters. It is too bad, after all the precautions I took—that clerk is an idiot! I expressly told him to keep letters bearing a Philadelphia postmark at the office until my return. Now, the letter may be harmless; then, again, it may be the reverse. Oh, if I could but find it! Where can she have concealed it?

*Walks about the room, searches drawers of desk, overturns newspapers and books, pillows and rugs, and then throws himself exhausted on couch.*

I must put myself absolutely in her place. Like Sherlock Holmes, I must think with her mind. Let me see. She is a curious woman, inclined to be suspicious and secretive; has the bump of caution largely developed, therefore she would not be likely to destroy the letter; and her sense of honor would, I think, prevent her from opening it—unless, indeed, she were *very jealous*. This knowledge of her character has enabled me to play a bluff game thus far. If she *had* read the letter, and there was anything compromising in it, would she betray the knowledge by her manner? Is she leading me into a pit by feigning ignorance? I don't think so. She likes to have the things she values always about her. She would want to assure herself often of the safety of the letter—therefore it would be among the articles she uses constantly. Let me think. I have it—her dressing-table.

*Jumps up, lights candles on dressing-table, sits down before it, picks up the silver toilet articles, examines boxes of gloves and handkerchiefs. Then sits gazing intently at his own reflection in the mirror.*

No use—it's not here. Guess I'll have to give it up. (*Yawns.*) What a bore! (*Leans his head back against the chair, still gazing intently into the mirror. Face becomes set like face of one in a trance. Clock strikes eight. Starts and rubs his eyes.*) By Jove! have I been asleep? No, I am wide awake, but I certainly saw my wife's face in the glass instead of my own! I saw her distinctly! And she had in her hands a blue pincushion! Ah! this very one! (*Takes up pincushion, examines it. A silver hatpin falls to the floor.*) Pshaw! I am a fool for my pains. I'll go to bed. (*Takes up hatpin and sticks it savagely into cushion.*) Hello! What's that? Paper? The pin won't go through! (*Glances at clock.*) Eight o'clock! I have two good hours before she will return!

*(Takes a pair of scissors and rips open side of cushion, pouring the sawdust into a newspaper.)*

*(Excitedly)* Ah, ha! here it is! *(Holds up a letter.)* It is from Marie. Thank God! it has not been opened! *(Opens carefully with the aid of a penknife. Reads:)*

"MON CHER AMI:

"I live in the expectation of your speedy arrival. Do not fail to come on Wednesday, as agreed.

"MARIE."

*(With a sigh)* I think it will be well to destroy this. *(Holds it over the flame of a candle. Goes to desk and takes a blank piece of paper.)* There! I'll put in a blank that will tell no tales. *(Reseals letter and returns it to cushion.)* Heavens! what an escape! Now for a needle. I'm not much of a seamstress, but I must fix this cushion somehow. *(Mends cushion, covering stitches carefully with lace and ribbons; replaces on dressing-table; blows out candles. Throws himself on couch. . . . Later. Mrs. Aubrey enters.)*

MRS. AUBREY—Poor old fellow! he's asleep. It was rather mean of me to keep him from going to Philadelphia to-day. *(Takes off cloak.)* I don't believe there was anything in that old letter, after all. Aubrey, wake up, it is nearly twelve o'clock.

MR. AUBREY—Oh! ah! what is it? Have you returned, my dear? I hope you enjoyed your party.

MRS. AUBREY—No, it was horribly stupid.

MR. AUBREY—I'm very sorry.

MRS. AUBREY—Look here, Aubrey, I've changed my mind. I'll give you the letter, and you can go over to Philadelphia, on condition—

MR. AUBREY—I assure you, my love, that I don't care in the least about the letter.

MRS. AUBREY—On condition that you do not go to see Mrs. Légère while you are there—it was not her business you were going over about this time—and that you will ask her to get another lawyer to attend to her affairs in the future. There! am I not generous?

MR. AUBREY—The fact is, my dear, I don't wish to see the letter now. I was only annoyed at your want of faith in me.

MRS. AUBREY—Oh, yes, you do. I'll go and get it. You could never guess where I have hidden it! *(Goes to dressing-table and returns with cushion.)*

MR. AUBREY *(aside)*—Now may heaven preserve me! Courage, Aubrey, old boy!

MRS. AUBREY *(bringing a low stool, which she places beside her husband, and sitting)*—Now, you would never imagine that it was in this cushion, would you, Aubrey?

MR. AUBREY—Oh, no, my love; never in the world! What made you think of such a place?

MRS. AUBREY—How curious! I was sure that the bow was on the left side. *(Rips cushion and takes out letter. Holding it up)* Do you want it?

MR. AUBREY *(with indifference)*—Oh, no, I don't believe it is of any importance.

MRS. AUBREY *(smiling)*—Well, give me your promise, and then we'll agree just to put the letter in the fire as it is, without opening.

MR. AUBREY—With all my heart. *(Both rise.)*

MRS. AUBREY—One, two, three; here it goes! *(Lets letter fall into the fire.)*

MR. AUBREY—But you must promise never to be jealous again.

MRS. AUBREY—Never! never! *(They embrace.)*

## AT A CHURCH WEDDING

SHE—The groom seems embarrassed.

HE—He is. He is marrying her for her money.



## LOVE LINGERED

LOVE lingered at my threshold all the day,  
 And dew-drenched sunbeams were his pleading eyes;  
 I hushed my heart lest he should hear its cries,  
 I scourged my lips lest they should bid him stay,  
 I held his hands lest he should go away—  
 And still he lingered, all too weak, too wise  
 To waste the moment ere he must arise  
 And go his path, on through the twilight gray,  
 Swift through the darkness to the house of Her.  
 And not one kiss I took from out her store,  
 And not one word of all the words there were.  
 And since her arms may home him evermore,  
 God, who is merciful and understands,  
 Forgives me that I held him by the hands!

ETHEL M. KELLEY.



## INCONSIDERATE INCREDULITY

DAUGHTER—Father, I fear I hurt the Count's feelings.  
 FATHER—In what way?  
 "I thoughtlessly told him I didn't believe he owed as much as he said he did."



## A LESSON

MY Lady got mad  
 For my kissing her hand,  
 And I was quite glad  
 My Lady got mad—  
 A way that she had  
 I now understand;  
 My Lady got mad  
 For my kissing her *hand*.

R. J. SMITH.



## VERY LIKELY

WILLIAMSON—The man that pays as he goes doesn't miss anything.  
 HENDERSON—He misses the money.

## FAUSSE MANOEUVRE

Par Xanrof

**D**IX HEURES du soir, par une nuit sereine de juillet.

Les invités du château font dans le parc, et par petits groupes, la promenade quotidienne.

La jolie veuve de Saint-Cassette est, selon son habitude, flanquée de ses deux amoureux; à droite, le petit Letronquoy; à gauche, le Marquis Lancre de Lancrier. Ceci indique que c'est un jour impair. Les jours pairs, Letronquoy prend la gauche et le marquis passe à droite. Mais tous deux, immuablement, depuis quatre mois qu'ils ont posé leur candidature à la main de la charmante veuve, l'encadrent matin et soir, chacun d'eux plaidant sa cause et débâtant son voisin, sans que Madame de Saint-Cassette arrive à se décider.

Letronquoy a pour lui ses vingt ans et sa belle humeur; mais le marquis a son titre et son grand air, car si ce n'est plus un jeune homme, il est droit comme un peuplier qui porterait corset, et arbore des cheveux d'un noir implacable.

LETRONQUOY (*galment*) — Enfin, voyons, madame, quand, quand, quand vous déciderez-vous à faire le malheur du marquis?

MADAME DE SAINT-CASSETTE (*estomaquée*) — Vous dites?

LETRONQUOY — Et mon bonheur, à moi. (*Plus bas et l'attirant un peu vers la droite*) Car c'est moi que vous choisirez, j'en suis sûr? Je suis jeune, gai, gentil.

MADAME DE SAINT-CASSETTE (*souriant*) — Toqué!

LETRONQUOY — Justement! Vous verrez quel aimable mari je ferai!

LE MARQUIS (*agacé et ramenant*

*Madame de Saint-Cassette vers la gauche*) — Qu'est-ce que Letronquoy vous raconte?

MADAME DE SAINT-CASSETTE — Qu'il fera un mari charmant!

LE MARQUIS — Lui? Un gamin sans cervelle! (*Plus bas et avec sentiment*) Ce qu'il vous faut, c'est un homme encore jeune, mais mûr pour le mariage; un homme pour qui l'amour ne soit pas une amusette, mais le but de toute sa vie, et dont le cœur sincère —

LETRONQUOY (*agacé*) — Qu'est-ce qu'il vous chante donc, le marquis?

MADAME DE SAINT-CASSETTE — Qu'il fera un meilleur mari que vous, qui êtes trop jeune!

LETRONQUOY (*gonailleux*) — Il me trouve trop vert; c'est peut-être parce qu'il ne l'est plus assez!

LE MARQUIS (*qui a entendu, se récriant*) — Qu'est-ce que vous dites? Est-ce que j'ai l'air âgé, monsieur? Je vous défie de me trouver un cheveu blanc!

LETRONQUOY (*affectant d'être pris d'une toux soudaine*) — Hem! hem!

LE MARQUIS (*vexé*) — Monsieur, je ne souffrirai pas —

MADAME DE SAINT-CASSETTE (*s'interposant*) — Eh bien! Qu'est-ce que c'est, messieurs? Pas de dispute, je vous le défends. . . . Et je vous promets de prendre une décision — le plus tôt possible. Là, je suis gentille?

LE MARQUIS (*lui baisant la main*) — Adorable!

LETRONQUOY (*rêveur*) — Pas un cheveu blanc! Au fait, ça me semble louche, ça à son âge. (*Soupçonneux*) Est-ce que? Il faudra que je fasse ma petite enquête, moi!

Ils continuent leur promenade à trois, telle une garniture de cheminée en ballade.

## II

Huit heures du matin, devant la petite porte du parc, à l'heure où doit passer le facteur.

Un homme attend fébrilement le préposé à la correspondance et se promène de long en large, enveloppé d'un manteau de teinte indécise, mais pas couleur de muraille. Depuis qu'on a pris l'habitude de couvrir celles-ci d'affiches éclatantes, un manteau qui prendrait leur aspect bariolé serait une fâcheuse précaution pour quelqu'un qui désire ne pas éveiller l'attention.

L'homme qui guette le facteur n'est autre que Letronquoy, à qui une enquête discrète, mais coûteuse, auprès de la domesticité, a appris que le marquis reçoit régulièrement tous les huit jours un petit flacon d'une mystérieuse mixture. Après quoi, il s'enferme dans sa chambre pour en ressortir deux heures après, les cheveux brillants et noirs à désespérer tous les corbeaux des environs.

Le facteur paraît.

LETRONQUOY (se précipitant)—Vous avez quelque chose pour le Marquis de Lancrier?

LE FACTEUR (sans défiance)—Voilà, monsieur. (Il lui remet un petit paquet et s'éloigne.)

LETRONQUOY—Merci!

Resté seul, il défait le paquet d'une main criminelle et tremblante. Une fiole apparaît avec l'étiquette: *Teinture capillaire extra!*

LETRONQUOY (trionphant)—Tralalala! (Il esquisse un pas de danse.) Eh bien! Il peut l'attendre, sa teinture! Ah! ah! pas un cheveu blanc, nous allons bien voir!

Et se dirigeant vers une mare solitaire, il envoie la fiole au milieu d'une famille de paisibles grenouilles. Puis, son forfait accompli, il rentre au château, tout guilleret, et croise sans remords le Marquis de Lancrier en train d'interroger nerveusement le valet de chambre.

LE VALET DE CHAMBRE—J'ai l'honneur de répéter à M. le Marquis que le facteur ne m'a rien remis pour M. le Marquis!

LE MARQUIS (qui a l'air très préoccupé)—C'est étrange! Enfin, ça sera peut-être pour demain. Faites bien attention. C'est un petit paquet. Vous me le monterez.

## III

Trois jours après le petit Letronquoy, qui ne s'est pas vanté de sa canaillerie, continue seul sa cour auprès de la jolie veuve. Le marquis ne bouge plus de sa chambre, où il attend fébrilement une nouvelle fiole réclamée d'urgence à son fournisseur. Il l'espère vainement, d'ailleurs; le matin même, l'implacable Letronquoy l'a subtilisée et l'a envoyée rejoindre la première dans la mare aux grenouilles.

LETRONQUOY (pressant Madame de Saint-Cassette)—Voyons, ne me donnerez-vous pas enfin cette réponse promise? Ne me direz-vous pas ce "oui" tant attendu? Vous devez avoir choisi entre le marquis et moi!

MADAME DE SAINT-CASSETTE (coquette)—Peut-être. Mais je ne veux rendre mon arrêt que devant les deux plaideurs. Or, je ne sais ce qu'a le marquis; voici trois jours qu'il est souffrant, paraît-il. Il ne tardera pas, sans doute, à paraître. Alors, seulement, je parlerai!

LETRONQUOY (perplexe, à part)—Diable! c'est que le marquis est capable de filer à l'anglaise, pour ne pas exhiber sa tête sans teinture! Oh! quelle idée! (Haut) Comme ça se trouve! J'oubliais, chère madame—le marquis ne peut descendre encore aujourd'hui, à cause de sa tête.

MADAME DE SAINT-CASSETTE (apitoyée)—Ah! il a des migraines?

LETRONQUOY (tâchant de garder son sérieux)—Oui, justement! Mais si vous vouliez venir lui dire bonjour avec moi, dans sa chambre, vous lui feriez bien plaisir!

MADAME DE SAINT-CASSETTE (se levant)—Comment donc! Mais avec plaisir. Ce pauvre ami!

LETRONQUOY (*lui offrant le bras*)—Et si vous voulez alors profiter de ce que nous serons réunis pour choisir? (*A part, enchanté de son idée*) Je suis bien tranquille. Il doit être fortement décoloré à l'heure qu'il est! Quand elle l'aura vu comme ça, elle n'hésitera plus! (*Il rit d'avance du tableau.*)

## IV

LE MARQUIS (*dans sa chambre, et dans une colère noire, mais qui ne peut malheureusement lui servir de teinture*)—Qu'est-ce que fiche donc ce coiffeur? Trois jours de retard, c'est inimaginable! (*Se regardant dans la glace*) Ça y est! Me voilà poivre et sel! Impossible de me montrer! Quand je pense que, pendant ce temps-là, Letronquoy avance ses affaires auprès de Madame de Saint-Cassette. Oh! oh! oh! Et ne pas même pouvoir me mettre à la fenêtre! (*On frappe.*) Qui est là?

LETRONQUOY (*déguisant sa voix*)—C'est le facteur!

LE MARQUIS (*ivre de joie*)—Enfin! Ça n'est pas malheureux! (*Il ouvre et se trouve nez à nez avec Letronquoy et Madame de Saint-Cassette.*) Ah! saperlopinopipette!

LETRONQUOY (*rayonnant et goguenard*)—C'est une jolie surprise, hein, mon bon?

LE MARQUIS (*tout à fait décontenancé et tâchant de rester à contre-jour*)—Comment donc! Que c'est donc gentil à vous, chère madame! Asseyez-vous donc.

MADAME DE SAINT-CASSETTE—Alors, ça ne va pas, hein, cette affreuse migraine?

LE MARQUIS (*tirant vivement son mouchoir et s'en enveloppant les cheveux du mieux qu'il peut*)—Oh! ne m'en parlez pas! Ce que je souffre!

LETRONQUOY (*traîtreusement*)—Mais, mais?—je ne me trompe pas! On dirait que vous avez blanchi?

*Il soulève un coin du mouchoir, la tempe apparaît toute blanche.*

MADAME DE SAINT-CASSETTE (*stupéfaite*)—Dieu me pardonne! mais c'est vrai? Vous êtes tout blanc!

LE MARQUIS (*prenant un grand parti*)—Eh bien! oui! Que voulez-vous? C'est votre faute, madame!

MADAME DE SAINT-CASSETTE—Comment cela?

LE MARQUIS (*avec âme*)—Je vous aime tant. Alors, de voir que vous ne vouliez pas m'accorder votre main—de penser que vous ne m'aimiez pas, que vous ne m'aimeriez jamais—ça m'a causé tant de chagrin—un désespoir si violent—

MADAME DE SAINT-CASSETTE (*profondément émue*)—Comment! c'est ça qui vous a fait blanchir les cheveux?

LE MARQUIS (*avec un aplomb imperturbable*)—Oui!

LETRONQUOY (*étourdi du coup*)—Eh bien! par exemple!

MADAME DE SAINT-CASSETTE (*essuyant une larme*)—Ah! marquis, une femme est bien fière d'inspirer une telle passion! (*A Letronquoy*) Vous me demandiez tout à l'heure qui je choisisais, Monsieur Letronquoy? (*Mettant sa main dans celle du marquis*) Après une aussi éclatante preuve d'amour, l'hésitation n'est plus possible!

LE MARQUIS (*au comble de la joie*)—Ah! madame! Ah! marquise! (*Il lui baise la main avec transport.*)

LETRONQUOY (*horriblement vexé*)—J'ai été malin, moi! Enfin! (*Haut*) Toutes mes félicitations, mon cher marquis—(*ironique*)—et espérons que si le chagrin vous a blanchi les cheveux, le bonheur que vous venez d'éprouver ne tardera pas à vous les renoircir.



## SHE WANTED A SHOW

MR. TWEEDS—I'd make some woman a No. 1 husband.

MRS. WEEDS—But what is your objection to marrying a widow?

## VAGABONDS

GOD gave unto the philistine,  
 Who toils at desk or mart,  
 The silver pieces broad and fine  
 And brodered coat and smart,  
 But gave, oh brothers, for our part  
 The roving foot and free;  
 The children of the merry heart—  
 Life's vagabonds are we.

The elder son hath glowing hearth  
 And quiet home and house;  
 The younger son hath all the earth  
 Wherein he may carouse.  
 The elder son his goodly spouse  
 For once and all has ta'en;  
 Upon the younger's tattered blouse  
 More heads than one have lain.

Then ho, for stirrup and for spur,  
 Across the world away!  
 Nor pause to snatch a kiss from her  
 We courted yesterday.  
 'Tis some must dance and some must play,  
 Some pay and some go free.  
 God keep you, sirs, who stare and stay—  
 Life's vagabonds are we!

JOHN WINWOOD.



## NOT A PLEASING OUTLOOK

HE—Did you tell your father that I wished to see him?  
 SHE—Yes; he's getting ready now.



## IN THE BALANCE

WHO ne'er has suffered—he has lived but half;  
 Who ne'er has failed—he never strove or sought;  
 Who ne'er has wept is stranger to a laugh,  
 And he who never doubted never thought.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.



## BLUE-EYED ELIPHALET

By Arabella Kenealy

"MY dear Dallas," Eleanor wrote, "do you never mean to pay me your long-promised visit? I have not seen you since you were a child. I much wish to meet you. I was fond of your father. The season is virtually over, so do, there is a good creature, run down here for a fortnight or three weeks. I hear you are clever. I must find out what you are doing with your talents. They tell me you have tendencies to fritter. My dear, don't fritter! In a world crammed with interests and work it is a sin to fritter. Whatsoever you do, do it seriously, and as the Americans say, 'for all you are worth.' I have been so long associated with the woman's movement that I can promise you excellent advice on any line of activity you feel disposed to take up. I adjure you not to allow yourself to drift. Decide what is your bent and go for it—go for it heart and soul. To a good-looking young woman—I remember you as good-looking—to drift means to marry. For goodness' sake, don't marry without most profoundly deliberating the question. When I was your age I drifted. *Ergo*, I married—married without most profoundly deliberating the question. The result is Eliphalet! You don't know my husband. I have no fault to find with him. He does not interfere with me in any way. But in my busy, absorbing life he is a mere superfluity. However, come and see us. I shall not write again. Nor do you trouble to write except to send me a line the day previous to your arrival. Indeed, my correspondence has assumed such dimensions that it will be a charity on

your part if you merely wire. I am here for the next three months. Choose your own time within this limit. Come and renew our old friendship, and make Eliphalet's acquaintance. Till then, believe me,

"Your affectionate cousin,

"ELEANOR."

Dallas laid down the letter with a sigh of comfort.

"Did anything ever happen more opportunely?" she reflected. "If Eleanor had known the actual circumstances she could not have better come to the rescue. Drifting! it is exactly what I am doing, what I have been doing for the last three months, and drifting, as Eleanor predicts, into an uncongenial marriage. If I don't take to my heels and run for it, between mother and Ralph Dorrington I shall be Mrs. Dorrington before the year is out, and I have not the smallest desire to change either my name or my estate."

So she mused, a smile on her lips, a crease between her lovely brows. She was scarcely a beauty. Her eyes were fine, her brows perfect. The difference between mere prettiness and beauty is more often than not a question of eyebrows. A woman with good eyebrows *may* not be a beauty, a woman with poor eyebrows cannot be. The smile on her lips was dedicated to Eliphalet.

"How could she expect to be fond of a man with such a name? It absolutely spells weak eyes, a straggly beard and a tendency to total abstinence. And my dear Eleanor, you need not have gone out of your way to explain that you don't love Elipha-

let. If you did you would long since have found some less abominable title for him. Now I wonder how one could abbreviate 'Eliphalet!'"

She was a whimsical person, and she sat some moments smilingly transposing, curtailing and otherwise cajoling the obnoxious name. She came out of the ordeal with a happy thought.

"Why, 'Phil,' of course!" she decided. "There is a solution of the difficulty. I'll suggest it when I see her. If she were to call him Phil they might get on better."

A week later, having sent a line "the day before," she set forth on her visit.

The Sterns had their home in the heart of the country. Stern was squire of his village, which was four miles distant from a station. They called it a station; it was mentioned at intervals in the railway guides, and the trains certainly stopped there, otherwise it had more the appearance of a temporary scaffolding. The station master, who was apparently porter and booking clerk and every official beside, did not attempt to conceal his astonishment at the appearance of a passenger on his platform—indeed, he seemed almost to resent it as a piece of uncalled-for intrusion. He became more attentive and quickened his pace, however, when she inquired if Mr. Stern's carriage was waiting. There was no carriage waiting, nor was there a cab to be hired.

"There's a milk cart," he suggested. "If you like, I dessay Bill 'ud take you, miss. He's just about startin' for Callow Village."

There being no alternative, with night coming on, she gathered up her dainty skirts and climbed into the milk cart. Her dressing-bag and small portmanteau were deposited among the cans. Her trunk was to be sent on in the morning.

"You're puffickly welcome, miss," the milkman said, with a grin on the broad and purple countenance that comes of intemperance in milk. "The cans is as clean as elber-grease and bilin' water 'll make 'em, an' there's room anuff an' plenty."

She smiled graciously and faced the situation with the spirit of an adventurer. After a few efforts she relapsed into silence and responded to the milkman's conversational attempts with smiles and nods. These were just possible to her amid joltings that jerked the breath violently from her body and seemed at times to threaten broken bones.

"There, now, here y'are, miss, safe and sound as ef ye'd kem in yer own carriage," Bill said presently, turning in between the gates of a pretty lodge and bowling up a curved drive. "Will ye get out at the front door or round at the back?"

"Oh, the front door, please."

"Then I'll jest drive yer traps to the back fur convenience' sake," he said, heartily. "Thank'ee, miss, since ye're so kind, but I wasn't lookin' for nothink."

She descended hastily, though with a sense of snobbishness about her haste. After all, a milk cart is in no sense a discreditable affair; on the contrary, it breathes Arcadia and blamelessness. But her world made much of her, and she had grown used to taking herself with dignity. She brushed a few straws from her skirts and shook off the dust. Then she pulled the bell of the large, old-fashioned house. It was now about half-past eight of a June evening. The dusking air was rich with flower scents; the grounds were gay with color. She pulled the bell a second time. She heard its tongue clang through the house a slow, reluctant echo. At last came a sound of feet, an unbolting and unbarring, and the door was opened. She could no longer conceal from herself the fact that she was not expected. An elderly manservant, important and well-mannered, permitted himself to express by one stare that she was a surprise. It occurred to her that the delay in answering the bell had been due to the milkman's delivery of her baggage in the rear of the house, and to some deliberation thereat.

"Mrs. Stern is at home?" she submitted. "I am expected."

"No, ma'am," the man said, decisively, answering apparently both questions at once, and adding: "Mrs. Stern went to London yesterday morning. She expected to be away a week."

"Good gracious!" Dallas exclaimed. "But I wrote. She invited me to visit her. I was to send a line the day before. I am Miss Earle, her cousin."

His manner relaxed. "Will you come in, ma'am?" he said. "Mr. Stern is dining at the vicarage. I will send a message."

"Mr. Stern is here, then?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Heavens! Eliphalet! What a complication!

"Pray don't disturb him," she insisted. "Wait till he returns."

She was shown into a delightful drawing-room with walls of cool, pale green, a rose-red velvet carpet and the most charming old Chippendale chairs and cabinets. But dust lay on everything—the soft twilight did not conceal this, nor did it mask an air of general disorder.

"I will have a room got ready for you," the butler said, respectfully.

"I suppose there is no hotel," she said, in concession to the proprieties that suddenly reared startled heads. For after all, although Eliphalet was Eliphalet, he was Eleanor's husband and a man. The situation was distinctly unconventional. The butler smiled.

"There's an inn at Carbury—a good ten miles away," he said.

After she had been conducted to her room by an untidy, casual parlormaid, who eyed her boldly, she descended once more to the drawing-room and there sat down to wait for Eliphalet.

"Will you take supper, ma'am?" the butler asked, bringing in a lamp.

"Oh, no, thank you," she responded, hastily, and as hastily regretted it.

She had not taken food since lunch, and now the question had been put it found her distinctly hungry.

At that moment the man, on the

point of closing the door, threw it open again. "Here is Mr. Stern," he said.

His eyes were blue but, to all appearances, neither weak nor in need of spectacles. He wore no straggly beard, but exhibited a firm, clean-shaven chin. He was not handsome, perhaps, but he was eminently good-looking, tall, broad-shouldered, bronzed and healthy. He carried an atmosphere of energy and cheer.

"Nell went up to town yesterday," he said, when she had explained herself, "quite unexpectedly—some woman's rights meeting, or some man's wrong—you know her way. She has a hundred irons in the fire. She will be glad you came. She has been looking forward to your visit. Did they give you some supper?"

He took the situation with so much composure, and as so inevitable, that the proprieties laid down their startled heads, and she confessed that she was hungry.

She was soon sitting before a welcome meal of cold chicken with salad, and of fruit enriched by frothing country cream, served, if the truth must be confessed, in a cheerless, untidy dining-room. She noted a hole in the centre of the tablecloth.

It was out of keeping with the beautiful old glass and silver with which the table was set.

"I suppose Nell has described our *ménage* to you," he said, smiling. "I do all the housekeeping—look after the carpets and things. Sometimes I arrange the flowers." He did not conceal his pride in his accomplishments. "Does it strike you as being ridiculous?" he added, somewhat diffidently.

"Oh, not at all," she answered, hastily. "I suppose that is where the woman's movement, as Eleanor calls it, logically leads."

"Do you approve of the woman's movement?" He glanced at her a trifle ruefully.

"Surely," she said, with a laugh, "when it reduces us women to a proper sense of our shortcomings. We have always waxed proud in the

belief that we were the only persons capable of housekeeping."

She cast a roguish eye adown the untidy table, with its hole in the cloth and its odiously grouped flowers.

"I arranged them," he proclaimed, with the complacency of the amateur. The adept, exerting a natural talent, is but rarely self-conscious. "Yes, I flatter myself I know something of housekeeping," he resumed, "though it's my belief the good housekeeper is born, not made. Nell, of course, has no time to look after domestic things. You should see me in the Spring cleaning season. I try to put method into the work, you know. I keep a notebook and put down which carpet came up last year and need not come up this. It's a great thing, I think, to put method into things."

"You don't take up every carpet every year?" she submitted, with an air of subdued admiration for his methods.

"Lord bless me, no," he said. "I use a little discretion. All carpets don't show the dust alike, and some rooms are used less than others, you know, and the year I don't have up the carpets I have down the curtains."

"I call it an excellent notion," she said, demurely, "to keep a notebook and to put method into housekeeping. Now, do you, or does Eleanor, manage the estate?"

He stared a surprise that was almost aggressive.

"The estate?" he said, tersely. "Oh, I, of course. But that's a mere trifle. I've been used to it all my life."

She was glad he managed the estate and found it simple. Her eyes approved his manly, fine appearance. Beside his apparent capacity for doing his man's business, his shocking and everywhere conspicuous shortcomings in domestic matters seemed of less importance. Though of what possible importance to her was the capacity or incapacity of Cousin Eleanor's Eliphalet? she demanded, with withering contempt, of the person who was presently brushing out her

long hair in the hastily smeared mirror of her ill-kept bedroom.

"I wonder, were I to instruct Jane, the parlormaid, in the arts of turning down and making beds," she reflected, scornfully, "if Eliphalet would have my head removed!"

## II

"I've just sent off a line to Eleanor to let her know you're here," he said, cheerfully, as they sat down to breakfast next morning. His face fell suddenly. "By Jove!" he said, "did they bring you tea? I declare, I forgot to tell Jane. We have so few visitors—worse luck—the servants get a bit rusty and need constant reminders."

"Oh, I did not miss it," she confessed. "But please don't let me disturb Eleanor and bring her back before she has finished her meetings and lectures. I can easily go home and come again later."

"Go home!" he repeated, with a blank stare. "Why in the name of absurdity should you go home, when you've only just come, and haven't even seen Nell? As to disturbing her, Nell never lets anybody disturb her. She won't think of returning till she has done all she has to do. It won't take her more than a week."

"But is it quite—quite conventional?" she managed to say. "Won't people talk?"

"There is nobody to talk. Our few neighbors have gone to the sea or abroad. And surely your cousin's husband is chaperon enough."

She did not like to insist that her mother and the world would reject him unconditionally in that capacity. She felt almost ashamed in the presence of his open hospitality and honest eyes. And his eyes were so handsomely, so engagingly blue. She thought she had never before seen eyes so blue. She wondered if Eleanor realized what a very delightful person, in his fine manliness, with its touch of boyishness, Eliphalet was.

"Now I call this marmalade," he

said, passing her a somewhat dingy-looking sirup with a proprietary pride; "it is compounded of the best materials and made under my supervision."

Whatsoever he might call it—and Dallas supposed it must be marmalade, as there was orange peel in it—she called it more than one opprobrious name, though her plain duty as guest was to finish her portion with an air of relish.

"Real Seville oranges, I suppose?" she said, in a tone of profound appreciation, feeling called on to say something, and preferring that that something should not outrage her every sense of verity and palate.

"The very best Seville," he said. "I believe in the best, and plenty of it."

It was manifestly true. A wickedly extravagant outlay, with the poorest possible result, was exhibited by the breakfast table. There were half a dozen ill-poached eggs laid carelessly on a dish of bacon sufficient certainly for five persons, while another half-dozen hard-boiled eggs stood near with their dates penciled scrupulously on their shells. Dallas, with a sarcastic view of the system, noticed that two of the eggs had been laid a fortnight before, two the day before and two at intervals between. There were, moreover, dishes containing broiled fish, a cold chicken, a large ham and cutlets.

"Yes, I believe in plenty," Stern said, heartily. "What do you think of the flowers? I was up early and arranged the flowers. By Jove! I've just remembered I forgot to put water in the vases. I must see to that after breakfast. Sometimes I do forget. There are so many things to see to in a house."

There must also have been many things to see to outside the house, but these were obviously seen to in an efficient manner. The stables, the horses, the beautiful grounds, all these displayed the presence of a critical, exacting eye, the control of a firm hand. The men on the place were alert and keen about their duties

as the master went his rounds. He saw everything, a shrub that needed trimming, a broken trellis work or an ill-swept stable, and he issued his injunctions clearly and decisively. It was the same with the estate. The dogcart was brought round, and Dallas drove with him to outlying farms. His eye was everywhere; he showed at his best.

"I suppose you employ a whole shelf of notebooks to reduce this to a system?" she questioned.

"No," he cried, heartily, "not one. It's perfectly simple. I have it at my finger ends."

When she ascended to her room to remove her hat before going in to lunch she was almost ashamed of the amount of admiration Eleanor's husband had been compelling from her since breakfast. "It is so ridiculous," she reflected, "for Eliphalet to be good-looking. And so superfluous," she added, thinking of Eleanor.

However, she was relieved to find herself able to temper her admiration for him by renewed scorn of his household methods. Her room remained as she had left it, the bed unmade, and her bath, with the fine foam of soapy water resulting from the square of yellow soap, which was all his "methods" had supplied for her ablutions, still stood in the middle of the room. With a little ferment of feminine outrage she rang the bell.

"Please bring me some hot water, Jane," she said.

"What! in June, miss?" that candid person retorted, surprised.

"Yes, Jane, in June," she said, with a sufficiently gracious but determined smile. And Jane obeyed.

"I suppose Mr. Stern thinks it hygienic for the beds to air and the rooms to remain like this all the morning," Dallas suggested, sweeping a hand in the direction of the disorder.

"Bless you, miss," Jane answered, cheerfully, "master don't bother. He's never one to fuss. And as long as the bed is made time enough to get into at night, why, he takes it all right." Jane tossed her head. Be-



longing to the sex she did, she perfectly understood what she had been meant to understand. Dallas said no more. She, assuredly, had no right to complain of the ways of the house whose "master" didn't bother.

With his return to the domestic plane Stern once more resumed his exasperating self-complacency.

When Dallas reached the dining-room she found him with a large watering-can leisurely filling the flower vases on the table.

"They forgot to fill them, after all," he said, "though I told John. They look a bit chippy, but they'll revive all right."

She flashed him a withering glance. Who ever heard of flowers reviving after having been left for five or six hours to wilt in a scorching June sun? For the room was like an oven, nobody having had the forethought, or taken the trouble, to draw the blinds.

She incautiously told him she would prefer lemonade to wine, the day being warm. His face beamed.

"It's home-made," he said, springing to the bell. "Indeed, I may say it is made from a recipe of my own."

"Good heavens!" she ejaculated.

"You don't care for it," he said, crestfallen, when she put her glass down.

Was she in truth so pitiful an actress? "Don't care for it!" she repeated, hotly; "why, I never drank lemonade anything like it!"

"I'm so glad," he said, ingenuously. "I can never get Nell to touch it."

"It quenches thirst immediately," she said, demurely. Indeed, a few sips were all-sufficient.

"I've got to drive out some miles," he regretted, after lunch, adding, with a rueful air: "I hope you won't feel dull. I doubt if I can manage to get back much before dinner. You'll find books all over the place."

This was precisely where she did find them—on chairs, under sofas, in vases; everywhere but on their shelves. She nodded him a smiling good-bye. Then she set her lips firmly.

"Now I shall have a field afternoon," she said. She rang for John.

"Those flowers will never revive, I fear," she told him. "If you will throw them all away, please, and bring me the glasses filled with water, I will put in fresh flowers."

With a large basket on her arm, a pair of scissors in hand and a gleam of decision in her eyes she descended on the garden. An hour later she sat, well pleased, before a tableful of charmingly arranged vases.

"Well, I will say, ma'am," John submitted, admiringly, "you have got an eye for groupin'."

Having placed the vases to her satisfaction, and having indignantly removed some carefully scalloped sheets of foolscap from the dusty grates of drawing-room and dining-room, she set in their places pots of fern and moss she had coaxed from the gardener.

"They conceal a multitude of dust," she said, with a distasteful *moue*, "but perhaps before I leave I shall muster courage to set Jane at them with a broom." She carefully ranged the scattered books on the shelves she took to be their proper places. After which she slipped up to her bedroom and tore up an old dressing-jacket into dusters.

With these she hurried down stairs again, and with her ears alert for footsteps, set about dusting and rubbing and polishing the drawing-room cabinets and chairs.

"What *would* mother say?" she wondered, smiling. "I can hear her tell Lady Carpenders—in fact, since Reginald engaged himself to Molly Smith, without first asking me, she's always telling her—'Dallas is *so* undomesticated! I often wonder what she is fitted for.' One would need to be as undomesticated as mother condemns me for being to stand this kind of thing." She waved a grubby hand around the room. Her face was grim and more or less begrimed. Dark rings, of neither kohl nor beauty but merely dust, surrounded her eyes. She was so engrossed she forgot to listen for Jane. Looking up

suddenly she found Stern, with a petrified countenance, standing in the middle of the room, observing her.

"God bless me!" he ejaculated.

She was a self-possessed young woman. Possibly if she had realized what a very dirty face she lifted she would not have been quite so cool.

"I forgot to ask permission to rub your furniture, Mr. Stern," she fibbed, meekly. "I do hope you will not mind. The doctor ordered it as exercise. You have no notion what excellent exercise rubbing furniture is. He said it uses muscles that otherwise would positively never be used."

He remained a moment silent. He looked serious. His eyes were inscrutable. Under his mustache there may have been anger or there may have been a smile. Men who desire to conceal their character or feelings have much to be grateful for when nature supplies them with mustaches.

"The furniture is quite at your disposal," he returned; "but in hot weather like this, don't you think you might forego such violent exercise?"

"Perhaps I might," she said, with a somewhat exhausted sigh. She had been so keen on her task she had not realized how very tired she was. She rose. She walked to the window and shook out her duster like an experienced housemaid. A volume of flocculent dust beclouded the air. It was impossible to keep in a sneeze.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, marking the dust cloud with a disgusted eye. He likewise was compelled to sneeze. "I never saw such a thing!" he added, after a minute. "It is really very good of you," he said, with sudden abasement. He was like a person with triumphant castles tumbled all about him. She was quite distressed for his illusions.

"Good of me!" she returned. "Indeed, it is the purest selfishness. One should not leave muscles unused."

"Why, of course not," he said. "But hadn't you better rest now? You look frightfully hot and tired. Tea will be up in half an hour, and I looked in to ask you to give me some tea."

He took the duster from her hand with meek masterfulness.

"Don't let Jane see it," she appealed.

His blue eyes gleamed. "Jane sha'n't see it," he promised.

### III

WHEN she descended presently for tea her face was clean, her hair rearranged, and she wore a fresh and pretty dress of muslin. He was sitting in a corner, still with an aspect of humility, his face soberly reflective.

"It was kind of you to do the flowers," he said; "they're ripping. I see now how they should look."

"I just love arranging flowers," she said (Mrs. Earle had told Lady Carpenders a very different tale) "and please forgive me for interfering with the fireplaces. Do you know, I have the most absurdly shocking temper. And when I see scalloped foolscap in grates—nice, clean, perfectly scalloped foolscap even in nice, clean grates—I feel absolutely murderous. It's a sort of mania of mine. I just have to put ferns or something in its place."

"The ferns look fine," he said; "wonder we never thought of them."

"There are so many things to see to in a house," she consoled him, repeating the formula he had used with so much pride.

There was little pride about him now. Even his collar seemed to have lost starch.

At the end of the week Cousin Eleanor returned. She was a sturdy, handsome, albeit a somewhat masculine-looking person, with gray hair and spectacles. She wore a divided skirt, merely for conscience's sake. To the onlooker and in point of voluminousness it was as other skirts, but she had the elation of knowing it to be divided. She strode like a man and laughed in a bass voice. "She is years older than he," was Dallas's first thought. She gave her guest a cordial welcome. She bestowed a

strong, warm hand and an affectionate glance on Stern.

"Good gracious! why doesn't she kiss him?" Dallas reflected, indignantly; "after being away from him a whole week, too!"

Yet she was fiercely glad that Eleanor did not kiss him. At the same time she was frightened, and sat a-tremble, suddenly realizing how glad she was that Eleanor did not kiss him.

"Well, how have you two been getting on? Conventionally, of course, it has been a most disgraceful scandal. But Phil's such a very safe, domesticated person."

"So she does call him Phil," Dallas said, under her breath. Then she was angry that Eleanor called him Phil, despite the fact that she had herself devised the name for him, and had meant to suggest it to Eleanor, to ensure her agreeing better with him.

"My dear Dallas," Eleanor protested, in her deep voice, "what a pity you've become a beauty! I'm afraid you'll never do anything now."

"I'm not a beauty!" Dallas snapped, merely for the pleasure of contradicting Eleanor. For all at once she hated Eleanor. Why had Eleanor come to disturb them? Theirs had been a week of perfect happiness.

"You look very much like one," Eleanor retorted, good-humoredly. Then she lowered her voice in a question to Stern.

"Oh, he's all right," Stern answered. They walked to the window in conversation.

Dallas sat watching them with wicked eyes, her fingers twisting fiercely. Perhaps, after all, they would kiss. Perhaps when she left the room they would kiss. But she would not leave the room. No! she would sit there till doomsday rather than leave them together. It would be so ridiculous for Eleanor to kiss him, for him to— She pulled up her thoughts with a little shiver. She decided to go home. As soon as she could with civility she would pack her trunks. She experienced a sudden

sick longing for home, for change and for a whirl of swift routine that should sweep away thought.

Eleanor did not notice the ferns nor the flowers nor the unwonted lack of dust.

"Phil's a very tolerable housekeeper," she informed her guest, "and I'm glad enough to leave it all to him. Work is so absorbing, and if he, like a dear, good fellow, didn't go in for domesticity, heaven only knows what I should do."

That same evening Dallas received a shock—a shock wherein indignation and a species of ecstasy mingled as smoke mingles with flame. For as they sat in the delicious, rose-perfumed coolness of the garden, Eleanor having withdrawn to write a letter—she was forever writing letters—Stern suddenly moved his chair up to her, and with a smile and a deep-drawn breath looked into her eyes.

"We were very happy keeping house together, you and I," he said.

"Oh, quite comfortable," she retorted, stiffly. "You really are such a superb manager!"

"Oh, well," he said, good-humoredly, "you have rather dispelled some illusions of mine. You've even deserted my marmalade and lemonade."

"Sometimes civility costs too much."

"I shall be able to see more of you now," he said, with an ardent note in his voice. "I've been doing all my work this last week in order to be free. Nell won't trouble us. She seldom shows up except at meals."

His manner said more than his words. She could have whipped herself for the tremor its sweet flattery afforded her. She had liked him for his frank and manly ingenuousness.

"I mean to help Eleanor with her work," she said, steadying her eyes to meet his. She was pleased to see him duly snubbed. He shrugged his shoulders, and as Eleanor just then sounded her return by talking loudly to her dogs, he moved his chair away and assumed an impersonal air. As Eleanor's stout, sturdy frame came

striding over the lawn, in one of her hands a sheaf of letters, in the other a Parliamentary blue book, Dallas could not repress a spasm of compassion for him.

"It was wicked of her to marry him," she reflected, vehemently. "She cannot know what love is; and how could she expect any man to love her?"

Perhaps Eleanor noticed more than she was given credit for. She swept an observant glance over them. "Now I won't have any love-making between you two," she said, calmly; "Phil has got to be content with me."

"Oh, love-making!" he repeated, airily— "Contemptuously," Dallas reflected, "as if love-making were a mere customary trifle." Yet he had the decency to flush. She stiffened angrily against him. After all he had pretended. Was he nothing more than a mere flirt—a married flirt? He had made her fond of him by chivalrous, irreproachable conduct under trying circumstances. Was it possible he would now attempt to draw her into a flirtation!—and what more odious and underbred than a man-flirt!

"Why do you avoid me?" he protested once. "Why have you changed?" Oh, how could eyes appear so trusty when the man behind them could be treacherous!

"Changed?" she repeated. "Good gracious, Mr. Stern, am I a person so limited as to have only one mood?"

"You were kind to me till Nell came," he said, in a low, intense voice.

"A man has no right to expect more than one woman to be kind to him," she fenced, coldly.

He strode up suddenly to her. There was an air of mastery about him. "Do you mean Nell?" he said, eagerly. "Are you jealous of Nell? After all, you know Nell's nothing—but Nell."

"So I suppose," she rejoined, frigidly. She suddenly rose, workbag in hand. "Now I really must go in and get some mending cotton."

She walked with dignified com-

posure so long as she was within his range. Beyond it, she took to her heels and ran to her room, where she wept for a passionate hour. How could she love this faithless, contemptible Eliphalet! And yet she did love him.

"Have you been crying?" he said, softly, following her to the drawing-room after lunch. Eleanor, having talked them off their heads with blue books and statistics all lunch time, had retreated once more to her study.

"Suppose I have been crying?" she retorted, flashing challenging eyes at him.

"In that case I am sorry," he said, with a propitiatory smile. He stood before her with bent head, his aspect tender and protective. Could treachery be so alluring?

"I enjoy crying," she insisted, savagely.

He moved a pace nearer. He shook his head.

"No," he said, "that isn't your temperament." Suddenly he sat down by her and took one of her hands in a firm, warm grip. Tears having come to the surface, lingered there. They broke out afresh. Her shoulders shook with vehement weeping. In a moment she was drawn into strong and tender arms. He kissed her gently. She wrenched herself away. She stood to her height with flaming eyes.

"Oh, how dare you—how dare you!" she cried, fiercely. "How dare you touch me!"

She darted through the long French windows into the garden. She mopped her eyes angrily, not noticing where she went. She found herself soon in a part of the grounds unknown to her. In her distress of mind she wandered on. What a miserable, miserable girl she was! She would pack at once and leave for home next day. Any fib would do. Somebody ill—a dinner she could not escape—anything but the truth. Realizing the whole truth, she was overborne with shame. For she knew that the greatest pain her life had known would be at leaving her cousin's husband.

She sat down suddenly on a bench and gave way once more to tears. She turned at a sound. Had he pursued her here? A man in a wheeled chair sat a few yards distant, regarding her with astonishment. Something in the pale and peevish face and in the blueness of the eyes arrested her.

"You seem distressed," he said.

"Oh, not at all," she returned, mopping away her tears.

"You may *not* be distressed," he insisted, querulously. "All I said was that you *seem* distressed."

"Well, it is all over now," she asserted, smiling with tremulous lips.

"Are you stopping here?" he asked. He moved a hand in the direction of the house.

"Yes," she said. "Are you?"

He showed surprise. "I live here," he said. "I'm Eliphalet Stern."

"You are . . . ?"

"Eliphalet Stern," he said. "I keep to my own rooms. I am a wretched invalid. I've just had a bad week. I suppose you are Dallas Earle, Nell's cousin. Phil told me you were here."

"Good gracious!" she gasped. She sat breathing quickly. Her blood was beating in her ears. After a minute she achieved a laugh. "Do tell me," she said. "I have been a little puzzled as to Phil's relationship."

"Why, it isn't very complicated," he rejoined. "Philip is my young-

er brother—Eleanor's brother-in-law and factotum."

"Good gracious!" she gasped again. After a minute she rose. She slipped a warm hand into the invalid's chill one. She could have kissed him for his information. "I shall come and sit with you often," she said, "if I may."

He smiled a faint assent.

She returned to the house with a firm step, though her heart was quaking. She was not going to pack; what she was going to do was far more difficult. She found him in the drawing-room, sitting as she had left him. But his head was bowed dejectedly between his hands. He heard her enter, but he did not look up; he seemed almost too depressed to care.

She sat down quietly beside him. After a moment she laid her cheek softly against his sleeve. He sighed.

"You are a very inexplicable person," he said, dully. "I can't help loving you, although I don't profess to understand you."

"Don't try," she whispered. "I have such horrid moods. People who know me just make the best of my nice ones."

He did not need twice telling.

Eleanor was very angry. "In the name of all that's aggravating," she protested, "who will do the house-keeping?"



## AUT OMNIA AUT NIHIL

WEALTH laid her gold within his grasp,  
Fame brought her laurels rare;  
His, Fortune's hand to touch and clasp,  
His, smiles of women fair.

Yet restless still, dissatisfied,  
He feels the old-time thrall  
Of one dear love to him denied,  
And lacking this, lacks all.

ELEANORE S. INSLEE.



## A MAN TO ORDER

By Kate Masterson

*HALLWAY of a country club, with logs blazing on a hearth. View of room beyond, with men in bright-colored golf and riding togs, drinking tea poured by pretty women. There is the music of laughter and the clink of cups. The ripple of an accompaniment sounds from a piano somewhere, and the conversation becomes animated.*

*Van Broiler and Cheerfullyer enter the hall from outside and greet each other, and stand a moment conversing as they remove their gloves.*

CHEERFULLYER—Same old crowd, eh? Nothing new?

VAN BROILER—Well, I should say there is! Dimpleton's sister is on from Baltimore. I played tennis with her all morning. She plays a ripping game.

CHEERFULLYER—A looker?

VAN BROILER—She's a dream, old man! Not a bit like the others! Won't flirt; doesn't waltz!

CHEERFULLYER—Oh! I say!

VAN BROILER—I tell you I was with her till luncheon, and we talked all the way. I drove her home. She's got noble ideals and all that. Says she likes Richard Harding Davis men!

CHEERFULLYER—No!

VAN BROILER—That's right! She's odd. Wouldn't bet on the game. But she's lovely! (*Sighs.*) Like one of the girls you read about.

CHEERFULLYER—Can you point her out from here?

VAN BROILER—Don't seem to rub-ber! See that beautiful, Titian-haired girl in gray Swiss—

CHEERFULLYER (*alarmed*)—Swiss!

VAN BROILER—Well, whatever it is

—with the violets. Isn't she simply lovely?

CHEERFULLYER—Say, old man, present me, will you?

VAN BROILER—It's no use! You can't jolly her! I've an engagement with her in the library at five. I am going to show her some of the old prints. She's interested in that sort of thing.

CHEERFULLYER—It's only a little after four now. Take me over; that's a good fellow.

*They enter. Cheerfullyer is presented. Soon after he strolls out in the hall with Miss Dimpleton. He finds her a comfortable corner on the stairs and sits on the step below, with his elbow resting on his knee, and looks up at her like a man in an illustrated society paper. He says:*

"Music is such a cheerful background for conversation. I wonder why it is? The moment it begins we all think of something to say."

"It's the opera gets us in that way of it, I fancy. It would seem rather funny if people really listened to the music, wouldn't it?"

"It would seem unusual—and serious."

"I think it's more interesting to be stupid, don't you?"

"It is always a mistake for a girl to be serious."

"Have you had some tea?"

"No; Scotch-and-soda. I've been playing golf."

"Is it a part of the game?"

"Well, I can't stand for tea and bouillon. They get on a fellow's nerves."

"I never knew men had nerves."

"I hadn't, once!"

"Ha, ha, ha! You talk as if you were—well—at least forty, when really—let me see—you are about twenty-five?"

"That's good! Twenty-five! Why, I'm twenty-nine."

"Really? I might have known! Men are never asked out until they are past twenty-five! They are apt to be football men and knock over china in drawing-rooms."

"Don't you like football heroes?"

"Oh, dear me! I'm past that! But I have my ideal!"

"Look anything like me?"

"Oh, there is no romance about men nowadays! I like the chaps in the historical novels who carried swords and went about rescuing people, like—like——"

"I know; like *Don Cesar de Bazan!*"

"Like real heroes! But a man must have *lived* before he is brave enough for that! Sometimes I think there are no modern heroes."

"I don't see why a man shouldn't be as noble in a raglan as in those party cloaks they used to wear in the old days."

"Are you really twenty-nine?"

"Um."

"That is not so very old, though."

"You can't count age by years in these times! In nine years a man learns much of the world—the other side."

"Have you been over?"

"I didn't quite mean that, but I went abroad right after college. I let nothing get by me. I lived in Paris——"

"Yes?"

"The Latin Quarter, you know—grisettes and——"

"Oh!"

"Learned to drink absinthe by the bucket——"

"U—gh—h—h!"

"Gambled at Monte Carlo until I hadn't a red."

"How dreadful!"

"Oh, everyone has to go through that. I went out one night with a revolver in my pocket—going to make an end of it. A queer thing happened.

I came to a little bit of a dinky green-house looking over the water. The yachts lay about, some of them lighted up gaily—parties going on, you know—and music sounding over the waves; but it didn't seem to hit me much. I was tired. Didn't want to play any more. I put my hand on the smooth little pistol and slid it into my palm, and just then——"

"Yes—yes?"

"I heard a groan, and a man sort of staggered beside me with another gun in his hand and put it to his head. Then it struck me as funny that there should be a brace of us there at the same time, and I knocked his pistol out of his hand. It went off in the air, and the man broke down and told how he'd been losing everything—his wife's jewels, even—and I gave him a great talk about bracing up in a crisis of that kind; talked to him like an elder brother, and the result was we both left the place next morning, resolved never to touch a game again."

"How perfectly lovely of you!"

"It was only a chance, you know. Another minute and there would have been a double funeral."

"What a dreadful place it is! I must go there when I go abroad."

"Don't, please."

"Why?"

"It's no place for a nice girl like you. It's too hot. Stick to the cathedrals and the lakes and the ruins."

"But I like adventure. If I had been a man I should have gone about looking for—for——"

"Trouble?"

"No; dangers, war, stirring scenes like those in the plays when the lights are lowered and the music gets shivery."

"They aren't a bit like the real thing! Now, things always happen quietly in life—have you ever noticed? Sometimes the most important things are kept quiet on purpose. There are few climaxes. There was a fellow once who wrote plays, who said the Bible didn't show the proper literary construction. He thought it should have ended with the Flood."

"How ridiculous!"

"Yes, wasn't it? Now, when I was in Constantinople I was nearly killed in the most dramatic style. But there was no red light about it. You see, just for a lark, I got into the harem——"

"You *did*!"

"Oh, it's nothing to get in. The fine work is getting out. I had heard there was an American girl in there who had been carried off by force, and I fancied it was about up to me to find out about it. I disguised myself as a perfume seller—a woman, you know. Tibetts used to help me make up for amateur theatricals, and he turned me out a dreamy-eyed Oriental. I laid in a stock of pastes and powders and incense and things, and I got into the sacred inner temple."

"Oh, do tell me about it! How perfectly exciting!"

"Well—er—I couldn't exactly tell you about it. You see, in the first place, I just got away with my life, and—sh—h—did you imagine you heard anything? They say they follow a fellow all over the earth, after a thing like that, looking for vengeance. But the little American girl got home all right."

"Glorious, wasn't it?"

"Oh, it's nothing to cowboy life on the plains. There you get real excitement—the atmosphere fairly tingles with it! I came home from the Continent weary of civilization and its confining trammels. I wanted the broad, free life of the prairies. And I got it! When I came back to the Avenue and the clubs I was no longer a cub. I knew my world. Of course, I've lost a great deal—the hopes and beliefs and illusions——"

"Oh, don't say that!"

"I'm not the sort of man a girl would care about. I've knocked about too much! I'm out of the tea and bouillon class. I know how to buy violets, but I don't pretend to under-

stand girls. Only, when I really like one, I know enough to keep still about my record! Until I met you I never thought I should speak as I have to-night! I'm in the mire, I know. But my eyes are on the stars."

"Oh, oh, you mustn't talk like that! All you need is a helping hand to show you the right way. Oh, dear! there's Mr. Van Broiler coming for me! What a bore!"

"Don't go! What's the use?"

"But I promised to look at prints in the library. They are very interesting, he says."

"Oh, very well!"

"Do you care, really?"

"Do you think I would talk as I have to you if I didn't care? Why, I've told you the story of my life. I've kept nothing back. But go—go with your Van Broiler. He's making faces down there at the foot of the stairs."

"But I really don't care to. He's very tiresome. I met him this morning in the court. He teaches Sunday-school. Just fancy!"

"Ha, ha! I have it!"

"What?"

"Ask me to go along."

"Well?"

"You don't really care for prints, do you?"

"Not—just now! Sh—h! He's coming up!"

"Going to be at the dance to-night?"

"Why—yes—I——"

"Say you'll give me all the waltzes."

"But I don't waltz."

"That's just it—neither do I! But they have a dandy palm-room. Are you fond of cacti?"

"Very well, all the waltzes— Oh, Mr. Van Broiler, I've been waiting for you! Mr. Cheerfuller is coming with us to look at the prints. I hope you've managed to get some tea."



## LAURA AND COMPANY

L AURA cooed like a dove then—  
 Now she's always so cross;  
 She was ruled just by Love then—  
 Love no longer is "boss."

She avoided all strife then—  
 Now she's developed "a will;"  
 She was joyous with life then—  
 Now she's always "so ill."

She was so full of mirth then—  
 Now she's wearied by mirth;  
 Laura's wants were so few then—  
 Now she wants the whole earth.

She was so fond of a kiss then—  
 Now she's just sick of kisses.  
 She was only a Miss then—  
 Laura now is a Mrs.

JAMES ROWE.



## PHYSICALLY FITTED

B'JONES—The Fat Lady evidently prefers the Living Skeleton to any other man.

B'JINKS—Why?

B'JONES—She says he'll make a rattling husband.



## THE NEW WOMAN

I CANNOT sew on a machine,  
 It breaks my back to work the treadle,  
 And so instead I ride my wheel—  
 It's such good exercise to pedal.

And as for dusting, oh, dear me!  
 Standing just wears my strength away,  
 And so I gather up my clubs  
 And go out and play golf all day.

ELIZABETH HARMAN.

## LA CENDRE D'AMOUR

THE Man and the Woman sat staring moodily into the fast dying fire. About them were glitter and comfort, but on their faces discontent had set its seal.

"Well, it's ended; we thought it would last forever," remarked the Man, in a hopeless tone. "That was three months ago." The Woman's lovely lips curved in an incredulous, sarcastic, pitiful smile. "When I kissed you just now—" continued the Man.

The Woman interrupted him with a gesture and the words: "Yes, I know. It was a failure. The thrill is gone. It has grown to be a habit."

There was silence for a few moments. The falling of charred log, the ticking of the gilded clock, sounded painfully loud.

"Do you remember how everyone smiled when we said our honeymoon would last for a year—two years? Well, I am ready to go back to the world now." The Woman sighed wearily.

The Man's eyes flashed with recollection and rested on the Woman with some of the old tenderness.

"I suppose there will be moments—I had one then—when you will bewitch me as you did—before," he said. "You remember that dark, windy, eerie day when we came in chilled with skating, and you stood shivering before the fire? I longed to take you in my arms and to hold you against my heart till you were warm. I wanted to kiss you—your lips, your cheeks—"

"Yes, I remember. I know I wished that at least you would take my hands in yours. Now you'd suggest a chair before the fire and wrap me in—a rug."

Into the Man's eyes had entered a haze of dreamy retrospection. "Those

days out West," he said, slowly, "when I went there for my health, I used to lie looking up at the stars, thinking of you, longing madly for you. I thought eternity not long enough then—"

"Your letters—how I watched for them!" said the Woman, falling into his mood. "When the postman went by—well, I cried once, and you know I am not given to tears. I felt that if I were only with you, out there in God's country, life could hold no greater bliss."

"We are in God's country," said the Man.

There was a pained expression in both the blue eyes and the brown now. Their voices were hushed, as the voices of those who stand beside a funeral bier.

"I kissed your pictured face the last thing before I slept," he said.

"You forget sometimes, now, to kiss the real one. Oh, I don't mind. Sentiment doesn't belong in practical, everyday life," the Woman replied, with a dreary little laugh. "In those old days Madge Lester told me it wouldn't last—that it couldn't. I laughed. I told her that at any rate I preferred to 'let the old cat die' with you."

"After all," the Man said, "I should always have been miserable had we not tried—the experiment."

And the Woman added, "I'm sure I'm glad I chose you rather than any of the other possibilities."

"Then those first glad days when you were mine, wholly and entirely mine."

"They were Paradise on earth. And we ran hand in hand through the glowing October woods, rustling the crisp leaves as we went, so glad, so glad to be together." The Woman's eyes had filled with tears. She went



to the window and looked through a blinding mist out into the sunset that was flushing the cold sky with tints of orange and rose and gold. When she walked back into the circle of fire-shine, and sank gracefully into the embrace of the huge armchair, all trace of emotion was banished from her face.

"Well, it's ended," she repeated, in calm, even tones. "And at least we give the world, our world, the satisfaction of saying, 'I told you so.'"

There was no trace of mirth in the Man's rather nervous laugh. "Whittier should have written it:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,  
The saddest of all are 'What has been.'"

He leaned forward and looked earnestly into the serene dark eyes. "Maizie, do you think *Romeo and Juliet* would have used dagger and poi-

son if they had not been separated until after three months together?"

"No, I don't," was her honest answer. "After all, what are we mourning about? We're good companions, jolly comrades, as you said yesterday. We were old enough to know that the first bewildering intoxication of love could not last forever. Think—it would be tiresome, and it wouldn't chime well with advancing age."

"At least, we shall never bore one another. We are too understanding for that." The Man stretched out his strong brown hand, and the Woman laid her delicate white one confidently in it. And thus they sat in silence, while the crimson of the coals disappeared beneath a coat of ashy gray, and the vivid tints of the western sky paled into tints of pearl.

R. S. PHILLIPS.



## USUALLY COINCIDENT

SHE—Beauty and wealth seldom go together.

HE—Oh, I don't know. I've always understood that a girl loses her beauty when she loses her money.



## NOT CONSISTENT

BIBBS—Mrs. Doublets has presented her husband with twins.

GIBBS—The idea! And that woman said she married Doublets to reform him!



## HE STILL LIVES

SHE—Ida has been married to old Mr. Moneybags ten years.

HE—Is she in love with him?

"Not yet."